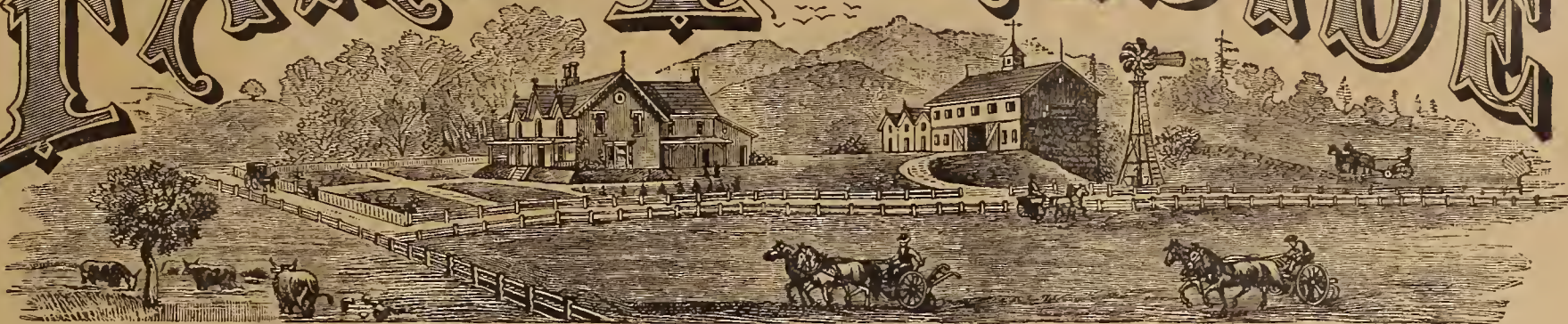


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FARM & FIRESIDE



EASTERN EDITION.

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IN PRIZES

To Farm and Fireside subscribers and club raisers. First prize,

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The opportunity of a lifetime to make a fortune in a minute.

Read at once the particulars on page 19.

CLUB RAISERS wanted in every county in the United States. We have something new. Write quick for special terms and inducements to club raisers. Address

FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

"No one need be in any doubt about what the Republican party stands for. Its own history makes that too palpable and clear to admit of doubt. It stands for a reunited and recreated nation, based upon free and honest elections in every township, county, city, district and state in this great American nation. It stands for the American fireside, and the flag of the nation. It stands for the American farm, the American factory, and the prosperity of all the American people. It stands for a reciprocity that reciprocates, and which does not yield to another country a single day's labor that belongs to the American working-men. It stands for international agreements which get as much as they give, upon terms of mutual advantage. It stands for the exchange of our surplus home products for such products as we consume but do not produce. It stands for the reciprocity of Blaine; for the reciprocity of Harrison; for the restoration of the principle embodied in the reciprocity provision of the Republican tariff of 1890. It stands for a foreign policy with all foreign nations as will insure both to us and them justice, impartiality, fairness, good faith, dignity and honor. It stands for the Monroe doctrine as Monroe himself proclaimed it, about which there is no division whatever among the American people.

"It stands now, as ever, for honest money, and a chance to earn it by honest toil. It stands for a currency of gold, silver and paper, with which to measure our exchanges, that shall be as sound as the government and as untarnished as its honor. The Republican party would as soon think of lowering the flag of our country as to contemplate with patience and without protest and opposition any attempt to degrade or corrupt our medium of exchanges among our people. It can be relied upon in the future, as in the past, to supply our country with the best money ever known—gold, silver and paper—good the world over.

"It stands for a commercial policy that will whiten every sea with the sails of American vessels, flying the American flag, and that will protect the flag wherever it floats. It stands for a system which will give the United States the balance of trade with every competing nation in the world. It is for a fiscal policy that is opposed to debts and deficiencies in time of peace, and favors the return of the government to a debt-paying and opposes the continuance of a debt-making policy."

The Chicago oration outlined the St. Louis platform. The political principles are identically the same. The convention amplified the statements into formal resolutions.

One of the most important declarations of the platform reads as follows:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879; since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are, therefore, opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote; and, until such agreement can be obtained, the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolable the obligations of the United States and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

In that it is plain, positive and unequivocal, this declaration is admirable; in this respect it has the approval of men of all opinions on the money question. Contingent on the action of the Democratic national convention soon to be held in Chicago, the coming

political battle may rage fiercest around the silver standard. If that convention opposes the existing standard and demands a change to the silver standard, there will be a battle royal.

When the St. Louis convention adopted the money plank of its platform, there occurred something that was planned for months ago. As a substitute, Senator Teller, of Colorado, offered a resolution providing for the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. This substitute was defeated by the overwhelming vote of 818½ to 105½. Then the radical silver men formally severed their connection with the party, and Senator Teller, at the head of twenty-three delegates, walked out of the convention. The ratio of bolting delegates to the total number of the convention was about 1 to 40.

Before convention week ended, the Republican bolters had issued an address to all the friends of free silver, and formally offered Senator Teller as a presidential candidate, to the Populist and Democratic parties. Their conventions will be held soon, and then will be known the outcome of the long-cherished plan of rallying the free silver voters of all parties around the presidential standard of Henry M. Teller.

For several months a high commission has been sitting on the Venezuelan question, with a very soothing effect. A calm prevails. The public knows little about the work of the commission or about the progress made in the direct diplomatic negotiations between Great Britain and the governments concerned, but seems to have perfect confidence that the dispute over the boundary lines will, in time, be peaceably settled.

News most encouraging for the peaceful settlement of all such questions comes from England. Commenting on Lord Salisbury's reply to the International Arbitration League, the London *Chronicle* says: "If the Marquis

WITH THE VANGUARD

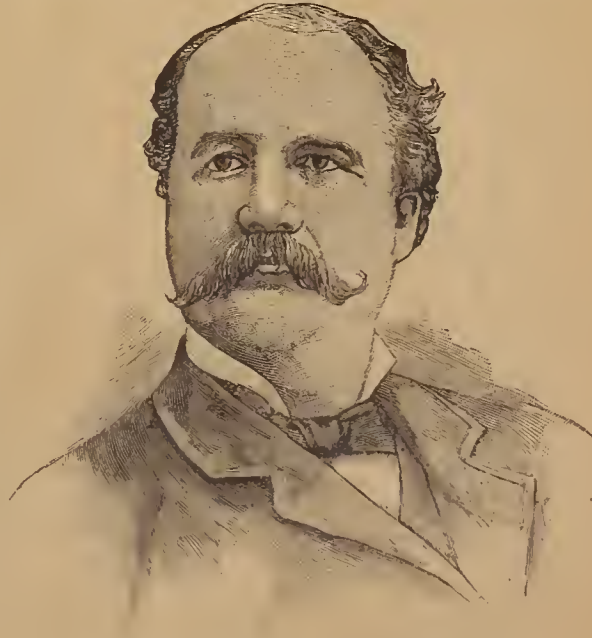
THE Republican national convention at St. Louis ratified the presidential nomination made months ago by the predominant sentiment of the party. William McKinley was the first choice of an overwhelming majority of the party, and on the first ballot in the convention he received 661½ votes, or more than two thirds of the 906 cast for all the candidates. The nomination



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, OF OHIO,
Republican Nominee for President.

was made by the people; the convention simply ratified it. It was made on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and it was a Waterloo for machine politicians.

In an oration on Lincoln, before the Marquette Club of Chicago, February 12, 1896, Mr. McKinley said:



GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY,
Republican Nominee for Vice-president.

of Salisbury succeeds in concluding an arbitration treaty with the United States, he will have placed his name in history on a pinnacle so high that no other achievement possible to his career and position could have ever enabled him to attain." The change in the attitude of the prime minister on arbitration may be due to the sober, second thought of the English people, and may reflect their present desire.

FARM AND FIRESIDE

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When money is received, the date will be changed within four weeks, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Form of Fruit-trees. Sunlight is necessary for the development of fruit-buds. Limbs of fruiting wood in partial shade produce but few fruit-buds, and the fruit is never perfectly developed in form, color or flavor. For the greatest yield of perfect fruit, the form of the tree must be such as to expose the largest possible area to the sunlight. In strong-growing trees the rounded head and the low, broad-spreading limbs make the form that is favorable for large crops of perfect fruit. The accompanying cut is from a bulletin on apple culture, by the Rhode Island experiment station.

Yearbook The Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture for 1895.

The Yearbook of Agriculture for 1895 is now ready for distribution. Each member of Congress will have over one thousand copies to distribute among his constituents. Every reader who desires a copy should apply to the representative from his congressional district, or to one of the senators from his state.

The 636 pages of the Yearbook contain, first, a general report of the operations of the department; second, a series of papers prepared in the different bureaus and divisions of the department, or by experts specially engaged, and designed to present in popular form results of investigations in agricultural science or new developments in farm practice. These are illustrated by ten full-page plates and 134 text figures; third, an appendix of 104 pages, containing miscellaneous information and agricultural statistics compiled down to the latest available date, relative to the production, values, per capita consumption, exportation and importation of farm products; fourth, an index of thirty pages.

Wheat Crop. Commenting on the grain trade and crops, the Cincinnati Price Current says:

In regard to the winter wheat crop there is nothing in the recent information to

change the general promise, which cannot reasonably be considered as indicating a larger production than was harvested last year, the full volume of which was probably not reflected in the official return, notwithstanding the manifest effort to overcome the tendency to underestimate. The year's domestic consumption of wheat for all purposes cannot properly be recognized as less than 375,000,000 bushels, which, with exports of 125,000,000, makes 500,000,000 as the year's distribution—with probably as much wheat remaining in the country as a year ago, for July 1st.

It can, therefore, be put down as a practical certainty that last year's wheat crop was not less than 500,000,000 bushels, divided approximately as 275,000,000 for winter and 225,000,000 for spring grain—the latter possibly not being fully credited with its proportion.

The present situation of the spring wheat crop is somewhat irregular, but in the main is favorable, recent conditions of an adverse nature not being sufficient to essentially lower the general promise.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Care of Fruit-trees. Does fruit-growing pay? This is one of the questions frequently asked.

Such fruit-growing as most people who have orchards indulge in cannot possibly pay in the long run. It may pay (or might have paid years ago) for a little while, but there will soon be an end to the profits and to all satisfaction in the enterprise. For proof of this let me take you through the apple and pear orchards almost anywhere in the United States. Most of them we will find in sod, tough and dry—sod that has not been broken for years. The available plant-food in the soil has been exhausted; moisture is not reserved for the use of the trees, and the latter suffer from want of food and drink. The foliage looks yellow, a portion of the branches are dead or dying; the fruit, if there is any, remains small, colorless and insipid. Injurious insects of all kinds are given undisputed possession of the ground and the trees, and the latter finally get past the stage where a recovery, even by good culture, is possible.

This is not an overdrawn picture. We find plenty of orchards all around us which answer to the description given. By far the greatest number of orchards are going in just this way. It is time for a radical



A well-formed Baldwin tree planted about thirty-five years ago. In 1892 this tree, with seven others planted at the same time, bore 110 barrels of picked fruit. The tree is 35 to 40 feet high, and the branches spread about 40 feet.

change. We can raise good fruit if we want to, but unless we do, we had better abandon the business and tear up trees that have been kept only as sources of infection with disease and insects. Some orchards are gone too far, anyway, and there will be little use in trying to bring them to life and health again. It would be useless, too, to set young orchards with the expectation of getting any returns from them, if we do not intend to give them a treatment altogether different from that which is now given to the average orchard.

On the other hand, we have orchards that pay right along. They are scattered here and there among the unprofitable ones. You can soon tell which they are. They show it by the dark, healthy green of their foliage, which stands in notable contrast to the sickly yellow of the foliage of the other orchards. The soil underneath these profitable trees shows the traces of manure application and of cultivation. It is a good thing that we have these well-cared-for orchards scattered here and there as object-lessons. They will be the leaven "that

must leaven the whole lump." A good example is almost as infectious as a bad one.

I was reminded of all these things by a bulletin on the "Care of Fruit-trees," recently issued by the Cornell University experiment station, at Ithaca, and coming from the pen of my esteemed friend Prof. L. H. Bailey. It is a timely topic indeed, and I can only wish that every agricultural paper and every experiment station in the land will keep "harping" on it, and not let up until the improvement in orchard treatment becomes general. The "care of fruit-trees," which includes manuring, cultivation and spraying, is the "open sesame" of the fruit-grower, and his only salvation. We can stand a full supply of good fruits, such as come from the well-treated trees, but the fruit business as a whole cannot prosper permanently with the plethora of trash that is annually thrown on our markets, to the latter's utter demoralization.

Weeds and the Farmer.

In my younger days I had a terrible dread of weeds, and to tell the truth, they often got the better of me then, simply because I did not bear in mind that if you give them an inch, devil-like, they will take all. The secret of dealing with weeds is never to give them even the first fraction of an inch, unless we want them for a special purpose. In some cases we might use common weeds as a soil-improver, but in that case they hardly deserve the name "weeds." Prof. Bailey, in the Cornell bulletin already mentioned (No. 102), talks so interestingly on this subject that I cannot refrain from giving some extracts from it:

"Nature is a kindly and solicitous mother. She knows that bare land becomes unproductive land. Its elements must be unlocked and worked over and digested by the roots of plants. The surface must be covered to catch the rains and to hold the snows, to retain the moisture and to prevent the baking and cementing of the soil. The plant tissues add fiber and richness to the land, and make it amenable to all the revivifying influences of sun and rain and air and warmth. The plant is co-partner with the weather in the building of the primal soils. Nature intends to leave no vacant or bare surfaces. She providently covers the railway embankment with quack-grass or willows, and she scatters daisies in the old meadows where the land has grown sick and tired of grass. So, if I pull up a weed, I must quickly fill the hole with some other plant, or nature will tuck another weed into it.

"We must keep the land at work, for it grows richer and better for the exercise. A good crop on the land, aided by good tillage, will keep down all weeds. The weeds do not run out the sod, but the sod has grown weak through some fault of our own, and thus the dandelions and plantains find a chance to live. So the best treatment for a weedy lawn is more grass. Loosen up the poor places with an iron garden-rake, scatter a little fertilizer, and then sow heavily of grass-seed. Do not plow up the lawn, for then you undo all that has been accomplished; you kill all the grass and leave all the ground open for a free fight with every ambitious weed in the neighborhood. If the farmer occupies only half the surface of his field with oats, the other half is bound to be occupied with mustard or wild carrot or pigweeds; but if his land is all taken with oats, few other plants can thrive. So a weedy farm is a poorly farmed farm. But if it does get foul and weedy, then what? Then use a short, quick, sharp rotation. Keep the ground moving or keep it covered. No Russian thistle or live-for-ever or jimson-weed can ever keep pace with a lively and resourceful farmer.

"Some two years ago I saw the much-described Russian thistle along a railroad track in western New York. 'There,' I said, 'is your schoolmaster. It comes with all the energy and freshness of the West. It will bring new ideas. Presently it will invade our old orchards, and how it will shake them up! Then farming will mean cultivation or thistles. And now and then the farmer will debate, if the old orchard is worth the trouble, and he will make wood of the trees and a potato-patch of the

land, and everyone will be the gainer. If all that they say of it is true, this Russian thistle will beat the canker-worm and the apple-scab and the codling-moth as a reformer. I am afraid that we need the Russian thistle.'

"And yet I do not look for such a furious spread of this Russian thistle as it has enjoyed in the West; for even in the East we grow more wheat per acre than they do in Dakota. Six to ten bushels of wheat means that lots of land is left for the thistle; and to this must be added raw prairie and waste land upon farms which are too big to be farmed; and still to these encouragements to the plant must be added the fault of wheat after wheat, year by year. The reports say that 25,000 square miles of land are threatened to be profitless for wheat by the Russian thistle. Then upon so much area the advent of a mixed and self-sustaining husbandry will be hastened, and the Russian thistle should have all the honor of the achievement.

"The oncoming of the Canada thistle was proclaimed over a half century ago with the same forebodings of disaster. One New York agitator warned the people that it would 'establish its fatal empire over the whole of North America,' and perhaps result in the depopulation of the country! But whilst the Canada thistle has spread, it has met its Waterloo whenever it has made an onslaught against a good farmer. It is no longer dreaded by the farmers of this state. The land is now too precious to be given over to thistles. Now and then one sees a place like Solomon saw when he 'went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.'

THE SHORTAGE IN THE HAY CROP.

The hay crop for 1896 promises but very little, and the shortage will probably be equal to that for 1895. If the farmer finds that his meadow is not going to give the returns he expected, and that his supply of hay will not be sufficient to carry his stock through the coming winter, now is the time for him to bestir himself and remedy the deficiency.

One of the best crops to help out is millet. This may profitably be sown now, and a large yield of good hay be obtained. The favorite soil is a sandy loam, and it is especially adapted to new lands. The best variety is the German millet, and should be sown at the rate of one half bushel per acre, harrowed in and rolled. For later sowing, Hungarian grass can be sown instead of German millet. The millets are heavy feeders, and love a rich, loamy soil. It makes such a heavy growth that some difficulty is experienced at times in curing it. Cut it, and bunch when slightly green. For the best quality of hay it must be cut when the heads begin to show a yellow tinge. Let it stand in the bunch for several days and sweat, and then open out and air again before hauling to the barn. It must be fed with some care, and is best when alternated with some other fodder, as corn ensilage. After cutting the millet, the ground may be plowed and sown to crimson clover; and this plowed under in the spring will do much toward restoring the fertility removed by the millet.

It is not too late yet to plant corn for forage. I would recommend planting, and not sowing, as many do. Repeated analyses have shown that corn drilled in or sown broadcast is very inferior in feeding value to corn planted in hills, and not so thickly. Corn is a sun-plant, and should be planted so that the sunlight can reach every part of the growing plant. Plant in rows three and one half feet apart, and with hills two to two and one half feet apart in the row. The best variety to plant now would be some of the early-maturing flint varieties, such as Angel of Midnight.

The hay crop will surely not be more than fifty per cent of the average yield. The price will be high next winter, and now is the time to prepare to meet the shortage and supply your cows with an abundance of nutritive fodder.

L. A. CLINTON.

Cornell University Experiment Station.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

TIMOTHY FOR HAY.—The acreage of timothy in this country is immense. This grass is popular because it will cover and yield some income from land that is not in condition for a plowed crop, while its production is inexpensive. In limited areas it is one of the most profitable crops that can be produced on good land, but the rule is that it comes in to furnish a sod and some income after the best portion of a former sod has been converted into better-paying plowed crops. The hay crop, too, is regarded a necessity on many farms for feeding, though public opinion on this point is undergoing a marked change. Corn stover and straw are being more extensively used, and timothy hay will be displaced more and more as we learn to grow and save other forage crops, notably fodder corn, an acre of which feeds farther than three acres of average timothy. But timothy grows on land that is not wanted for the plow for any reason, and the production of hay from such meadows will always be large.

AN EXHAUSTIVE CROP.—It is not an uncommon practice, especially in the newer sections of our country, to grow a crop of corn on sod land, then seed to wheat, or to oats followed by wheat, and timothy is sown with the wheat. The land is kept in meadow for two or more years, or just as long as the meadow is productive, and is then broken for another corn crop. Little manure is applied, being given only to poor breaks that fail to make a good stand of grass, and yet the succeeding corn crop is fairly good—distinctly better than corn immediately following wheat would have been. This fact has led many to suppose that timothy is a benefit rather than an injury to land. The very poor rotation of which I have spoken is probably used on more acres than a rotation in which clover is the base. Timothy is exhaustive. A fairly good corn crop can be produced on a timothy sod, simply because the sod furnishes a supply of vegetable matter. The soil is drained of its plant-food by the timothy roots, and they are then rotted and converted into corn. The normal result on land of only average fertility is that the succeeding crops of corn in rotation grow lighter, and in time there is difficulty about getting a stand of grass or profitable crop of wheat in the corn stubble.

SELLING TIMOTHY OFF THE FARM.—Much is said against the practice of converting the hay crop directly into money. Such practice is not necessarily bad farming—not at all. Circumstances must determine. The man who sells his timothy, and returns to the meadows as much fertility as he would have given them in the form of manure had he fed the timothy, is doing just as good farming as the man who feeds the timothy, provided there is no profit from feeding. The usual statement is that he must return to the meadow all the fertility removed by the hay. This is far more than the man does who feeds all his hay, unless he buys grain to feed, and does not follow the usual practice of using much of the manure on small fields that are devoted to growing roots and other minor crops requiring heavy manuring. Disintegration of the soil furnishes much plant-food, and all depends upon this in part. It is good farming to sell hay when its market value is in excess of its feeding and manurial value. Then a portion of the proceeds should be used in returning fertility to the land through clover and other nitrogen-gathering crops in a rotation, and by the purchase of stable manure and commercial fertilizers. Growing hay for market is rational farming when it pays; that is, when there is profit from it after proper expenditure for restoring the needed plant-food. The trouble is, many make no effort to restore it.

A ROTATION WITH TIMOTHY.—Unless land is wholly unfit for the plow, it is poor policy to try to keep it in permanent meadow. It should be reseeded every fifth year, at least, in order to get clover on it. The stable manure should be put upon the timothy stubble, after the last cutting of grass, as a preparation for corn, and with the wheat that follows corn, timothy should be sown. In the following spring clover

should be sown; and if a good catch is gotten, the first crop of hay will be over one half clover. On some soils the timothy should not be sown until spring, as it makes too much growth to permit the clover to grow. As the clover-roots decay, fertility is furnished the grass-roots, and the second hay crop is often the largest one in the rotation. Such a meadow should not be left more than three years, even if pretty productive, as the year of clover is needed to keep the soil in good heart, and fertile. The commercial fertilizers that are used in this rotation should be used on the wheat, to insure a stand of grass and force a big growth of clover. With such a rotation land does far better than when left in permanent meadow as long as possible.

KEEPING MEADOWS CLEAN.—It is entirely practicable to clean meadows of white-top and other filth before harvest, if they are worth saving for meadows. This work is most easily done in May, but may be done a month later in the season. It does not pay to put foul hay upon the market. An active man with a hoe can clean a large area of pretty foul land in a day. When this is done early in the season, the increased yield of hay goes far in paying for labor. Later in the spring or early summer a short and sharp scythe is good. The weeds may be cut a foot or more from the ground, and the grass chokes out the lower branches.

SHALL WE CUT EARLY OR LATE?—Notwithstanding all that has been said in favor of early cutting, I answer this question by saying that the time depends upon circumstances. Early cutting reduces the yield to a very considerable extent. Careful experiment has demonstrated the truth of this statement. On the other hand, late-cut hay is not as digestible as the early-cut. In one experiment at a New England station it was found that the total amount of digestible matter in an acre of late-cut hay exceeded that in an acre of similar hay cut in first bloom, because the yield was much greater. But for home feeding, early cutting is usually the best. This is true of hay for market only when the market discriminates and pays decidedly more for the early-cut than the late-cut article.

DAVID.

IMPROVED METHODS OF MARKETING NEEDED.

How to sell our perishable products to the best advantage is one of the most important problems that now confronts the producer. Where the population is comparatively dense, as it is in most of the great manufacturing states, and where the purchaser can be easily reached by a short drive from home, the bulk of perishable products can usually be disposed of to good advantage to special customers who have been secured by personal solicitation, and who have learned to rely implicitly upon the statements of the producer as to their quality.

The building up of a home market by personal attention is not the pleasantest of occupations, but the ability to subsequently dispose quickly of a few baskets of fruits, a small lot of vegetables, a few pounds of choice butter, some fowls and a few dozen fresh eggs, and thus place a few dollars in one's purse, will make the repetition of this method less and less irksome, since the consumers are equally pleased to know that they can procure constant and fresh supplies from first hands.

Undoubtedly the time has now come when the commercial orchardist and trucker must identify himself more closely than heretofore with such co-operative methods of disposing of his products as will enable him to secure the just reward of his labor. Already many local unions have been formed having this object in view, and some degree of success has been attained in the line of the objects sought. But more remains to be done.

The production of perishable products has now reached enormous proportions. The facilities for transporting perishable products in refrigerator-cars from the most distant parts of our country to the great cities in the North and East, too frequently results in a glut in the market and consequent loss to the growers, which could have been obviated to some extent at least by the timely and wider distribution of the products to responsible dealers in the smaller towns and villages. Then, too, by co-operative action, such as it is expected will follow the organization of the National

Fruit-growers' Union, lower express and freight rates, and lower prices for boxes, crates, barrels, etc., can be secured, to the advantage of the growers as well as to that of responsible fruit dealers.

With the formation of such a union it is believed that competing sections whose products ripen at the same time can perfect a system by which each section would keep every other section (using the same markets at the same time) fully advised as to the quantity and kinds of fruit en route to all markets, thereby enabling competing sections to so direct their shipments as to not only prevent the disastrous gluts now so frequent, but it would render possible the more equal distribution of fruits and perishable products in the leading cities of the country. If a national fruit and truck growers' association can, by efficient co-operative action, be enabled to promptly distribute in the great centers of population the perishable produce from the country districts, and guarantee its quality to the purchaser, the work will be worthy of the presidents of the leading fruit-growing associations of the Union, who are endeavoring to bring about so desirable a reform.

W. M. K.

PICKED POINTS.

A correspondent in a prairie section of Montana says he purchased some eastern stock sheep, and after awhile some of them became blind, and he would like to know the cause of it. Both persons and brute animals going from a hilly to a level country are apt to have trouble with their eyes. Instead of the ever changeable hill scenes, there is only a broad expanse to look upon, and the eyes become weary and weak, and inflammation is liable to set in. A few daily applications of tincture of Lobelia inflata about the eyes, permitting a very little to get inside the lids, will remedy the difficulty in man and beast.

Besides being an inconvenient and sometimes a disagreeable task to put a horse-collar on over the head, it often irritates the animal, and that in turn too frequently stirs the temper of the horseman. In a recent instance a horse flung his head to one side, knocked the young man against the stall, bruised him severely and broke his arm. A collar open at the top causes unpleasant work to buckle it on, especially if the horseman is of short stature. A thoughtful German has hit upon the right way. His horse-collars open at the bottom. He has simply to throw one end over the horse's neck, and then buckle where he can readily reach and see what he is doing.

My veteran soldier neighbor, who has been in the poultry business largely for over twenty years, and who does not deal in fancy poultry, but simply grows eggs and broilers for market, has tried nearly all breeds and crosses, and now ought to know what he is talking about. He has found that a cross of the Brown Leghorn upon the barred Plymouth Rock is best. This cross lays as many eggs as the Leghorn, and the eggs are as large as the pure Plymouth Rocks. The broilers grow to marketable size, and feather out very early; and when he dresses the discarded old fowls for market, they "weigh something." The last breed he tested was the White Leghorns, and they proved poorest of all in every respect.

A name is wanted for the adult female of our common fowl. The word "hen" applies to the females of all birds, and therefore is not a distinguishing appellation. The word "chicken" is improper, for that refers to the young of all genera and both sexes. "Fowl" is not correct, for it refers as well to a duck, goose or turkey. The generic cognomen for it is too lengthy, for then it would have to be said, "The adult female of the genus *Gallus*." Now there is no way to tell what a hen is but to assert what it is not, and let the hearer judge what it is by inference, thus: "It is an adult female domestic fowl, but it is not a goose, turkey, duck, dove, pea or guinea fowl." The want of a uniform name causes confusion. Why not everybody call her "biddy?"

The turkey war is on; not Turkey of the Old World, but turkey right here in the New. Financially it pays to raise a nice flock of turkeys; but in thickly settled

localities it is at a great cost of conscience, and hence is not profitable in the long run. The turkey never has been but partially domesticated; its wild nature continually crops out in some form. It is apt to secrete its nest a long distance from home, and to go to and return from it, it trails through fields of growing grain; and if these fields belong to a neighbor, bad blood is engendered. Later the broods wander anywhere in grain or other fields. In autumn various flocks are apt to get together and wander in company, usually going to an orchard near some residence to roost. The writer saw two or three hundred roosting in one orchard. Next day apple-picking was not very pleasant. Then when it comes to rounding up such a flock, each taking his own, if possible, there is always trouble in the division, for no one can tell how many are his, nor "which is which." Personal collisions and lawsuits often ensue in consequence.

It is amazing how careless the Americans are generally in the use of many terms. Some of our best agricultural writers, even, are often guilty of errors in this line. For instance, take the word "thoroughbred." It is used wrongfully more than any other word applied to live stock. We read every day of thoroughbred horses, cattle, sheep and swine, while some are careless enough to attach it as a handle to poultry. "Thoroughbred" is the name of a distinct breed of English race-horses, and does not rightfully apply to anything else. Our trotting horses are usually "trotting-bred," but often have some thoroughbred blood in them. "Full-blood" is also a term often wrongfully used. A scrub may be a "full-blood"—full of scrub blood. "Pure-bred" is the only correct term to use in this country when applied to animals not possessing admixture of blood of any other breed. "Grades" are the product of a cross between a pure-bred and a native; and a "high-grade" animal is one in which the blood of a pure breed is in excess, as the offspring of a "pure-bred" Merino and a "grade" Merino. "Cross-bred" refers to animals produced by breeding together distinct breeds.

DR. GALEN WILSON.

SWARMING-POSTS.

Take a pole or post three inches in diameter and eight feet long. About ten inches from the smaller end bore two holes



through at right angles to one another, with an inch or a three-quarter bit. Have pegs to project out from these about a foot. On top of the post tie a bunch of rags or cotton, and over all draw tightly a dark cloth or stocking, and tie it securely. This will induce the bees to settle upon it when they come out. One or

more of these swarming-posts are set about the hives, say twenty steps away. They should be set into the ground about two feet. After the swarm has settled, set a hive upon the pegs, and they will go into it.

FRENCH RULES FOR MILKING.

1. Work rapidly; slowness causes loss of cream.
2. Milk thoroughly, to the last drop, because the last milk is the best.
3. Milk at the same time every day.
4. Milk crosswise; that is to say, one fore teat on the right and a hind teat on the left, and vice versa; the milk thus flows more copiously than by parallel milking.
5. Milk with five fingers, and not with index and thumb, a fault too common with milkers.
6. Do not employ any kind of milking-machines.
7. To milk young, restive cows, raise one of the fore feet. Never strike them.
8. Always keep the hands clean, and also the cow's udder and dairy utensils.
9. During milking, avoid distracting or disturbing the cow.

Those who neglect any of these prescriptions infallibly lose milk.—*Gazette Agricole de Lait*.

Our Farm.

CROP REPORTS.

A NUMBER of our friends have responded to my request for reports on the condition of fruit crops in their localities. I herewith express my appreciation of the service. There are many important sections, however, from which I have not yet heard, and more reports will be welcome. It seems to me that such reports must be interesting to all our readers, and therefore I think they should go into print. So here they are:

FROM ERIE COUNTY, OHIO.—This entire county is more or less devoted to the cultivation of fruit, but I can only answer for this township. The strawberry crop was somewhat damaged by blight and dry weather, but will average a fair crop. Raspberries (of which are raised hundreds of acres) promise now a heavy crop, as also do blackberries, currants, gooseberries and dewberries. Cherries will be almost a failure. The prospect for apples, pears, plums, peaches, quinces and grapes is good, but some have reported apples and peaches badly falling, while in some sections near here whole apple orchards have been stripped of every leaf, which was done by some worm.

We are firm believers in spraying in this vicinity, and hence we send out large amounts of fine fruit every year. Two years ago I sold my apple crop (Ben Davis) right on the trees for \$250. Number of trees, fifty, twenty years old. The trees were quite badly broken down by the immense crop, which was a sight to behold. The fruit amounted to 187 barrels of packed apples, with about sixty bushels of cider apples. I am satisfied that the three times I sprayed them made me \$150.

E. M. COBB.

FROM BELMONT COUNTY, OHIO.—Prospect of fruit crop of this section is as follows: Apples, full crop in bottom orchards, none on hilltops; peaches, seedlings abundant, not much fancy fruit. Pears, scarce. The prospect for quinces is good, if fire-blight will not destroy them. Plums, full crop.

CHAS. J. EICHORN.

FROM LAWRENCE COUNTY, OHIO.—This (southern part of the state) is an apple county, and the home of the Rome Beauty apple. This year it is a failure here, but we have a few apples of other varieties. Peaches, one half a crop; pears, one fourth.

C. H. HALL.

FROM ATHENS COUNTY, OHIO.—Apples here are an entire failure, while pears are not grown. Plums and peaches are a good crop. The peach crop of this county is estimated at 400,000 bushels.

E. H. BRAWLEY.

FROM ERIE COUNTY, PA.—The indications point to a large crop of apples and other fruits; in fact, far above the average.

J. G. SELTZER.

FROM EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—All kinds of summer, fall and winter apples have set very heavy, and barring accidents, destruction by insects, etc., there will be a full crop. Canker-worms are doing great damage, however. Why don't farmers spray? Pears are shortest crop for years, perhaps not over ten per cent.

G. Y. BADGER.

FROM WAUKESHA COUNTY, WIS.—Apples are a big crop; cherries, none; plums, a good crop; pears, few; currants, a half crop; gooseberries, none; strawberries, about two thirds of a crop; raspberries, half a crop. Few pears are grown in this locality.

C. B. TREMAIN.

FROM SPENCER COUNTY, INDIANA.—Apples and pears around here will not make more than one fourth of a crop. Thousands of trees are without any fruit.

F. H. HURST.

FROM WINDHAM COUNTY, VT.—In this section the prospects for apples are very good. Pears, plums and peaches are nearly a failure. Small fruits, like strawberries and raspberries, are almost a failure. The past winter was a terrible one for fruit-trees, shrubs, etc. On my own place, all

my peaches except my seedlings were killed to the ground, Crosby and Elberta sharing the same fate. A seedling came out all right. Of Abundance plums, the buds were nearly all killed, but a small per cent of them blossomed. Other plums, like Lombard, Niagara, Damsen, etc., came out all right. Cherries, of which I have 256 trees, are loaded.

I have strawberries that are isolated from others. They are all Warfields, and I have failed to find a single perfect blossom in the patch, yet I have never had so fine a lot of strawberries on my place; the berries seem very perfect. Strawberries are two weeks ahead of last season. I have quite a large patch of currants, and this spring I mulched them heavily with coarse straw manure. The bushes are loaded, and the fruit does not fall off. A few bushes not mulched have lost three fourths of their fruit.

A. A. HALLADAY.

FROM VAN BUREN COUNTY, MICH.—In this section of country all fruit crops are promising except pears, which will not be much more than one eighth of a crop.

HENRY REUSCH.

FROM WASHINGTON COUNTY, IOWA.—Apples and blackberries bid fair to be a big crop. There are a few pears and peaches raised here. All crops look well. We have plenty of rain, and some to spare. Winter wheat, oats and rye are immense. Many farmers have large cribs of corn on hand, and the present crop looks fine. The pig crop is good.

I. N. CARR.

FROM BOONE COUNTY, ARK.—Owing to last year's enormous crop, apples are this year a scant one fourth crop; pears, just about one fourth crop; peaches, a very full crop; plums, from one quarter to one third crop; cherries, almost a failure; grapes and other small fruits, a full crop. This is for Boone, Newton and Carroll counties, in northwestern Arkansas.

I. P. NILES.

FROM LACLEDE COUNTY, MO.—The fruit prospect in this vicinity is about this: Apples, one half crop; peaches, full. All small fruits abundant, having at present a superabundance of rain.

JAS. L. HOLMAN.

IN NEW YORK STATE.—Other reports will be published hereafter. For New York state, I will only add that the apple crop promises to be immense, while pears are a moderate crop in some sections and almost a failure in others. Again I ask our friends for reports from sections thus far not represented. Address them to

La Salle, N. Y.

T. GREINER.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Best Plums.—J. A. K., Meriden, Wyo. Among the best varieties of the plums generally put in the Chickasaw class are Wild Goose, Maquoketa, Forest Rose and Milton. But these sorts are not much better in quality and are not nearly so hardy as varieties of what are known as the Americana class. Among the best of this class is De Soto, Weaver, Wolf and Cheney. Perhaps the most desirable are De Soto and Cheney.

Camel-cricket.—N. J., Dixon, Mo. The insect eggs which are laid in a solid bunch, or cluster, on one side of the twig belong to what is called the camel-cricket, and they should not be destroyed, since this insect is very beneficial, in that it feeds on injurious insects. The large, flat, grayish eggs laid singly near the end of the twig belong to the katydid, which, while it feeds on the leaves of some trees, I have never known to seriously injure apples.

Diseased Trees.—J. W. R., Whitman Co., Wash. I think your apple and pear trees are affected with some disease. In the case of the pear, it seems from your description to be a form of twig-blight. In the case of the apple, it seems more like some root injury. Is the land well drained? Are the trees pretty free from borers? Do gophers work around the roots? Are there any lice on the roots? These are important points, and any one may indicate the cause of the trouble you refer to.

Black Oaks Dying.—S. P. T., Vasa, Minn. The black oaks, by which in the northern states is meant various forms of scarlet and red oaks, have suffered severely from the droughts of 1891 and 1895. Their roots are mainly near the surface of the ground, where they are easily affected by climatic conditions, while the white and bur oak have very deep tap-roots and very few surface-roots. Trees and crops always suffer most severely when on a south slope, since in that position they catch the full force of the dry southwest winds and the hottest rays of the sun.

Northern slopes are always most favorable for the growth.

Black Twig Apple.—J. F. F., Cranesville, W. Va. There has recently been much discussion about the origin of the mammoth Black Twig apple. I believe it is known under the names of Arkansas Black and also of Paragon. The fruit you send is undoubtedly this variety, and a noble apple it is. This variety should be better known, and planters in the middle states would do well to include it in their orders. The fruit is dark bright red, with some light russet spots. It is of better quality than Winesap, and fully as good a keeper. The tree is very productive. It resembles both Willow Twig and Winesap, but is a better fruit than either. In ordering trees, planters would do well to describe the variety, since a quite different apple is often sold as Black Twig.

Pollination of the Pear—Moore's Arctic Plum.—J. F. C., Guilford, Indiana, writes: "Will the Kieffer pear and the Bartlett pear pollinize one another? If not, what pear should be planted with the Kieffer?"

—Will Moore's Arctic plum bear fruit as far north as Indianapolis?—Is Mr. Green (nurseryman), of Rochester, N. Y., reliable?"

REPLY:—In the northern states the Kieffer and the Bartlett pears bloom nearly together; perhaps the Kieffer will be a day or two earlier than the Bartlett. In the southern states there is a greater difference in the time of flowering. I should think that in your section the Kieffer would remain in flower long enough to pollinize the Bartlett, but I would want to have a few other varieties, such as Anjou, Angouleme and Seckle, scattered through the Bartletts to make sure of perfect pollination. —The Moore's Arctic plum is healthy, very hardy and a vigorous grower. It will stand all right at Indianapolis. It comes from northern Maine. It is below medium in size, roundish oval, dark purple, with a pleasant but not rich flavor. Season early autumn.—Yes.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—Lauderdale county was organized in 1833. It has an area of 700 square miles. It is drained by branches of the Chickasaw river. Its soil is very fertile. Although Mississippi had no exhibit at the two last great expositions, I firmly believe there is not a better country for the farmer or homeseeker than the eastern part of this state. Land here is very cheap. The average price of bottom land is \$3 an acre; upland, \$1 an acre. The climate is delightful; the summers are pleasant and the winters short and mild. As for healthfulness, Mississippi ranks among the first. The United States census of 1890 gives the total death-rate to population of the following states: Massachusetts, 18.59; New York, 17.38; Rhode Island, 17.01; New Jersey, 16.33; Indiana, 15.78; Illinois, 14.63; Alabama, 14.20; Georgia, 13.79; California, 13.33; Colorado, 13.11; Mississippi, 12.89 per cent. The principal products of the eastern portion are corn, sweet potatoes and cotton. Meridian, the county-seat of Lauderdale county, is a beautiful modern city of about 20,000 inhabitants. It has truly been called the "Queen of the East," and "the Rome of Mississippi." It has an excellent system of waterworks and sewerage, and the streets and sidewalks are being paved. Electric-cars provide an excellent system of rapid transportation. The educational advantages are of the best, as there are five graded public schools, two colleges and one convent. Nearly every denomination is represented. It is the largest city in the state in the variety and extent of its manufactures, and second in population. Railroad facilities are good, as five roads center here. I simply mention this city to show that there is a good market for farm products.

Meridian, Miss.

J. C. C.

FROM GEORGIA.—Twice a month your eastern edition is found upon my desk among other good farm literature. I often recognize considerable merit in many of the articles. I was particularly impressed with an article on growing sweet potatoes, by a Tennessean. I would judge he was in a very good potato-growing section, and evidently he is a notch ahead of the average Georgia farmer in raising a good crop of roots. We see growing in our section several varieties, having different names in different localities. To me they are known as West India, Norton Yam, White Florida and a Jersey potato. West India yield fair crops on poor land, but on what is termed cow-penned land the yield is enormous. The roots are very large and rough, sometimes cracking nearly open. This is a general favorite, on account of productiveness, answering fairly well for all purposes. Norton Yam is a most excellent variety, requires good land, and will reward you, under fair circumstances, 175 to 225 bushels an acre; a potato that when properly baked tickles a southern man's stomach by the time it touches his lips; color a creamy yellow, thin skin and very smooth; cannot be excelled. White Floridas are more on the order of West Indias, but very much their superior. Both potatoes when broken from the mud exude a white gum that adheres to the skin like "Aunt Jemima's plaster, the more you pull it the tighter it sticks the faster." Not so with the Norton Yam or Jersey. This latter is a very fair yielder; the vines are very small, but very rapid growers. I believe the vines, under fair conditions, would grow thirty feet. The roots are formed in a bunch right at the main stem, a very dry and, to my taste, a very unpalatable affair. Your Tennessee correspondent says that they must be handled with great care, for every bruise or cut means a rotten potato. While I advocate careful handling and digging, I do not find the fault that he

does. June 6th I could show Norton Yams with cuts from a plow, also broken ones, that dried over and were perfectly sound. As for hog feed, each and every variety seems to accomplish the end desired, provided there is enough left for the hog to root. They all fatten, but the hog soon learns the difference, and like a full-fledged southerner, will hunt out every Norton Yam, and will only return to the others when an empty stomach pinches. Your correspondent gives different names for his potatoes—names not familiar to me. I've no doubt his Queens are like our Yams. The Norton Yam is our choice, and once tried never forsaken. Prices rule low for all potatoes—thirty-five to forty cents. But we can grow something else besides potatoes here in these pine woods. Cotton, corn, rice, cane, sorghum, peas and potatoes all do well. Taking everything into consideration, I can't see but that we are equally blessed with all other sections, and I sometimes think our advantages are superior to many other southern sections. There is a vast amount of timbered lands, or I had better say large tracts of uncultivated lands, as the sawmills have cut a very large portion of the best timber. Such lands can be had at from two dollars to five dollars an acre. Our county can boast of excellent roads, but we have poor railroad facilities, as but one road passes through the county. We need more farmers, then the railroads will come. Of course, we would like to choose our farmers, then we'd have all good ones, law-abiding, God-fearing ones; but as we can't do that, we extend a welcome to all who would like to come among us, and trust that they may all prove good ones. There are great possibilities in this country for the future thrifty farmer. I am a young one, and hope to live to see the possibilities developed. I read a most sensible article not long ago from some one who had visited Fitzgerald colony. I believe with him that success lies in the northern and western farmer settling among our native farmers and learning something from them. You can't bring your Nebraska theories to Georgia soil and make them stick, for they will leak in some places. These old Georgia farmers do not know it all, but they are apt scholars. Let a successful farmer try a new implement, and if it succeeds, you watch the old cracker, for the first news you know "he's sent for him a sulky-plow." Georgia has her share of good lands. Liberty county has hers. We have a fine stock country, and I could tell you of many good things, but I must not occupy too much space.

Johnston Station, Ga.

J. R. V.

FROM TEXAS.—Grand Saline has many advantages for both capitalist and laborer. In the first place, the salt-works are a great help to everyone. They use the wood that has to be cut off the land before it can be cultivated, and they pay a fair price for it. They consume about sixty cords of wood a day. They hire labor to the amount of \$92.80 a day. We have flattering prospects for other industries of the same kind. Texas is at present manufacturing scarcely one half of the salt it consumes; hence, there is not much danger of this industry being overdone soon. Our town is surrounded by good farming land that can be had at a very low price, the average being \$3 an acre for raw land and \$7.50 for improved land. These prices permit almost every farmer to own his own home; if he is industrious, he can raise enough above his living to pay for his land in three years. This land will produce almost anything that grows in the temperate zone. This is the finest of countries for sweet potatoes, and Irish potatoes do well if northern seed is used. Corn is easily cultivated, and averages twenty to thirty bushels an acre. Cotton—well, this is the home of that staple—often makes over a bale an acre; at one-half a bale an acre it pays better than a great many crops in the North. Fruits of all kinds are unexcelled, and a great many farmers have found this out. The best hay is in the very early varieties, that can be marketed in advance of other points, at fancy prices. Our markets for early fruits are the large cities of the black land of Texas—the black land not being so well adapted to fruits as the eastern timber belt. Hogs thrive wonderfully here, there being a good range for them. There is much room for improvement in the grade. This has been a good stock country, but the range is being shortened by the land being put in cultivation. To sum it all up, this is the finest country in the United States for one who wants to get a home of his own.

Grand Saline, Texas.

N. J.

Feed

The nerves upon pure, rich blood and you need not fear the horrors of nervous prostration. Nerves are weak when they are improperly and insufficiently nourished. Pure blood is their proper food, and pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

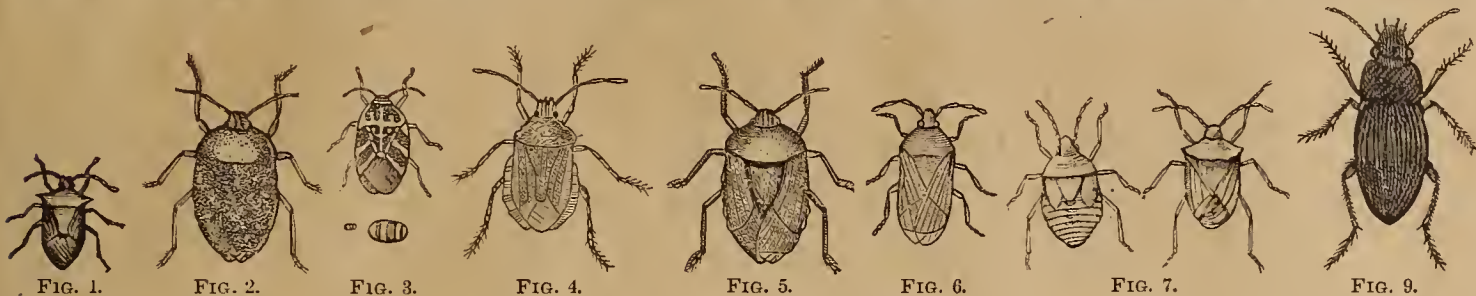
Our Farm.

DESTRUCTIVE AND BENEFICIAL INSECTS.

ABOUT this season of the year insects will be rife. The most destructive in the garden are wireworms, the larvæ of the elater beetles; the cutworms, larvæ of the *Agrotis* and *Celaena* families; the white grub, larvæ of the May-

nor for Fig. 7, which is the squash-bug. In fact, it is safe to destroy all insects looking like bugs, except Figs. 1 and 2 as noted. The dragon-fly (Fig. 8) should never be destroyed; there are many varieties, all beneficial. *Harpalus* should be preserved; both the beetle (Fig. 9) and its larvæ (Fig. 10) destroy insects. The tiger-beetles are alert in insect destruction. Three forms are shown, in Figs. 11, 12 and 13; Figs. 14 and 15 are other forms of tiger-beetles.

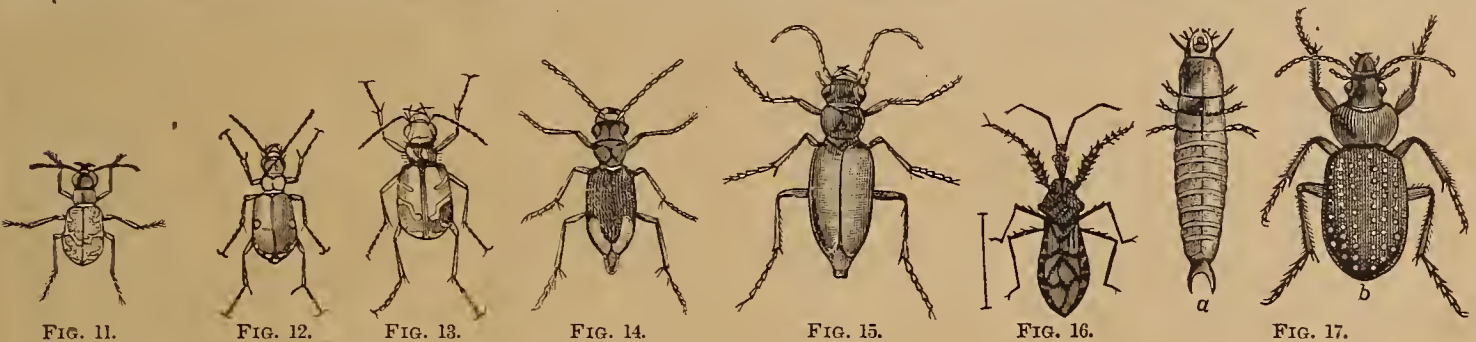
The striped cucumber-beetles are eminently destructive, both in the perfect and larval state. The first eat the young leaves of cucumber, melon and squash; the larvæ eat the roots of the same plants. Inasmuch as they often suddenly come in countless numbers, they are terribly destructive. My plan has always been to watch their first appearance, and with a water-pot having a rather coarse rose, thoroughly sprinkle a hill of plants, and



beetle; the striped cucumber-beetle and their larvæ; the squash-bug, working also on the leaves of muskmelon and the watermelon; the Spanish fly, which also in some seasons attacks beets and other plants; the Colorado potato-beetle, which feeds on the

Fig. 16 is the rapacious soldier-bug. Fig. 17 is *Calasoma calidum* and larvæ, and Fig. 18 is *C. scrutator*. All these as noted are beneficial. Of the soldier-beetles belonging to the firefly family, all are beneficial; the larvæ are predatory on other insects.

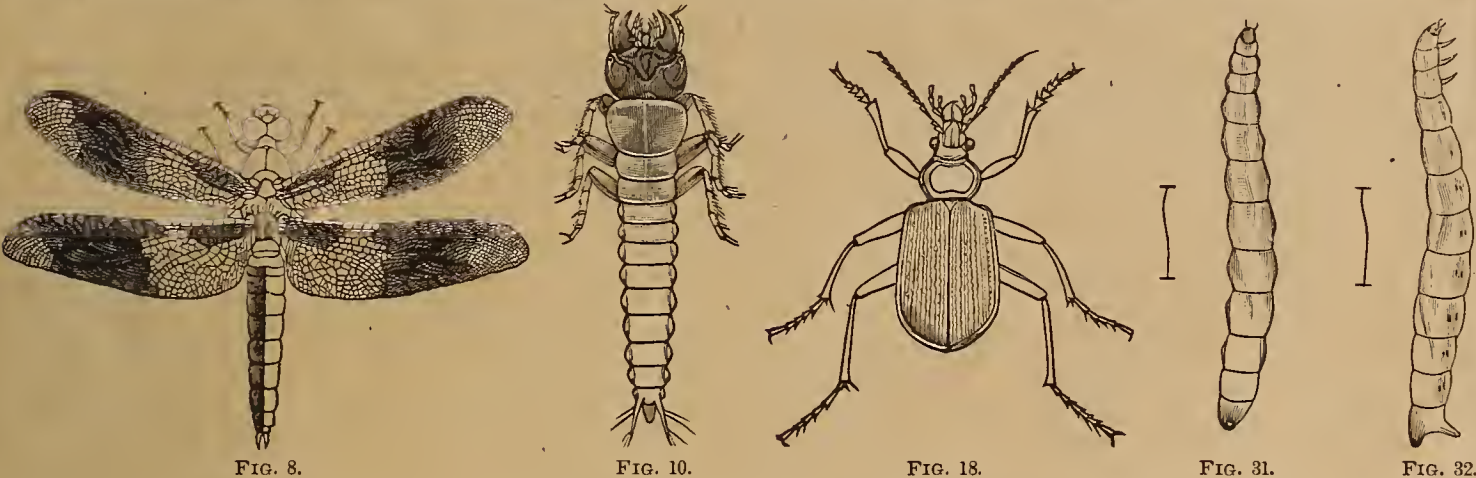
then scrape the whole together before they recover the chill, and throw them into a can having a cover, and so proceed until the whole patch is gone over. Fig. 30 shows the perfect beetle, and Figs. 31 and 32 the larvæ, the hair lines showing the true



Solanum tribe—potatoes, egg-plant, pepper and okra; the tomato-worm, feeding on the tomato, and also in the North destructive to the leaves of tobacco; and the corn-worm, identical with the cotton-worm of the South, sometimes destructive to the young

Figs. 19 and 20 show two forms. Coming now to the ladybirds, all are beneficial, both the perfect beetles and larvæ feeding on the eggs and larvæ of other insects. Figs. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 are some well-known species. Do not mistake these

length of the insects. Among the best means of ridding a garden of insects is to keep plenty of coops of young chickens in the garden. Young ducklings are more active than chickens. Potatoes and other plants may be most

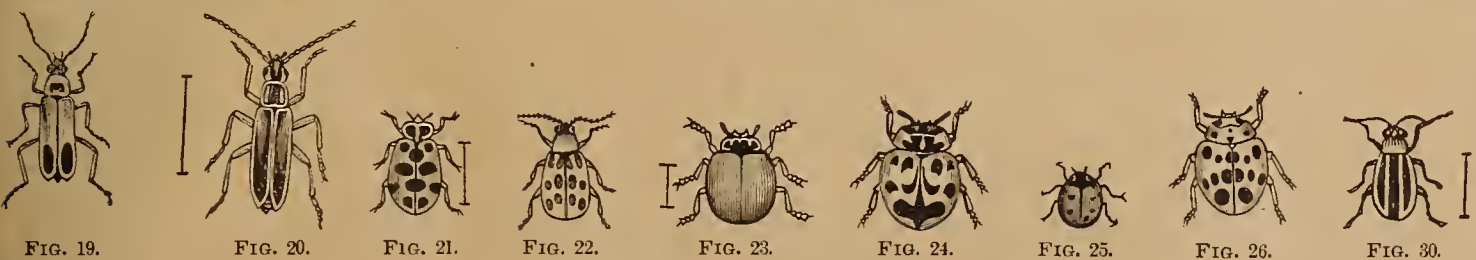


ears of corn. The cabbage-moth must also be looked after.

Besides these destructive insects, there are beneficial insects that destroy noxious species, and these must have discrimination for protection. The tiger-beetles, the

for Fig. 26, which is a vegetable feeder, and is known as *Epilachna borealis*. Among garden depredators, perhaps the worst are the several species of cutworms. We show three forms—Figs. 27, 28 and 29—which will serve to illustrate the character-

easily cleared by poisonous solutions. To this end we published in the June 1st issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE quite a number of formulas, together with full directions for preparing washes to include both trees and plants, and with the proper times of



soldier-bug, the soldier-beetle, the ground-beetle, the *Chalcis* and the ladybirds are all predatory on other insects; and especially the ladybirds, above all, should be protected, since they destroy the eggs of predaceous insects. Hence, we give

istics of these destructive species. Fig. 27 is the striped western species; Fig. 28 is the climbing, or dark-sided, species, and Fig. 29 is the bristly, or white, cutworm. The larvæ are especially voracious. They may be trapped in the spring with green

application, as formulated at the Michigan Agricultural College, and from thence made public. These valuable recipes are from latest authorities. The whole should be carefully preserved for reference.

JONATHAN PERIAM.



illustrations of some principal species of the beneficial insects. Fig. 1 is the spined soldier-bug; Fig. 2, the green soldier-bug. They feed indiscriminately on insects and their eggs. Do not mistake these for Figs. 3, 4, 5 and 6, which are vegetable feeders,

clover laid in bunches here and there, but the most successful means with me is to find their casts at daylight in the morning, and kill them. If clover is used, they must be hunted in the early morning, in or under the clover, and killed.

THE BLESSED INSECTS.—By destroying the crops of careless competitors, injurious insects help to maintain prices, and benefit the progressive gardeners and fruit-growers who save their crops by the use of insecticides.

DEFORESTATION.

Never before has the subject of deforestation been brought so noticeably before the eyes of the people as during the past autumn and winter. The drought during the past two years has almost ruined our beech forests. Nearly one half the trees in some districts are dead or dying. The oak is so eaten by slugs (worms) that much of it will soon be unsalable. The owners of the forests are taking notice of this, and are selling their oak timber as fast as they can. The hickorynut-trees are so badly bird-pecked that they sell for ruinously low prices; yet they are being cut without number.

This destruction of our woodland is brought about in two ways—the ignorance of the people as to the results, and the monopolistic spirit existing in man. But few have an adequate conception of the influence of woodland on the climate and regularity of rainfall. The removal of our forests promotes drought, and drought in return destroys our forests. Still fewer are those who know of the bald hills of Europe and Asia, where once flourishing forests made the earth an Eden.

But the greatest loss is brought by the monopolistic spirit. Each individual believes that his strip of woodland will be more money in pocket if leveled to the ground. He can enjoy the blessings of climate from the forests surrounding him. This spirit cannot be destroyed. But cannot the government give aid? Would it not be profitable to the different states if certain timber lands were exempt from taxation? Should not the people be better informed of the curse we are bringing on posterity by this wholesale destruction of our forests?

J. H. MATHERS.



A woman's noblest work is helping a baby into life and health. She is committing a crime when she helps a sickly baby into the world. It is a crime because it is wholly within her power to make the baby strong and healthy. She can do it by the proper preparation—by taking proper care of herself during the period of gestation. Many babies die early, or at birth, or are sickly all their lives because of their mothers' ignorance or neglect. Neither is excusable.

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Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

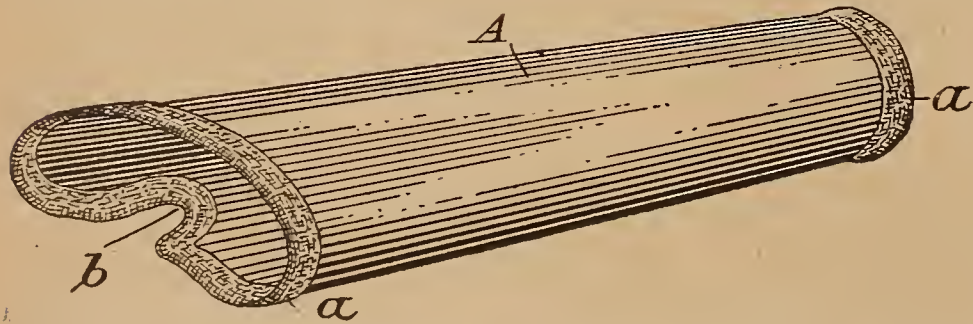
PURE BREEDS AND SCRUBS.

BECAUSE farmers receive eggs from scrub hens, while fanciers may keep pure-breeds in good quarters and on ample food, the claim is made that scrubs are hardier than pure breeds, and require less care. But there are good and worthless hens even among scrubs, and it more frequently happens that only a few of the hens among the scrubs may be laying, the others doing nothing. One of the difficulties with fanciers is that in their enthusiasm and love of poultry they feed too much, and deprive themselves of the eggs that they should receive with better management, while the farmer goes to the other extreme sometimes and does not give his flock proper care.

But what is a scrub? It may be claimed that the best hens in common flocks—those that produce eggs—are at least well bred. It is difficult to find a flock of hens that has not some Brahma, Plymouth Rock, Leghorn or Wyandotte grades among its members, and which account for any excellence that may be found. If scrubs will pay, how much better should hens that have been selected do so, for scrubs are the creatures of accident, while the others are the result of breeding. The farmer who will do some thinking in the matter of breeding his poultry, and who will set out to accomplish an object, should have better results than one who allows the flock to increase without his supervision. A farmer who will give his scrubs attention will also derive better results from them, and will be induced to improve; and if he is not willing to look after scrubs, he will not succeed with pure breeds, for no matter what kind of fowls he may have, he must depend upon himself for success.

AN IMPROVED EGG-TESTER.

An improved egg-tester, which is flattened at the larger end to fit the contour of the face of the person using it, is designed by Mr. C. W. Connell, Michigan. The tester is made of metal (A), the edges bound with heavy cloth or felt (a a). The smaller end is round or oval, so as to permit of the



insertion of the egg. The larger end is cut in (b), to allow the bridge of the nose to be free of obstruction. The tester is cheap, possesses novelty and merit, answers the purposes required, and can be made by any tinner.

NEW BREEDS.

It is a temptation, when a new breed is offered, to accept it because of the many claims that may be advanced in its favor, but it is not wise to use any of the newest breeds except in a limited manner; not all new breeds, however, for it is possible that a new breed may be superior to any of the recognized varieties, but it will pay to always experiment before investing too largely with something that is not well known. All new breeds are heralded with claims in their favor, which leads the novice to suppose that they will be revolutionized; but the breeds finally fall into their proper place in the list, to give way to the next, which in turn follows the same road. A new breed may be a success in one climate and a failure in another, and even two or three seasons' trial is not always convincing. There are now over eighty breeds of chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys, which are sufficient to make a selection from, all having been tested, some for half a century, and it is therefore better to use the old and standard breeds than to fly to newer kinds, unless there is an assurance that the new breeds are far superior to the older varieties.

LARGE EGGS.

That some of the breeds lay eggs of very large size is admitted, but it is not always the hardiest breeds which excel in that respect. Among the breeds which have produced individuals which lay eggs weighing six to the pound may be mentioned the Minorcas and Black Spanish, but it is not to be supposed that such large eggs are the rule, though there are a great many flocks of Minorcas and Black Spanish which lay eggs weighing eight to the pound. The Brahmas and Cochins also lay large eggs, but do not quite equal in that respect the breeds mentioned above. The large combs of the Minorcas and Black Spanish are drawbacks to them in winter, as they are more liable to be frosted than the Brahmas, and they are also non-sitters; but from early spring to the beginning of winter it is doubtful if there are any breeds known which excel them in laying; and under good conditions for protection they have also made excellent records in winter. For improving the common flocks, if choice pullets are desired, the use of males of the Minorcas or Black Spanish breeds will prove profitable, and the pullets so produced will serve well for producing broilers if mated with Wyandotte, Plymouth Rock, Cochins or Brahma males.

TABLE-SCRAPS.

Table-scraps become an important item for a small flock, but are of little value for large numbers. The small flock will pay at all seasons, because the scraps lessen the cost of the food by permitting of the utilization of waste materials that would otherwise go into the slop-barrel. For this reason every family should keep a few hens, even if but half a dozen, and especially the families that live on the suburbs of cities and towns, or who have a space that can be utilized for that purpose. The greatest obstacle is the attempt to keep too many. Be satisfied with a few, and the cost will be less and the result more satisfactory.

THE BEST POULTRY-HOUSE.

The size and cost of a poultry-house will depend upon the number of fowls to be kept; but let us suppose that one hundred fowls are together, and that the owner desires the best poultry-house. We may, in order to oblige him, give a design of one that is just the thing he should have in that line, and we will have considered the fact that he lives in a climate which is very cold in winter, and that his hens must be

kept under the proper conditions for laying. We submit the plans, and then comes back the inevitable reply that such a house is too costly. It is the cost, therefore, that regulates the building of a poultry-house. The best house according to the cost may not be the best house, however, and the lack of eggs in the winter will make the cost even greater, as no loss is so heavy in the poultry business as that of feeding hens that do not lay. There is one point we can give to all who are interested in building poultry-houses, and that is to lath and plaster the house, even if but a rough coating be given. By so doing the winds will be kept out, the houses can be more easily cleaned, and lice be completely kept out.

SCATTER THE GRAIN.

Never feed whole grain in a trough. When so fed there will be domineering hens which will get more than their share, but when the grain is scattered, each hen must seek her portion, and all will have an equal chance. You need not fear to scatter it over every square inch of ground, for not a grain will be wasted. It compels the hens to work instead of helping themselves.

SOONER OR LATER a neglected Cold will develop a constant cough, shortness of breath, falling strength, and wasting of flesh, all symptomatic of some serious lung affection, which may be avoided or palliated by using in time Dr. D. Jayne's Expecto-rant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sngar-Coated Sative.

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FOWLS RUNNING AT LARGE.

There is no crop, unless it be cabbage, that poultry will injure at this season if given full liberty. At this season of the year there is an abundance of seeds and grass that the hens can consume, and which will so attract their attention as to render it unnecessary for them to seek anything else. There is no better mode of utilizing purslane, plantain, pigweed and ragweed than to let the ducks and geese have full sway. There is one field now growing vegetables over which purslane got the mastery. A flock of ducks is doing more to clear out the weeds than constant cultivation accomplished. This is converting the weeds into duck meat, and some poultrymen are not feeding the ducks anything at all, as they do not require any assistance. It is unnecessary to keep the fowls in confinement after the young plants have become established and made a growth. Eggs at this season of the year should cost nothing. There is no reason why the hens should be fed on grain and be made excessively fat, when there is so much waste of valuable green food that they will prefer to grain, and which can be turned into a profit in the shape of eggs.

VARIETY ESSENTIAL TO POULTRY.

There is no difficulty in providing a variety for a small flock, as the table-scraps will assist, but for fifty or a hundred fowls, resort to feeds that are easily obtained is required. Cut clover, meat, milk, linseed-oil cake and cabbage will all serve to vary the diet. It is when fowls are fed on grain during the whole time that they refuse to lay. But even the grain may be varied if corn is withheld, and oats, wheat and buckwheat are used in rotation. Fill a trough full of corn and place it where the fowls can eat all they desire. They will soon begin to refuse it, as they require something which the corn does not contain, and they will not produce many eggs until they are gratified. Variety of food is not only essential to egg production, but assists in keeping the flock in a healthy condition.

SOW MILLET.

If the hen-yard is very filthy, and the hens can be changed to a new location for a short time, spade or hoe the yard and sow it thickly with millet-seed. When the young millet is about three inches high turn the hens back into the yard. In this manner not only will the yards be cleaned, but a proportion of green food provided.

MILK AND MEAT.

Milk cannot be used as a substitute for meat, as it is not sufficiently concentrated; that is, the fowls cannot drink enough of it to use it in place of meat. Fresh, lean meat is the best of all egg-producing foods, but milk is also excellent, either fresh or as clabber, for fowls, but for chicks it should be fresh.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MANAGEMENT AND RESULTS.—As I am always interested in your garden and poultry notes, especially the poultry, I thought it might interest others to hear from me. In 1895 I raised fifty-two chicks. The earliest ones were hatched the last of March. The pullets began laying the tenth of September, and have laid all winter. When the cockerels

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were about twelve weeks old I sold them at 12½ cents per pound, realizing \$7.71, ate two, and had twenty-two pullets left. These I kept over winter in a house by themselves. I kept twenty-three two-year-old hens over winter, also. I kept no account of eggs used, but have sold one hundred and thirteen dozen since the middle of September, the average price being twenty cents per dozen. The pullets are the best for winter layers. We have two hen-houses, 8x16 feet, each having two large windows in the south side, and adjoining the houses are yards. One contains about 5,850 square feet, the other 4,000 square feet. The material for the houses and yards cost about \$25 each, my husband doing all the work. The chickens are kept in the yards most of the time, as we have but a small place, and raise small fruits, vegetables and poultry. We keep Silver Laced Wyandottes, and think they are the best for us. They are quiet and bear confinement. I can drive them in or out of the yard like a flock of sheep. I keep but one male bird during the hatching season. I select twelve of the best hens and put in one yard with the male, and get all eggs for hatching from these. In this way I get stronger and better chicks, and have no trouble with eggs not hatching. Last spring, after the hatching season, I put all the chickens in one yard, and had the other yard cultivated and sowed in rye. This yard I reserved for the chicks when they were large enough and began to trouble the garden and sweet-peas. The chicks were so clean and comfortable in this yard, the rye remaining green until late in the fall and furnishing them an abundance of green food. I have kept an account, and can say it pays to keep chickens, and keep them well. I hope to give a better record another season, as I have had much to learn. MRS. C. D. H. Findlay, Ohio.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Crosses.—M. P. M., Fairmont, W. Va., writes: "Is it of any advantage to cross Plymouth Rocks and Light Brahmas?"

REPLY:—Pure breeds give better results than cross-bred fowls. When one begins to cross the breeds, the flock degenerates into scrubs in a year or two.

Soft-shell Eggs.—J. H. Brownsville, Tenn., writes: "What is the cause of and the remedy for hens laying eggs with soft shells?"

REPLY:—It is the result of overfeeding and a fat condition of the fowls, the large, double-yolked eggs sometimes laid by hens being from the same cause.

Broilers.—E. B. S., Oakland, Cal., writes: "What is the cost of food required to produce a pound of broiler or fowl?"

REPLY:—Repeated experiments show that the cost of one pound of poultry, whether chick or adult fowl, never exceeds six cents, the average cost being about four cents a pound for the food. This does not include other expenses than the food.

Feeding in Summer.—J. L., Dayton, Ohio, writes: "What kind of grain is most suitable in summer for a flock that is kept in confinement?"

REPLY:—A variety—oats one day and wheat the next—feeding but very little, and only once a day, at night. A pound of lean meat or cut bone, for sixteen fowls, may be given in the morning, with a clover sod to pick.

The harvest of moral fruitage from Lincoln's death will be the garnered legacy of the nation through the ages to come.—William Hague.

Our Fireside.

FIDELITY.

I do not want you when your feet
With buoyant footsteps tread on air,
And you can smile on all you meet,
And banish care;
But when the road is long and cold,
And cruel seem the ways of men,
And you are weary, sad and old—
Come then.

I do not want you when your name
From lip to lip is proudly rolled.
I do not want you when your fame
Has brought you gold.
But when you fight and strive and press,
And no one reads the songs you pen,
And life is full of loneliness—
Come then.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

LIGHTSTEP'S ESCAPE.

A Fourth of July Story.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.



On that bright June day when Mr. True returned from his first drive behind the new horse, his family came out to meet him, asking: "How does he go?"

"Fine," replied Mr. True, his proud glance traveling

from the sweeping tail to the arched, full-veined neck. "He's a light stepper."

After Mr. True had made this remark on several occasions, his son, Adoniram, inscribed over the stall:

"LIGHTSTEP,
THE GREAT NORTH POCKET STEPPER."

There was a spice of malice in this, for Adoniram had not been allowed to test the "stepper's" speed, his father saying that for the present no one but himself should "draw a rein on the new horse," but Mrs. True added it to the many other signs of her only child's brilliant originality.

"Ad's given him his name," she exclaimed. "Beats all what that boy thinks up!"

"I wish he'd think up on his studies," observed Mr. True. "If I don't hear better reports from the cademy he'll come out and go to hoeing potatoes."

Despite his shortcomings, to Adoniram belonged the honor of naming the fine, swift-footed bay, the most valuable of all the stock in Mr. True's great barn.

It was the morning of the Fourth of July. Mr. True was away from home, having been drawn on a jury. Adoniram sat in the barn doorway, tired, powder-stained, but happy. He, with seven congenial spirits, had carried out a long-cherished plan to sleep in the barn, but according to the hired man, they had "been up and at it all night. I didn't get a wink o' sleep, nor none o' the other critters."

Adoniram smiled broadly, as he recalled the night's doings and the fact that the day had only just begun.

"I never expected to have such a good time," he told Grandfather True, who was feeding the cattle. "I s'pose if pa'd been here he'd have sat down on the whole thing."

"That isn't very pooty talk," said old Mr. True, turning with an air of mild rebuke. "You've had your own way, mebbe, but your eyes looks like two burnt holes in a blanket. I shall be glad when the Fourth's over." The approach of the man with a milk-pail suggested a grievance. "We're going to run short o' milk, too, the cows is so harrerred. 'Pears to me you're old 'nough to stiddy down, Ad," with a judicial air, his seat of judgment the wheelbarrow, the pitchfork his gavel. "I never see such goings-on!"

"Except when you were young, grand'ther," put in Adoniram, slyly. "Folks say that you were a great hand to celebrate."

The old gentleman had the heart of a boy still. The lines of care on his face suddenly became those of mirth, and his blue eyes twinkled as he told how he had often outwitted the sexton and rang the church-bell at midnight.

Adoniram listened absently; he was asking himself how he could best use the rest of the day. His eyes fell upon Lightstep, pawing and restless.

"Grau'ther," said Adoniram, interrupting a tragic tale, "let's take Lightstep and go to the Center and see the procession."

As he spoke, the "sunrise bells" rang and the cannon boomed. The horse snorted as if he scented battle, and the old man lifted his head spiritedly.

"I declare, I'd like to see the show," he said. "I was alluz possessed after marchin' and brass bands. I used to b'long to the militia, and I was great on trainin'-days. It took us to get up 'slam-hangs' and 'horribles.' Why, they'd set the wimmen's naves on age! But your pa'd never agree to our takin' his new hoss. I s'pose we could handle him all right, though."

The old man looked at his hands, rubbed them, and gazed wistfully toward the town. He questioned eagerly as Adoniram told how

the trades were to be represented in the procession, and said:

"I declare, I've a good mind to foot it down there, lame as I be!"

"I don't intend to walk," rejoined Adoniram, "for I'm too tired. We'll take the new horse in the buggy," referring to a narrow, high-topped vehicle that was very carefully wrapped in old sheets.

As Mr. True gazed at him it seemed as if every feature was an exclamation-point.

"Why, that kerridge hasn't been used since it was va'nished! Your pa laid it away for funerals or some great time."

Adoniram argued that this was a great occasion, and pictured his father as pining because he had to miss it.

"Pa was lotting on going out Decoration day, but it rained. He'd be perfectly satisfied if you went with me, grand'ther. Wouldn't we make the town-folks stare?"

The hired man, who was much disturbed over giving up his choicest treasures, remarked:

"All is, I hope I sha'n't be round when the boss comes home, for there'll be war. I had my orders not to put the harness on him while he was gone." Adoniram's teeth gleamed as he interpolated, "Harness on pa?" but the speaker kept steadily on, "And I'll stick to them orders unless he writes me a line."

"If he's bound to go, I'll have to jine him, to keep things straight," declared the old man, turning his face from the others, lest they read his pleasure, and speaking with unusual decision. "If we can go alone, and you do just as I say, Ad, we'll come out all right. But we must keep together and not get separated. I can handle Lightstep if them pesky boys isn't hangin' round."

Adoniram did not reply. Indeed, he scarcely heard, being absorbed in preparing for their little trip. He took the sheets off the buggy, rolled them into a wad and threw them into a tip-cart, ran the vehicle into the yard, and was greasing its wheels when his mother announced breakfast.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Your pa don't want that lent or used, for it's just been varnished."

"So I've heard for six months," said Adoniram. "It's about time that it had a good airing."

"Mr. True done it up himself before he went," put in the man, "and he told me he wa'n't a-goin' to use it till conference."

"I sha'n't give my consent, Ad," said his mother, firmly. "Your pa wouldn't forgive me if I let his new buggy out on the Fourth. I looked for him last night, and he may turn up any minute. So," in a weakening tone, "put the buggy back, Addy, dear, and do it up nice, so the dust won't get in."

"I don't see why there should be such a fuss, when grand'ther's going along with me," murmured Adoniram. "It's his say when pa's away."

"Why, Grand'ther True!" said his daughter-in-law, reproachfully, "I didn't think you'd uphold him."

The hired man turned upon his heel with an impatient exclamation, and went in to "wash up" at the kitchen sink. He could be seen from the yard rubbing his head with crash and unnecessary violence. Meanwhile, Mr. True had amazed the dame by saying that he was going to take a day off, for he had been shut up through planting, and he wanted to be where things were snapping.

"Why, pa!" ejaculated Mrs. True, "I didn't mistrust you was back of all this." Adoniram grinned. "And it wasn't the planting that kept you in the house, but rheumatism. Don't you remember how you doctored for it?"

"Sick or well, I've kerried the whole farm since the jury sot," replied the old man, "and my mouth's made up for a change." Mrs. True turned from them with a gesture that resigned the whole matter, and started for the house. The old man followed, saying, diplomatically, "You needn't be afeered, for there isn't a boy in town I'd trust so soon with a boss as our Ad. I'd like to see one that he couldn't handle." A mollified look crossed the mother's face. "Specially if I'm with him, ready to ketch holt if anything breaks."

Mrs. True paused on the door-step. She glanced back at Adoniram, and met a roguish, imploring look that she could not withstand.

"Your pa may come on the ten-o'clock train," she said. "If you go, you'd better not follow the parade till you've been to the depot after him. Then everything will be all right."

During breakfast the old man talked on horses, telling of the colt that he broke forty years before—how he got his price for it of Squire Tompkins, and it was such a fine one that it was called "True's colt," even when it got to be an old horse.

Then Mrs. True indulged in reminiscences, telling how Adoniram had always been possessed after a horse, driving chairs when too young for more fiery steeds. Why wasn't that a prophecy that he was born to drive? She surely ought to feel easy about his going to town with any horse, even on the Fourth; and she left her morning work to help them start.

When Adoniram entered the stall, Lightstep had not eaten his breakfast, but seemed to be analyzing it to see if it contained explosives. He snorted and shook his head while being harnessed, holding it so high that Adoniram had to mount a box.

"You've grown a foot, laying still," he said, out of breath with dancing about with the head-gear. "Fact is, you need work. You'll get it before the day's over, too, for I'm going to put you through. Do you hear?"

The horse turned his large, intelligent eyes upon the boy and daintily took a blouse-button between his teeth. Enraptured with his playfulness, Adoniram rushed into the house for a lump of sugar with which to reward him, and Mrs. True remarked:

"Our Ad's a horn horse-tamer."

A basket of food and a bag of hay were put under the buggy-seat, and Mr. True was helped aboard with the aid of a chair. He remarked, with a groan:

"If your father ever buys another buggy, I hope he'll take me along with him. This is too top-heavy, and the seat's narrer."

Mr. True was some time getting comfortably settled, for he had on several wraps to keep the air from striking the back of his neck, and to prevent a chill in case they returned late.

"You needn't look for us till you see us," he told his daughter-in-law, with childish glee. "Can't tell where we'll end up when we get started. We may stop to the fireworks to-night. Got your straps all right, Ad?"

Assuring him of this, Adoniram sprang in and gathered up the reins, his eyes bright with anticipation. He was a pleasing picture of youth and hope. Noting that he had put a flag against each ear of the horse, his mother remarked to the much-tried man:

"It beats all what that boy thinks of! There's the real patriotism in him. If he'd lived in the days of the Bunker's Hill fight he'd been one of the greatest fighters among them. Anything Ad sets out to do, he does."

It would have been difficult to tell which was the most elated as they howled along the country road—the elder or the younger boy. The air was fresh and exhilarating, the wheels sparkled in the sunlight like a new satin gown, and as for Lightstep, Mr. True said that he hadn't "set behind such a roader for forty year." He told Adoniram confidentially that he "never could understand why your pa was willing to put up with such a slow coach as Old Calamity. You had to work your passage when you drove him, for it was 'Cluck!' 'G'lang!' and whip up all the way. But this hoss won't stan' no whip; jest touch the reins, and he's off."

A neighbor whom they met stopped them to ask:

"Is that your pa's new horse, Ad?"

"Yes, sir. Think he'll do?"

"He's a good one. But do you dare to risk such a spirited animal out on the Fourth? Why, I've seen old farm-horses get so excited on the road that a man couldn't hold them. I always keep mine in the barn." With much dignity the adviser was made to understand that both driver and horse knew what they were about. Mr. True explained that Adoniram had been brought up with horses. He also alluded to "True's" famous "colt." They went on in better spirits for the encounter. Grandfather was telling an early experience with the colt, when some firecrackers exploded under a barrel by the roadside. The horse shied, and nearly upset them.

"Take care, Ad; a little more and we'd gone over!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "You must look out for him. Keep a steady rein. A boy ought to be arrested that'll take a good apple-berril out into the road and blow out the bottom with them nasty squibs!"

The horse's head was up now, and his feet touched the ground as if he were treading on needles. Mr. True, who was looking anxiously ahead, exclaimed:

"There's another boy, Ad! Drive by him slow. I'll fix him. Boy, what you got in your hand?"

"Stove-blackening."

"All right. I thought it was a tompedo. Don't you let me ketch you friug."

The boy stared blandly until they passed on. Then he took a giant torpedo from his pocket, and threw it against a wall. There was another explosion, and again Lightstep sprang.

"That's that same boy. I knew him!" said grandfather. "If he folls us up there'll be trouble with this hoss; he won't stan' no sech nonseuse."

However, they reached town safely. The sound of music informed them that the procession had started, so they both decided that there was not time to stop at the depot. Adoniram found a fine position for reviewing the march, and kept it, although advised by a policeman to wait on one of the side streets.

"I'm all right here," said Adoniram, with his usual stubbornness; "I can manage my horse."

Lightstep stood well, even when another boy—grandfather said it was "the same!"—tossed high a lighted cracker to see it "go off in the air," and the climax came on the ground near them. Then Mr. True said, in a worried tone:

"If they're going on like this we'd better get him under kiver, even if it costs a quarter. We sha'n't take no comfort watching the procession."

"Too late, grand'ther; here it comes!" exclaimed Adoniram, as the long column advanced, with flags fluttering, and a brass band whose big drum thundered an accompaniment. The horse looked anxiously ahead, and beat the ground with his dainty hoofs.

"Mind what you're doing," cried Adoniram, twitching the reins, with a red and angry

face, "or I'll let you know who I am! Mind now!"

Lightstep paid no attention to this, but answered the martial strains with shrill calls and snorts of fear. An old gentleman, who was leaning on his cane, said:

"Young man, hadn't you better take your stand on a side street? You'll get into trouble here."

"I know what I am about!" he replied, and Mr. True added, "We're accustomed to hosses. I broke one myself once," but as Lightstep began to back, and there was a sound like tearing leather, he thrust his head out of the buggy-window, and shouted, while his face was lashed by branches:

"Take care, Ad, you're backing right into somebody's orchard! Here, let me take the—" but never finished the sentence, or could tell what happened next, for Lightstep thought the strange state of things had gone far enough. With one final look at the procession, he sprang to one side with such force that the front wheels shot under the carriage, tipping it completely over. Mr. True was spilled into a geranium-bed; Adoniram, still holding the reins, was pulled over the dasher, and the horse, with two wheels, flew toward North Pocket.

It was all done in an instant, but it took several minutes before the chief actors realized it. Mr. True was quickly picked up, unwound from his wrappings, and asked if he was hurt. He groaned, and a physician, who chanced to be near, examined him to see if any bones were broken. He found none, but both agreed in this diagnosis—that he "had been fearfully shook up."

It was a moment of agony to Adoniram when he really made "the folks stare," and the great procession halted because the buggy-top was in its path. Two men lifted it, and standing amid the wrecked lunch, politely asked Mr. True where he would like to have it put.

"Set her down most anywheres," said he, dismally; "it don't make much difference to me now."

When Adoniram inquired if he felt able to walk home, Mr. True thought so, but said if he had known it was going to be so hot, he wouldn't have bundled up so much.

On the way a fellow-townsmen accosted them with:

"Hasn't your pa's horse been out to-day? Thought so. I guess that's the one I saw tearing up the road with two red wheels."

They arrived at the farm just as the hired man was closing the barn door, with great dignity.

"Has pa come?" asked Adoniram.

"Come? Yes. About half an hour after you left. I've been rubbing him with arnicay ever since. His legs is swelled as big as a stove-funnel."

"Which?"

"Which? All of 'em. You ought to have seen his tail when he came in. I thought he never was going to stop."

"Oh, I thought you were talking about father! Has he come?"

"No; and it's lucky for you he hasn't!"

As Mr. True sank upon the door-step utterly exhausted, he remarked, profoundly:

"Afore that hoss turned I see jest where we missed it, Ad. We'd ought to have taken the policeman's advice, and gone into t'other street!"

Lightstep has grown older, and moves more slowly, for work on the farm and constant use have taken away much of his youthful vivacity, but he has never forgotten how successfully he escaped from that procession. Although he might be more easily managed now, his owner has fallen into line with the rest of the farmers, and never takes him from home on the Fourth of July.

Adoniram also has grown older, and wiser as well, but the singular thing about it is that the more he adds to his knowledge, the less he thinks he knows!

A DICTATED LETTER.

Mrs. Green was noted among her family relatives as a great letter-writer.

Soon after her marriage she had gone far into the Northwest, and her bright descriptions of pioneer life—of her husband's various exploits on the Mississippi while rafting; the uprising of the Sioux Indians and the sacking of towns, and finally moving the Indians off to the reservation into the Indian Territory—all made her famous among her friends. So, when a letter came in her hand-writing, her father or sister or brother-in-law would read it aloud to whoever might be in the house when the letter was received. This they had done for many years.

Two new neighbors were at the sister's when a thick letter from the West was brought in. Henry explained to the neighbors that his wife's sister was a powerful letter-writer. He was surprised, upon opening the letter, to find it typewritten, and could hardly account for it, until he remembered that her son had been away studying stenography and typewriting. Henry immediately proceeded to read the letter aloud:

"DEAR HENRY AND MARIA:—I am engaged in the delightful occupation of repairing my husband's coat. In the meantime, I am expected to dictate a letter, and so accomplish two necessary pieces of work at the same time. This boy of mine knows I cannot dictate

letters, and yet every little while, in a vain endeavor to help me in my correspondence, he comes at me with a pencil and reporter's note-book and insists upon my dictating.

"I can dictate to him when there is any necessity for it, and his conduct is such as to require it; and take a slipper to him, for that matter. But as for anybody getting any good or pleasure out of my dictating is quite another thing. This talking by proxy! A man may write letters in that way, but take a woman and it is entirely different; she wants anybody first hand. Every time there comes a hitch, which is very frequently, up comes a pair of great owl eyes, and a warning finger is raised, and I am gently reminded to proceed.

"I think I could dictate business letters. I could say two and two make four, or send me so many bushels of beans, but to expect anybody's social correspondence to maintain life and vigor, filtered through a 'mejum,' with a third party coming in between, is like a ghost at a banquet. (Whoop! we're gaining.)

"I wonder if they can smell the onions (don't put that in—don't!). This is like a patch-work quilt of the crazy pattern. I don't imagine there will be any embroidery with which to cover the seams. I hope, sister, that you have the seventeen garments done that you say you need. I need at least seventeen myself.

"This wretched boy of mine said yesterday that he wished some one would write a book on the housekeeping of intellectual women; that he thought he could furnish several chapters himself. Where he gets his experience and observation from nobody knows. The immediate cause of his remark was coffee burned, not to a brown, but to a black cluder. I reasoned with him that as a rule my cooking was refined and esthetic. (Now, wait; there is some hash on the stove. Don't be so foolish as to put down everything I say. If I dare to think out loud, down it goes.)

"At the opening of my letter I was saying that I was mending my husband's coat. He is getting ready to go with a colonel and paymaster off to Pembina on business with a battalion of mounted rangers there. At the time we all studied that useful branch of science, geography, Pembina was 'nowbar.' Like Pepin, it was at the top of the map. Pembina is now on the Red River of the North, and at the line of the British possessions. They will go by stage to Fort Abercrombie, then with covered sleigh, with an escort of thirty men, on to Pembina. The trip and business will take from six to eight weeks.

"You may remember that my husband's brother is still farther west than we are, and trying a lawyer's life. Before it froze up he wrote of some of his experiences. He started on horseback to attend a snite. He wrote us that the horse went through the sloughs as if walking on dough, and every time a hoof came out with a 'swallup.' His horse, however, proved like the Dutchman's horse at the foot of the hill—it was 'thar' every time. The court opened on a vacant ranch. There was not a window in the hut, nor a chair or table. They improvised a table by unscrewing a door from its hinges. Our brother was for the defendant, and the justice called upon the plaintiff to secure costs, which he refused to do; so brother wrote that at his suggestion the court dismissed the suit, and he adds, 'This is the second time I have beaten them; my costs for three months are twenty dollars.' We don't think he will get rich there with such kinds of suits.

"I have a remedy for nervous and neuralgic headaches, which I have written in my book, and better send you. It is said to have succeeded where all other known remedies have failed. One case cited was of a boy who had suffered all his life with headaches. The cure was permanent from one course of treatment. The boy not only improved in health, but grew brighter mentally. Not that I think you need the remedy for any such reason.

"I hope the year may be a happy, prosperous one to you all. This letter will probably not seem any more natural to you than it does to me, but please accept it this time from your
"SISTER."

After Henry had finished reading the letter, and folded it, the neighbor women started home across lots, in time to get supper for the men-folks. They had walked in silence a little way, when one said:

"I can't see anything so wonderful about that letter that that woman need to have had it printed; can you?" MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

AGAIN THE BICYCLE.

The bicycle is making great inroads into the profits of the jeweler, because the boy, becoming of age, prefers a bicycle to the customary watch. It is also making itself felt as a birthday and as a wedding present. Consequently, the jeweler is becoming a bicycle-maker. The piano manufacturer is feeling the crushing effect of the universal bike, inasmuch as the wheel is taking the place of the piano, and it is quite likely that it will soon dominate music, and exert a most baleful and depressing influence upon art generally. It will be impossible for theaters to exist, if wheelmen and wheelwomen persist in riding about the streets for half the night, as they do now. And it is not going too far to say that after awhile the rector will preach to empty pews. Many people prefer a wheel to a trip to Europe, and it is safe to assume that nothing else which may be purchased for a hundred

dollars will have a fighting chance in the race with the bicycle. If it destroys other enterprises, it is likely that the latter's promoters will inveigh against good roads as the real cause of their ruin, and deplore the fact that a war for good roads was ever waged. Yet should we be thankful for good roads if the bicycle shall only prove successful in doing away with the piano, the cornet and the violin, which are more deadly than is a gun in the hands of an enthusiastic amateur.—*Truth.*

THE SMILING WOMAN.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the woman worth while is the woman who'll smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FINDING A HEART.

It was not the sort of a day one would look for in New England the last week in December. The thermometer stood at fifty-two degrees, and the sun fell warmly on the bare, wet earth, drawing up little breaths of vapor on the sunny slopes. There was a look of weariness on the face of nature, as if the quiet were the coma of exhaustion. It certainly was a reaction. For twenty-four hours the rain had fallen in torrents, breaking up the ice and choking the streams. The wind had been almost a gale, and field and highway were strewn with evidences of the storm's power.

At the gate of a handsome house stood its owner, Mr. Ambrose Winchester, accounted one of the wealthiest men in the town. He seemed to be taking in the magnitude of the storm as his eye swept over his well-kept domain, from the thrifty orchards in the rear and the woodland beyond to the smooth meadows in front, where a miniature river seemed to have sprung into existence.

A young man in a buggy drove up and stopped.

"Good-morning, Mr. Winchester," said he.
"Good-morning, Hutton," said the other, gruffly.

"I've driven over this morning, Mr. Winchester, to ask you to extend the time on that payment. I've done my best to raise the money—"

"It doesn't matter, Hutton. I've made up my mind to foreclose that property."

Hutton grew pale.

"Surely, you wouldn't do that?" There was entreaty in his voice and eyes. "You know the factory shut down to half time all summer. Even at that I was saving toward the payment, when my wife's long illness began. Doctor and nurse bills ate up what I'd saved for you."

"Same old story. A man has no right to get married until he can support a family, doctor's bills and all. I've no sympathy with such nonsense. People marry on nothing, and then expect other people to support their families. Sooner they find out it can't be done the better. Now, I take good care of my family, without anybody's help, and I always expect to. If you can't do as much, then it is your fault, not mine. See? I shall foreclose, and now let us have no more words about it."

With this the farmer strode into the house, the young man driving on, with bowed head. The farmer's little girls, Ruth and Mabel, came dancing out, and their mother followed them onto the porch.

"Now, be sure to leave grandma's at four o'clock, so as to get here before dark."

"Yes, mama, we will," they promised glibly, and started off on a run.

Grandma Winchester lived about a mile away, on an unfrequented road, but the children had made the trip often since they were quite small. So now they chatted happily along the familiar path, possessed with a childish interest in everything around them, even to the washouts the rain had made in the road and gutters. But when they neared Blue creek they stood in sheer surprise.

The little summer brook they had sometimes waded across had grown to an angry torrent and overflowed its steep banks, and was rushing madly along, bearing ice, foam and branches of trees. In fact, a tree had lodged against the bridge, and its limbs so nearly covered it that it was difficult for our little travelers to get across.

"Oh, how the bridge trembles!" cried little Mabel.

"It's all this ice pushing against it," said Ruth.

The wind began to rise, and the blue-gray clouds settled down, darkly obscuring the sun, which had made the day seem so fair. The children shivered in unison with the change, and quickened their pace.

At five o'clock that afternoon the two little girls stood appalled at the Blue creek crossing. The brook had swollen more, and was now a raging torrent. The place spanned by the bridge was the narrowest, and the narrow planks, with the frail side railings, held to each bank as if by a thread.

"See, Mabel, we must hurry," said Ruth, "or

our bridge will be gone. Take my hand, and we'll run across quick."

"I'm awful 'fraid," said the child, with quivering lips.

"Well, I'll go first," said her sister, encouragingly, "and you'll see how easy it'll be. Now, then, one—two—three!" And clapping hands, the two little girls started to run across the reeling bridge.

Perhaps it was their weight, perhaps it was at that very moment the fastenings were ready to give way, but certain it was that when they reached the middle of the bridge it snapped its connections at each side, and with lightning velocity shot down the stream, the little ones clinging to each other and the hand-rail.

The frightful speed at which they were going, together with the awful roar of the water and the suddenness with which the whole thing came about, gave the children no chance to feel the extreme terror that their hazardous position would naturally have inspired. They had only one thought, only one instinctive feeling, and that was to cling with a death grip to the bridge and each other. It was reserved for a spectator to the scene, who arrived on a little knoll that commanded a view of the whole transaction just as it occurred, to experience the full agony of their terrible situation. This was their father.

Like one gone mad, he ran desperately along the bank after the small bark, his eyes fixed on the two little swaying figures, dark brown and flaxen curls mingling as they were tossed by the wind, until a small patch of woodland cut off his view. Still he ran, muttering cries—prayers—until his breath gave out and his gasping throat could only give vent to something like sobs.

When he passed the little patch of woodland, he saw the bridge had stopped, caught by the branches of a tree fallen across the stream. But the bridge itself was ready to fall to pieces now. The rail to which the children hung was swaying and bending, and threatening every moment to part company with the rest of the structure. At that moment a figure plunged boldly into the torrent, with a long board in his arms, and before the reeling, breathless father could gain the spot, had taken both children onto the board and was struggling toward the shore. Mr. Winchester was just in time to catch his dripping children as they came to land, and as his eyes fell on their deliverer, he saw it was Hutton.

"Here, put the children into my buggy and wrap them in the robe," he gasped. Then, following them, he drove off at breakneck speed, without a backward glance.

Mrs. Winchester came to the door with an inquiring look. When Mr. Hutton lifted in his arms the half inanimate forms of her children and handed them to her, one by one, she grew ashy pale.

"Oh, what—what—" she cried, sharply, "what has happened?"

Mr. Hutton briefly explained as he followed her, carrying the oldest child while she conveyed the other.

"And you—you are wet!" she exclaimed, stealing a glance from her darlings to notice his condition.

"Never mind me." He turned to go.

"Oh, don't go yet!" said Mrs. Winchester, appealingly. "My husband will be home soon, and I want you to see him. I can't thank you; words are so weak."

"No thanks are necessary," said Hutton, coolly. "And as for your good husband, I have just parted company with him."

With that he strode from the room, and wrapping himself in his warm robe, drove home.

The next morning Hutton stood at his gate, his hands in his pockets, evidently in a brown study. He was pondering on what move he would make next in this puzzling game of life, now that his home was to be snatched from him. He wore a dogged look, which by no means softened as he observed Mr. Winchester driving up. The latter stopped before the gate, and an observer would have noted that the men seemed to have changed positions. Hutton nodded coolly, without changing his attitude or expression, while Mr. Winchester breathed quickly and looked nervous.

"Hutton," he said, "I have called to see you about that little affair we were talking of yesterday."

"Ah! yes," observed the young man, jingling a bunch of keys in his moneyless pockets. "I remember. You are a man perfectly competent to take care of your own family—"

"Hush! Don't!" begged Winchester. "Here, take this as an evidence of my gratitude. It is a quit-claim of the place you occupy."

"And do you suppose," said Hutton, with a deep-drawn breath, "that I'm saving other people's lives and risking my own as a matter of dollars and cents?"

"No, no—God forbid!" said the farmer. "Listen. I've changed since yesterday. Yesterday, as I saw you save my little ones, I felt a great pain here." He beat his breast. "This morning, as I thought of what I might do to make your life easier, and the encouragement I could give you not to be beaten in the great struggle for life, I felt a great joy instead of pain. This is not a matter of compensation. It comes from the heart."

The two clasped hands, and in that moment something new and deep and warm and strange came into the lives of each—the finding and recognition of a heart.—*Chicago News.*

AN AMAZED BURGLAR.

It was the year I graduated that our class adopted a "cry"—an absurd imitation of college yells. As we were all girls, our parents very properly censured the new departure, and we seldom gave our cry in public. But during our woodland rambles it often rang out, and I was noted for my proficiency in rendering it effectively.

"Minnie," said Myrtle Bates, one of my classmates, "if you are ever chased by a mad-dog or man, just lift up that terrible voice of yours in the 'ha-ra-ya,' and you are saved. Your hearer will flee to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Well, I graduated in due season, and then went on a long visit to Grandfather Johnson. He and grandma lived in Stockton, a small village in northern Vermont. It was their custom every year to make a regular New England feast at Thanksgiving, to which their sons and daughters, with their children, were invited. I had always looked upon this as one of the gala days of life. This year it was suggested that I should go to them in October and stay till after Thanksgiving, when I could return with my father and mother. Of course, I was eager to go, and one fine day found me seated in a big, old-fashioned rocking-chair by grandma's kitchen fire, with a bowl of bread and milk in my hands, talking and eating with all my might.

"What is going on in Stockton, grandpa?" I asked. "Anything exciting?"

"Well, child, there is quite an excitement here just now. The store has been broken into."

"By burglars?"

"So they say."

"When did it happen? And what did they take? Have they been caught?"

"No, not yet. The thieves stole about twelve dollars' worth of stamps, some jewelry, and fifty dollars in money."

"Not a very big haul," said grandpa; "but they took all they could find."

"Oh, dear! I hope they won't break into any of the houses!"

"No danger of that, Minnie; they are probably city sharpers, and know there is little money in the village. Don't get your head filled with fancies; you are quite safe here."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and as time passed on I forgot all about it. There was plenty to take up my mind. I went to mill with grandpa, jogging along behind the old white horse, which seemed like one of the family. I fed the hens, and helped grandma about the house. A week before Thanksgiving the preparations for the day began in earnest. Mince-meat was prepared, and I pared and chopped the apples. There were raisins to seed, citron to cut up and currants to wash. All took their share of work. Grandpa cracked butternuts and walnuts, selected the largest, reddest apples, and the best ears of corn for popping.

One night a man called to pay grandpa some money he owed him—three hundred and forty dollars. He counted it carefully, then put it in his desk.

"It's too late to carry this to the bank," he said, "but I guess it will be safe enough. There are no robbers in Stockton."

"Well, there, Hiram," said grandma, "I wish you hadn't said anything about robbers; it brings to mind those city sharpers."

"Oh, they're far enough off—they won't venture back again in a hurry. There isn't a particle of danger."

I was not so sure of that. I felt nervous and frightened. My room was an upper one, and a long way from my grandparents' chamber on the ground floor. We were tired, and went to bed early; but I could not sleep for a long time. At last I fell into an uneasy slumber. I awoke with a start. What was that peculiar noise underneath my window? At first I thought it the rustling of a bush blown by the wind against the house. But it was too continuous a sound for that. I sprang out of bed and went to the window. I could see nothing, but the noise still continued. Cautiously raising the sash, I thrust my head out and looked downward, and there, directly beneath me, stood a man, who, by the aid of a dark-lantern, was cutting out the glass in one of the side-lights of the front door.

I was paralyzed with fear. I thought of the money, of the poor old couple sleeping peacefully in their room. In order to reach them, I must go down-stairs past the door the ruffian was liable to open at any moment, through a long hall and the sitting-room. But what was to be done must be done quickly. Carefully lowering the window, I moved noiselessly toward the hall.

What if I should be too late, or should encounter the robber? No matter, I must make the attempt to reach my grandparents at any risk. It would never do for me to stay there in cowardly inaction.

I had to pick my way cautiously along, for it was very dark. Just as I reached the lowest stair I heard the key turned in the lock, the door swung open, and the burglar entered, the rays of his lantern falling full upon my face.

It is said that a drowning man sees his past in a flash. I think my mental condition must have been similar to his, for, strange as it may seem, memories of my school-days passed through my mind, including the words Myrtle Bates had said concerning our class cry, and I clutched at what seemed, to my fear-benumbed brain, the only thing that could save me. My senses must have entirely departed, for cer-

tainly a moment's sane reflection would have prevented me from doing such a rash thing; as it was, without an instant's hesitation, I flung my arms high in the air, and there broke upon the stillness of the night, in my wildest, shrillest accents, the unmeaning jargon of our class cry.

Whether the fellow thought I was some unhappy spirit returned to earth and giving vent to my troubled soul in language unknown to mortals, or that there was some magic in the words which would cause a body of armed men to spring from some unknown quarter, I know not, but before the last syllable died away, he was gone.

I did not stop to shut the door, but flew to grandma's room. She had heard my shriek, and had risen and lighted a lamp.

"What is the matter, Minnie? Have you had a bad dream?" she asked, as I sank into a chair.

It was some time before I could speak; when I did, grandpa could hardly believe my story; but the missing side-light of the front door convinced him I had not been dreaming.

You can imagine how he praised me for my bravery, and how proud I felt! When a few days later my parents arrived and heard the wonderful tale, I said to father:

"Papa, you can never say again that our class cry has not been of some service in the world. If it had been intelligible, it would perhaps have failed of its object."

He smiled, and patted me on the head. "No one but a madcap like you would ever have thought of putting it to such a use," he said.

Well, we had a merry Thanksgiving, in spite of our fright. And nothing has been heard of my burglar from that day to this. Let us hope that the apparition which so noisily confronted him gave him such a shock that he has indeed fled to the uttermost parts of the earth.—*Waverly.*

A RHYME OF GRATITUDE.

Give your thanks for sunshine;
Give your thanks for rain;
Poverty is no disgrace,
And pleasure follows pain.
If the turkey's little,
Let's be thankful still,
Maybe if 'twere larger
It would make the family ill;
Thankful for the old folks,
And for the children's funny ways—
But for grandmas and for babies
We would have no holidays.

—Washington Star.

THE YALLER BABY.

I hev allus hed a good opinion uv the wimmin-folks. I don't look at 'em as some people do; uv course, they're a necessity, just as men are. Uv course, if there waru't no wimmin-folks there wouldn't be no men-folks—leastwise that's what the medikil books say. But I never was much on discussin' humin economy. What I hev allus thought 'nd said wuz that wimmin-folks wuz a kind uv luxury, 'nd the best kind, too. Maybe it's because I hain't hed much to do with 'em that I'm sot on 'em. Never did get real well acquainted with more'n three or four uv 'em in all my life. Seemed like it wuz meant that I shouldn't hev 'em round me as most men hev. Mother died when I wuz a little tike, 'nd A'nt Mary raised me till I wuz big enuff to make my own livin'. Down here in the Southwest, you see, most uv the girls is boys. There ain't none uv them civilizin' influences folks talk uv—nothin' but flowers 'nd birds 'nd such things as poetry tells about. So I kind uv grewed up with the curis notion that wimmin-folks wuz too good for our part uv the country, 'nd I hev'u't quite got that notion out'n my head yet.

One time—waal, I reckon 'twuz about four years ago—I got a letter from ole Colonel Sibley to come up to Saint Louey 'nd consult with him 'bout some stock int'rests we had together. Railroad travelin' wuz no new thing to me. I hed been pretty 'p'sperous—hed got past hev'in' to ride in a caboose 'nd git out at every stop to punch up the steers; hed money in the Hoost'n bank 'nd use to go to Tchicago once a year. Hed met Fill Armer 'nd shook hands with him, 'nd once the city papers hed a columbe article about my bein' a millionaire. Uv course, 'twarn't so, but a feller kind uv likes that sort uv thing, you know.

The mornin' after I got that letter from Colonel Sibley I started for Saint Louey. I took a bunk in the Pullman car, like I hed been doin' for six years past, 'nd I reckon the other folks must hev thought I wuz a heap uv a man, for every half hour I give the nigger haf a dollar to bresh me off. The car wuz full uv people—rich people, too, I reckon, for they wore good clo'es and criticized the scenery. Jest across from me there wuz a lady with a big, fat baby—the pruttiest woman I hed seen in a mouth uv Sundays; 'nd the baby! why, doggone my skin, when I wuzn't payin' money to the nigger, darned if I didn't set there watchin' the big, fat little cuss, like he wuz the only baby I ever seen. I ain't much uv a hand at babies, 'cause I hain't seen very many uv 'em, 'nd when it comes to handlin' 'em, why, that would break me all up, 'nd like 's not 'twould break the baby all up, too. But it has allus been my notion, that nex' to the wimmin-folks, babies wuz jest about the nicest things on earth. So the more I looked at that big, fat little baby settin' in its

mother's lap 'cross the way, the more I wanted to look. Seemed like I was hoodooed by the little tike, 'nd the first thing I knew there wuz water in my eyes. Dou'n know why it is, but it allus makes me kind uv slop over to set 'nd watch a baby cooin' in its mother's lap.

"Look a-hyar, Sam," says I to the nigger, "come hyar 'nd brush me off ag'in! Why ain't you 'tendin' to bizniss?"

But it didn't do no good 'tall. Pertendin' to be cross with the nigger might fool the other folks in the car, but it didn't fool me. I wuz dead stuck on that baby, gol darn his pictur! And there the little tike set on its mather's lap, doublin' up its fists 'nd tryin' to swaller 'em, 'nd talkin' like to its mother in a lingo I couldn't understan', but which I liked to hear; 'nd she kissed the baby 'nd stroked its hair 'nd petted it like wimmin do.

It made me mad to hear them other folks in the car criticizin' the scenery 'nd things. A man's in mighty poor bizniss, anyhow, to be lookin' at scenery when there's a woman in sight—a woman 'nd a baby!

Pretty soon—oh, maybe an hour or two—the baby began to fret and worrit. Seemed to me like the little critter was hungry. Knowin' that there wuzn't no eatin'-house this side uv Bowieville, I jest called the train-hny, 'nd says I to him, "Hev you got any victuals that will do for a baby?"

"How is oranges 'nd bananas?" sez he. "That ought to do," sez I. "Jest do up a dozen uv your best oranges 'nd a dozen uv your best bananas, 'nd take 'em over to that baby, with my compliments."

But before he could do it, the lady hed laid the baby on one uv her arms, 'nd hed spread a shawl over its head 'nd over her shoulder, 'nd all uv a suddin the baby quit worrin', 'nd seemed like he hed gone to sleep.

When we got to York Crossin' I looked out'n the wiuder 'nd seen some men carryin' a lnnq pine box up toward the baggage-car. Seein' their hats off, I knew there wuz a dead body in the box, 'nd I couldn't help feelin' sorry for the poor creetur that hed died in that lonely place uv York Crossin'; but I thought hev felt a heap sorrier for the creeters that hed tn live there, for I'll allow that York Crossin' is a leetle the duruedest lonesomest place I ever seen.

Waal, jest afore the train started ag'in, who should come into the car but Bill Woodson, 'nd he wuz lookin' powerful tough. Bill herded cattle for me three winters, but hed moved away when he married one uv the waiter girls at Spooner's hotel, at Hoost'n.

"Hello, Bill!" says I. "What air you totin' so kin' uv keerful-like in your arms there?"

"Why, I've got the baby," says he; 'nd as he said it the tears come up into his eyes.

"Your own baby, Bill?" says I.

"Yes," says he. "Nellie took sick uv the janders a fortnight ago, 'nd—'nd she died, 'nd I'm takin' her body up to Texarcany to bury. She lived there, you know, 'nd I'm goin' to leave the baby there with its gran'ma."

Poor Bill! It wuz his wife that the men were carryin' in that pine box to the baggage-car.

"Likely lookin' baby, Bill," says I, cheerful-like. "Perfect pictur uv its mother. Kind uv favors you 'round the lower part of the face, though."

I said this to make Bill feel happier. If I'd told the truth I'd 've said the baby wuz a sickly, yaller-lookin' little thing, for so it wuz; looked half starved, too. Couldn't help comparin' it with that big, fat baby in its mother's arms over the way.

"Bill," says I, "here's a ten-dollar note for the baby, 'nd God bless you!"

"Thauk ye, Mr. Goodhue," says he, 'nd he choked all up as he moved off with that yaller little baby in his arms. It warn't very fur up the road he wuz goin', 'nd he found a seat in one of the front cars.

But along about an hour after that back come Bill, moseyin' through the car like he was huntin' for somebody. Seemed like he wuz in trouble 'nd wuz huntin' for a friend.

"Anything I kin do for you, Bill?" says I, but he didn't make no answer. All of a suddin he sot his eyes on the prutty lady that hed the fat baby sleepin' in her arms, 'nd he made a break for her like he wuz crazy. He took off his hat 'nd bent down over her, 'nd said somethin' none uv the rest uv us could hear. The lady kind uv started like she wuz frightened, 'nd then she looked up at Bill 'nd looked him right square in the countenance. She saw a tall, ganglin', awkward man, with long, yaller hair 'nd frowzy beard, 'nd she saw that he wuz tremblin', 'nd hed tears in his eyes. She looked down at the fat baby in her arms, 'nd then she looked out'n the wiuder at the great stretch uv prairie land, 'nd seemed like she wuz lookin' off further'n the rest uv us could see. Then, at last, she turned around 'nd said "Yes" to Bill, 'nd Bill went off into the front car ag'in.

None uv the rest uv us knew what all this meant, but in a minnit Bill come back with his little yaller baby in his arms, 'nd you never heerd a baby squall 'nd carry on like that baby wuz squallin' 'nd carryin' on. Fact is, the little yaller baby was hungry—hungrier than a wolf—'nd there wuz its mather dead in the car up ahead 'nd its grandma a good piece up the road. What did the lady over the way do but lay her own sleepin' baby down on the seat beside her 'nd take Bill's little yaller baby 'nd hold it on her arm 'nd cover up its head 'nd her shoulder with a shawl, jest like she hed done with the fat baby not long afore. Bill never looked at her; he took off his hat

'nd held it in his hand, 'nd turned around 'nd stood guard over that mother, 'nd I reckon that ef any man hed darst to look that way jest then, Bill would've cut his heart out.

The little yaller baby didn't cry very long. Seemed like it knowed there wuz a mother holdin' it—not its own mother, but a woman whose life hed been hallowed by God's blessin' with the love 'nd the purity 'nd the sanctity uv motherhood.

Why, I wouldn't hev swapped that sight uv Bill 'nd them two babies 'nd that sweet woman for all the cattle in Texas! It jest made me know that what I'd allus thought uv wimmin wuz gospel truth. God bless that lady, I say, wherever she is to-day, 'nd God bless all wimmin-folks, for they're all alike in their unselfishness 'nd gentleness 'nd love!

Bill said, "Gnd bless ye!" too, when she handed him back his poor little yaller baby. The little creetur wuz fas' asleep, 'nd Bill darsen't speak very loud for fear he'd wake it up. But his heart wuz way up in his mouth when he says "God bless ye!" to that dear lady, 'nd then he added, like he wanted to let her know that he meant to pay her back when he could, "I'll do the same for you some time, marm, if I kin."—*Eugene Field, in St. Louis Republic.*

THE SINGLE BED.

As we become more futelligent concerning the laws of health, we are begining to realize that the single bed, designed only for the occupancy of one person, is as much a necessity for hygienic living as a tooth-brush or a napkin is for the individual use of every person. All the conditions that make for health, for rest and for refreshing sleep urge its use as a precaution against contagious diseases, impure air and disturbed slumber. It will really cost little more to buy two beds of enameled iron, or brass and iron, than one of expensive wood, even including the two mattresses and two sets of springs which will be necessary.

If one does not like these bedsteads, the single, or "twin beds," as they are called, are to be had in great variety in woods. They are designed to occupy little more space than the old-fashioned double bed, and are usually placed in a room side by side and under one wide canopy, when a canopy is used.

The canopy is rarely that old-fashioned affair which shut out air and held dust in the folds of its heavy drapery. It usually projects only over the head of the beds, and the curtains of washable material are draped far back, so that they do little more than soften the iron lines, without interfering with the healthfulness.

Where two beds are used instead of one, it cannot be denied that more sheets and more laundrywork are necessary, but in the end seeming extravagances often prove one's real economies.—*New York Post.*

MENTAL GEOGRAPHY.

The most populous country is Oblivion. Many go there; few return.

The largest river is Time.

The deepest ocean is Death.

The region where no living thing hath habitation is called Yesterday.

The most highly civilized country is To-day.

The highest mountain is called Success. Few reach the top save those who watch sharply for the passing of the spirit of the mountain, Opportunity, who carries upward all those that seize hold upon him.

The region where no man hath ever set foot is called To-morrow.

The greatest desert is called Life, and it hath many oases. These are called Hope, and Ambition, and Love, and Charity, and Home. And of them all the last is the most beautiful.

Besides these are many others, smaller in extent, whence the traveler obtaineth refreshment during the weary journey through Life.

COURAGE.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your glass.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

Have the courage to pay a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to provide an entertainment for your friends withiu your means, not beyond them.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, if you are so.—*Chatterbox.*

A LIST OF STATE FLOWERS.

The following "state flowers" have been adopted by the votes of the public-school scholars of the respective states: Alabama, Nebraska and Oregon, the goldenrod; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach-blossom; Idaho, the syringa; Iowa and New York, the rose; Maine, the pink cone and tassel; Minnesota, the Cypripedium, or moccasin-flower; Montana, the bitter-root; North Dakota, the wild rose; Oklahoma Territory, the mistletoe; Utah, the lego-lily; and Vermont, the red clover. In addition, Rhode Island and Wisconsin have adopted a state tree, the maple being selected by both.

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SOFTENED EYES
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Our Household.

THE WEARY WOMAN.

These lines, of American origin, and written nearly twenty years ago, have started on a fresh round, through their publication recently in the London *Times* in answer to a correspondent's query:

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends,
I am going
To where there's no cooking, nor washing nor
sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing
up dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be
ringing,
But having no voice, I'll get quit of the
singing.
Don't mourn for me now—don't mourn for me
never,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

The cooking, washing and sewing are obsolete now, or nearly so, but women are just as tired as ever, and the plaint will have to be revised, something like this, perhaps:

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered her
dizzy.
She belonged to ten clubs, and read Browning
by sight,
Showed at luncheons and teas, and would vote
if she might.
She served on a school-board with courage
and zeal,
She golfed and she kodaked and rode on a
wheel;
She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew microbes by
name,
Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter" and
"Dame;"
Her children went in for the top education,
Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
One day on her tablets she found an hour free,
The shock was too great and she died
instantly.

—St. George's Chronicle.

ON DRESS.

DRESS your children comfortably, fashionably, tastefully, beautifully. You owe it to them, to yourself and to the world at large to make them attractive in every way, dress understood.

Don't buy things a year ahead.

Don't frequent bargain-counters. What do you want with dress-patterns no one else wants? Why do you wish to dress your children in costumes that no one else will have? You want them to be up to date in everything else, why not in dress as well?

Don't make your children's clothes large enough to fit them three years hence, with that venerable apology, "Mary grows so fast." Her dress doesn't fit her now, but I thought 'twould do her next year," trembling on your lips. Why do you wish to make an uncomfortable guy out of your child? How can you expect her to grow up with any dignity or self-possession, if you dress her so? Ill-fitting, ugly clothes always make the wearer self-conscious, embarrassed and uneasy; while in graceful, pretty and becoming costumes the wearer forgets herself, and becomes easy, attractive, natural, and therefore charming.

Clothes made "for next year" fade, grow unfashionable, look shabby, and always impart an awkward reflect and confusing suggestion of economy. You'll feel ashamed, or what is perhaps more to the point, you ought, and your children will be simply martyrs to your narrow conceits. Your children will be ashamed to wear their clothes when they're new, because the garments are ill-fitting, and they'll be ashamed to wear them when they've grown into them, because they are unfashionable, so that what should have been a pleasure will always prove a mortification. You yourself know if your dress is pretty, and stylishly made, you always enjoy wearing it. Well, your children are more sensitive about such things than you are, ever so much. Don't you know that it will make them vain? It doesn't need to do so. And what if it does? They ought to be a little vain. It will do them good. Of course, I know vanity in excess is a disorder, but if you are a judicious mother you can easily preserve your daughter from catching such dangerous infection as that. As what? Egregious vanity, of course. How? I'll tell you in another chapter. This one is on dress.

School-clothes should be just as pretty

as any. Why make a fright out of your child by dressing it in clothes made after the style of the first century, simply because, as I've often heard you remark, "They're good enough for school." They are not good enough for school or any other place if they are not pretty and modish.

Are aprons permissible? Certainly; but make them by some pretty prevailing pattern.

Their shoes should always be easy, well fitting and well polished. The children should be taught to examine their shoes and polish them every evening after all the errands have been done. Every button should be firmly in its place. Lacers should never be tied in knots, but as soon as one breaks it should be discarded and new, strong ones supplied. Unpolished, rusty shoes, broken lacers or buttonless boots detract materially from a child's appearance and from its self-respect.

Slippers? Why, sure. Children do so admire slippers. Gratify their innocent little longings. Tan, white, black, red—anything. The prettier you dress them now, the prettier they'll dress themselves after awhile.

You've got to educate them in matters of dress as well as in all other matters. Cultivate it, then. What helps any woman quite so much as the art of dressing? Art? Why, certainly. Dressing is an art, and a high one, too, and the most successful of our so-called queens are those women who best understand the art of dressing.

Why, yes. Give your daughter all the ologies and isms and osophies you wish; give her music and drawing and painting and dancing; give her cooking and washing and mending and darning and baking and brewing and sweeping; give her elocution and Delsarte and Swedish; give her German and Greek and Latin and French, yea, Sanskrit; give her the wisdom of the son of Bathsheba, if you wish, but teach her to make herself beautiful, if you wish to make her successful and happy.

MARGARET M. MOORE.

CURRENT JELLY.

Wash and strip the currants from the stems and put them into a preserving-kettle; mash them as they get hot, and let them boil half an hour; then turn them into a coarse hair-sieve or jelly-bag, and let them drip. When through dripping, without squeezing any, measure, and pour into the kettle to cook. After it has boiled about ten minutes, put in the heated sugar, allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of jelly, and the jelly will set as soon as the sugar is dissolved—in about three quarters of an hour.

MARY McALLISTER.

CAP FOR SMALL GIRL.

Insertion or all-over embroidery composes the head and crown parts, with



edging for the face-frills. These are much better than large hats, especially where the child has little hair.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

The Kola Plant, a new botanic discovery from the Congo river, West Africa, is stated by medical science to be a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever. Its cures are really wonderful. If you are a sufferer you should send your name and address to the Kola Importing Co., No. 1161 Broadway, New York, who, to make it known, will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

TO SEAL UP CANS OR JARS.

Scald the fruit thoroughly, and pour into the cans; have ready three or four pieces of paper (a thin, tough tea-paper is best); cut about one inch larger around than the top of the can; wet the under side with the white of an egg; press on quickly, and put two or three more pieces on top of this; wet the same as the first; tie a string around over these, to be sure they are close.

A TROUSSEAU TEA-GOWN.

A charming trousseau tea-gown with loose fronts can be made of broche or



of flowered silk. The plisse front of erape accords with the principal tone in the blossoms. The sleeves are exceedingly becoming to a good arm and hand, being gathered tightly to look like a long wrinkled glove. These can, if necessary, be removed, and gloves worn in their place; thus, as occasion requires, enabling a single gown to do duty for formal and informal use.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY AND MARMALADE.

To an eight-quart panful of apples, which must be free from rot and well washed, add three quarts of water. Let them boil slowly for nearly an hour, taking care to renew the water so that the vessel remains as full when done as when you commence. Strain through flannel, and do not press with the hands. Allow the same quantity of sugar as of juice, and boil and skim for twenty minutes. Take the rest of the crabs, and press them through a sieve, to take out the core and skins; take equal parts of sugar and crabs, and cook until thoroughly done; season with cinnamon or lemon.

THE OBJECTIVE CASE.

The wish to speak with grace and accuracy is becoming almost universal. Women, perhaps, are more critical than men, and daintiness of diction is as much desired by them as daintiness in dress. Self-culture includes care of language above care for one's person. Table manners and habits of speech test the culture of man or woman. Sometimes we hear it said of certain persons that they have "company manners," and on great occasions speak with a "company voice."

Certainly it would be well if one could always be faultless, but until that happy consummation is reached, let us not object to the putting on of best manners as one puts on best clothes. Lord Chesterfield gained his excellent habits of speech by making it a rule never to utter a sentence which contained the slightest inelegancy, no matter if he addressed his servant or an illiterate man. Beauty of manner and charm of conversation are two graces which improve with age, and may not only take the place of fading physical beauty, but far surpass it in influence.

Perhaps the most frequent error committed by persons who try to be correct is a failure to use the objective case after prepositions. In reading a charming article, my pleasure was suddenly disturbed by finding this expression: "With we mothers it is so easy to get ourselves,

etc." After "with" it should be "us," for according to the old rule learned in school-days, "prepositions govern the objective case." One of the brightest women of my acquaintance said to me to-day, "I will tell you a secret, but let it remain between you and I." Ah! there she made the same mistake; that word "between" must have "me," not "I," after it. Now, lest you think me a conceited fault-finder, let me confess what I said last Sunday. Passing a little girl whose mother had entertained a friend of mine, Miss M., a few days before, I asked, "Is Miss M. still with you?" "No," was the answer, "she visited us only one day." Then I said, "I saw your mother and she driving in the buggy."

There! Was not that shocking? I saw she! Oh, how can I ever criticize my friends after making such a blunder! Let us all laugh gently at each other, and keep on trying. Perfection is difficult to attain, and knowing that few are faultless, we must have for one another that fellow-feeling which is wondrous kind.

KATE KAUFFMAN.

TESTED RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—

1 coffee-cupful of milk,
2 tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate,
½ cupful of sugar,
Yolks of 3 eggs.

Heat chocolate and milk together, add the sugar and yolks together beaten to a cream. Flavor with vanilla. Bake with under crust. Spread meringue of the whites over the tops.

GINGERSNAPS.—

2 cupfuls of New Orleans molasses,
1 cupful of shortening,
1 tablespoonful of ginger,
1 tablespoonful of soda,
½ cupful, scant, of boiling water.

Mix as soft as can be handled easily. After rolling, sprinkle sugar on top, and cut out.

GRAHAM BREAD.—

2 cupfuls of Graham flour,
1 cupful of corn-meal,
2 cupfuls of sour milk,
½ cupful each of molasses and water,
2 teaspoonfuls of soda,
A little salt.

Steam three hours, and bake one half hour.

JUMBLES.—To make jumbles of any kind requires time and patience, but if the results are satisfactory, the time is well spent. Here is a recipe for the FARM AND FIRESIDE sisters that I have found to be very satisfactory; try, and report success:

1 pound of butter with salt washed out,
1 heaping cupful of powdered sugar,
Yolks of 3 boiled eggs and of 4 raw ones,
4½ cupfuls of flour.

Break off a small piece of dough, and roll with palm of hand lightly on rolling-board, and roll until the size of a finger, for if too large will not be so light, and lap the dough over, making a ring with ends overlapping each other. A little patience will make perfect. Sprinkle sugar over each made cake after going over it with the beaten white of egg.

Here is another jumble recipe that is plainer, which I often make and roll the same way, but can be cut with cake-cutter, if desired:

1 cupful of sugar and
½ cupful of butter worked together.
Add 2 eggs, whites beaten separately,
½ cupful of water,
½ teaspoonful of soda,
1 teaspoonful of vanilla,
2¼ cupfuls of flour.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.—

½ pint of strawberries,
3 lemons,
1 orange,
1 quart of water.

This is a very delicious drink.

MRS. M. R.

PINEAPPLE PRESERVES.

Pare and slice the apples; then weigh them, and to every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar; put a layer of the slices into a jar, and cover them with a layer of sugar; and thus proceed until the apples and sugar are used up; let them stand over night; then take the apples out of the syrup, cook the syrup till it thickens, replace the apples, and boil fifteen minutes; take the apples out of the syrup, and let them cool; then put them into jars, and pour the syrup over them. A few pieces of ginger-root boiled in the syrup will improve it.

A GIFT TO BE DESIRED.

To see in every dull and commonplace event in life something humorous, to get the fun out of it, is to possess a gift which makes one rich indeed. The woman who writes the following witty letter upon so trifling a circumstance as receiving a seed catalogue possesses a gift which adds more to the enjoyment of her life than a bank account:

"I received your illustrated seed catalogue. I have pored over it all the morning and neglected my house. I have no doubt you thought to do me a favor, but *why* did you do it? You have upset me! You have unsettled me. You have undone me! I was plodding along in the most orthodox and proper manner, and you have completely demoralized me! You have disinclined me to my duty strictly in the line of life to which I am called. I want to do those things which I *can't* do, and don't want to do those things which I can do. I don't want to be what I am, and want to be what I am not. I am no longer contented, and have wants.

"I want an *Antirrhinum*; I want a *Bryophyllum calycinum*; a *Caladium esculentum* must be sweetly pretty. I want to be an agriculturist, a florist, a botanist, an out-of-doorist. I don't want to sweep and make beds, and dust and spill kerosene and keep corners clean and make children practise, and stitch—stitch with that dreadful shirt-woman. I want to dig and hoe and plant with Paul, and water with Apollos, and sow and scrape and weed, and lay out and set out and pot out, and thin out and weed out and bed out and blossom out and *stay* out.

"I want to 'foliate and bifoliate,' I want to ramify and amplify and all the 'flys,' I want to 'flower like a rose,' I want to be a 'good runner,' a 'good creeper,' and a 'good climber.' I want to be showy and hardy and satisfactory and to last well into frost. I'd like to be an evergreen and perennial, but you know you're tired of me already, and I wish I were a tender annual, only you don't care how soon I dry up and die out.

"But still I have wants. I want people to say she always gives satisfaction and should be cultivated more generally, but no doubt you think I branch out too much, and you are out with your pruning-knife to trim me this moment; but don't cut me off below the pen, just pinch my top a little, for I have a few more words to tell you what a temptation I have for this agrihorti-flori-cultural mania."

F. B. C.

MEASURING WATER FOR BREAD-MAKING.

I will venture to say that every housekeeper has at times spoiled her bread, and been in a bad humor all day in consequence, because the recipe she endeavored to follow did not state the exact measure of water to be used.

"To such and such an amount of flour use enough water to make a soft or a stiff dough." So runs every bread recipe I have ever tried. Nobody seems ever to think it necessary to measure the water, and so the inexperienced housekeeper pours it recklessly into her measured flour, and presently is astonished and worried to find she has a batter instead of a dough. Nothing will correct this blunder but more flour; so in it goes, twice, three times as much as the recipe demands; thus, all the ingredients are thrown into antagonism, and the bread is a distressing failure.

With a view of doing away with this disheartening uncertainty in bread-making, I studied the problem, and offer the solution, with the sincere hope of its giving to others the inestimable comfort it has given me.

One full pint of water to four even pints of flour, dipped from the barrel in the pint cup, makes an easily kneaded dough, neither soft nor stiff, and is the best for yeast-risen breads.

FOR ROLLS AND LOAVES.—Four even pints of flour, dipped from barrel in the pint cup, remember; one full pint of milk-warm water, not hot; one even tablespoonful of sugar and one of salt; piece of lard the size of a hen egg; piece of yeast-cake

about an inch square, or half a pint of liquid yeast. Dissolve the yeast-cake in the warm water, and pour it, with salt, sugar and lard, into the flour. Work all into a dough, knead for ten minutes; grease all over to keep a crust from forming; cover the pan, and set in a warm place to rise all night. In the morning there is nothing to add; just knead dough well for ten minutes, make into rolls or loaves, and set in a warm place to rise for an hour, then bake in a moderate oven. To make rolls in pocket-book shape, roll a small piece of dough into a flat cake, and smear over it a little butter, fold two opposite ends until they meet in the middle, press end of one finger firmly into them to keep in place, and to imitate the clasp; when baked, the "pocket-books" will open at the fold without having to be broken.

For the stiff dough required for "beat biscuit," dip from the barrel four even pints of flour; rub into it a piece of lard the size of a duck egg, a full teaspoonful of

bread. Make the dough in loaves, put into greased pans and let rise for two hours, then bake in a moderate oven.

The new coarsely ground flours require but a trifle less than twice as much water as the fine white flours. They are said to be very healthy, but I must admit a preference in favor of the finest, whitest flours in the market.

M. LANE GRIFFIN.

ONE COSTS NO MORE THAN THE OTHER.

After all, I may be mistaken, for if you count the little care and exertion requisite to obtain the fresh air in sleeping-apartments, you may decide that impure air costs less than pure. Still, when you reckon on the attendant evils which result from the use of the impure air, you will be again forced to change your mind; but even supposing that fresh air be no more expensive, why in the name of common sense don't we have more of it? We appear to have a fear of night air. And

No one need tell us, because we are already aware of the fact that sleep is much more satisfactory and healthful when the air in the room is fresh. And this is a condition of things even the poorest can obtain by a little painstaking oversight. There is no excuse for us if we do not have fresh air in the bedrooms, drawing-rooms, libraries, dining-rooms and kitchens; in fact, all over the house.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

CANNING NOTES.

When canning in the Mason fruit-jars, examine the neck where the seam comes up, and if there is a ridge to prevent the rubber going down close it must be filed off. This is the cause of the large quantity of fruit opening in these jars. The ridge holds the rubber up so air can get in.

As tin is made so cheaply now, it is positively dangerous to can anything acid like tomatoes in them, especially the second season. Tomatoes will keep perfect in glass jars, if put up this way: Wash tomatoes and remove green stems, but do not peel; slice them into a large porcelain kettle or bright new dish-pan. Place over fire and cook until soft. Then with a potato-masher rub them through a fine colander. The seeds and skins remain and only the pulp goes through. Put this back into pan, and when boiling hot, fill jars. The seeds cause fermentation, and when these are removed, they will keep perfect, besides being ready for instant use.

The jars will never break if this rule is followed: Ring a large cloth out of warm water and wrap around the jar. Bring it up close to the top and leave several thickness for the bottom. Place the rubbers on, fill to overflowing, and quickly screw the lids on. Have some of the men-folk tighten them when they have cooled a little.

Beer-bottles or other nice high bottles make nice jelly-glasses. To make them, dip a cord string into coal-oil, wind it twice around the bottle where you want it broken. Set fire to the end of string, and when it has burned all the way around, dash a cupful of cold water over the bottle, and it will break off smoothly.

Some housekeepers use baking-powder cans for jelly, and say it keeps nicely. In cooking catchup or any preserve that contains vinegar, always use porcelain, and never metal. To prevent catchup molding, do not fill the bottles quite to the top, but fill up with hot vinegar. To prevent preserves from sugaring, add a pinch of tartaric acid when cooked. When canning pears, add a tablespoonful of vinegar to a two-quart jar.

To remove sealing-wax from stone jars, pour boiling water over them, and the wax will slip off easily. Stone jars that are not glazed on the bottom should be painted, or sealing-wax run evenly over the bottom. When using sealing-wax, do not melt it in a cup, or it will grain and be unfit for use. Instead, heat the poker, and run the wax around the can or jar as you would solder.

This is the best way to put down cucumber pickles, and they are always ready for use:

- 1 gallon of vinegar,
- 3 gallons of water,
- 3 quarts of fine salt,
- ½ pound of alum.

Put grape-leaves and a weight on top to keep in pickle. When you use them, take out, wash, and put in vinegar.

MRS. EDITH WILLIAMS.

TRAVELING-DRESSES FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

For the older one, a wide-woven serge of blue. A heavily lined cape, and waist to match the skirt. A thin, unlined silk shirt-waist can be taken with this suit to change when the weather is warm. For a short trip, all she would need could be taken in a small hand-bag.

For the smaller one, light suiting would make this very pretty costume, trimmed with rows of braid. The collar should be adjustable, to lay off when the sack is worn.



salt and two thirds of a pint of water; let the dough stand a few moments, then work and beat with a heavy mallet until the dough blisters well. Roll about half an inch thick; cut small biscuit, stick through with fork, and bake in pretty quick oven.

FOR PIE-CRUST.—Dip from barrel one and one half pints of flour; rub well into it one half pint of lard and a teaspoonful of salt; then pour in one fourth of a pint of ice-cold water; flit all together with tips of the fingers; do not work; roll very thin.

FOR SALT-RISE BREAD.—Pour one full pint of boiling milk over three full tablespoonfuls of corn-meal, sifted; set in a warm (not hot) place over night. In the morning, add to it one full pint of milk-warm water, a tablespoonful of sugar, an even tablespoonful of salt and one even pint of flour; stir smooth, and set in warm place for about two hours, or until it begins to show bubbles and look spongy, then add seven even pints of flour, and lard size of duck egg; knead well for fifteen minutes; the longer it is kneaded the whiter and finer will be the grain of the

not only that, but we extend the fear on through the day, or at least act as if we did, by also excluding day air.

There is no one thing more conducive to healthful, refreshing sleep than fresh air. Thoroughly ventilated beds and bedding are a necessary accompaniment, of course. You all know how to throw back the bedding so that the air may permeate every nook and corner of them, or, perchance, they should be lifted entirely from the bed to a chair in front of the window. Of course, you do not need to be told that they must be taken outdoors for a more complete air bath very frequently.

We all know better than to roll up our gowns and place under the pillow, and yet I hazard the opinion that we sometimes do it. We realize that it should be turned wrong side out, and aired as thoroughly as the sheets and pillows, and yet we forget, oftentimes.

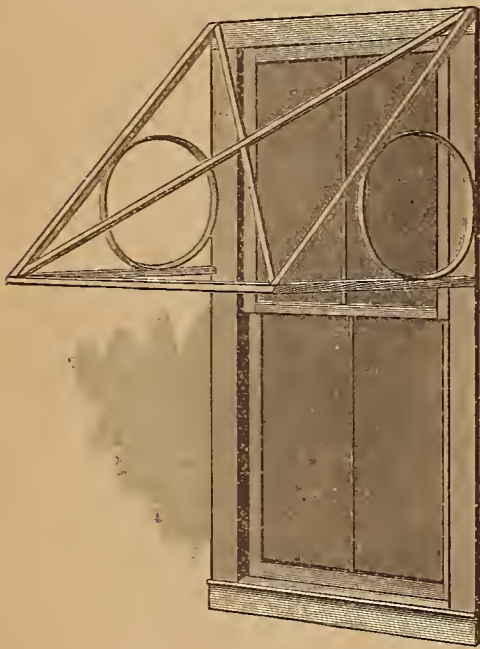
We also know that it is better to have the window both raised at the bottom and lowered from the top, than that the opening should be all either above or below.

Our Household.

HOME TOPICS.

CLAMS FOR BREAKFAST.—Drain two dozen clams and chop them quite fine. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a saucepan, and when it is melted, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour; add to this, gradually, the juice drained from the clams, a tea-cupful of water and the chopped clams. Stir well together, and let stew for fifteen minutes; then season with salt and pepper, add a cupful of hot cream, and pour it over slices of nicely browned toast.

A VINE AWNING.—I lately saw such a pretty idea for an awning that I must describe it. The framework was made of lath, the top being made by sawing four pieces the length of the width of the window and nailing them together in the form of a square, with two other pieces crossing it from corner to corner. One side of this square was nailed to the top of the



window-casing so it would slant downward at the proper angle, and the lower corners were braced with laths fastened to either side of the window-casing about half way down. In the angle of these braces a barrel-hoop was fastened, and the frame was complete. A moss-vine was planted at each side of the window, and trained up on stout strings until it reached the braces of the awning. This it soon covered with its dense foliage, and every evening it was made still more beautiful by its large, white blossoms, whose delicate fragrance filled the air. By this arrangement the window is shaded from the sun, while light and a free circulation of air are admitted. This is a great improvement over the old-fashioned way of training vines directly over the window.

THE CELLAR.—At this season of the year everyone wishes to keep the cellar as cool and dry as possible. It must also be kept clean and well ventilated. If a cellar is damp, food will not keep well in it, and it also makes the living-rooms of the house unhealthful. It is impossible to keep the cellar in good condition unless the drainage is effective and there is a proper arrangement of doors and windows. Double doors and windows are needed to keep the temperature right in summer as well as in winter. The cellar should be kept tightly closed during the day; not only to keep it cool, but also dry, as, if the hot air is admitted, the cooler air of the cellar will cause all the moisture to condense, and make the cellar damp. Have screen doors and windows, and open the cellar for ventilation at bedtime, closing it as soon as you are up in the morning. Fresh lime placed in the cellar will absorb moisture and also noxious gases, and help to make the air pure.

MAIDA McL.

TREATMENT OF CALLAS.

Our treatment of callas in the summer differs so much from that commonly advocated that I would call attention to it once more. Everyone seems so sure that a calla must rest through the summer, that last year I thought I would try the two methods side by side, from the same stock of callas and same age bulbs. The one that rested looks fairly well, has had two blossoms this winter, and about as large as the average calla seen in the window; has stood side by side with the others, and received the same care and heat, and by actual measurement the

stalk at base is five inches against seven inches of the other calla. Height of plant is twenty-nine inches against three feet and three inches of others. Length of largest leaf ten inches against fourteen inches.

Blossoms have all been smaller; none at present, so can't give measure; the other blossoms measure six by five inches and seven by six inches, on an average. The other callas have bloomed all winter, having two buds or blossoms on the same plant at once. Last year there were three and four blossoms and buds at once, and on seven callas there were forty blossoms, by actual count, through the season.

Hence, I give this conclusion, that my callas at least do better if they are taken from the crocks about the last of May. Separate all the little plants from the old ones, and plant in good, rich garden soil; give plenty of water, and just let them grow to their hearts' content. The leaves will probably nearly all turn yellow and die off, but the roots are getting the extra growth, and after awhile the stalks will begin to increase in size, and by fall you will have a plant that will be worth taking up. They should then be carefully lifted and potted, without disturbing roots more than can be helped, and buds will be your reward, sometimes in three weeks from repotting. It seems reasonable that after a calla has bloomed all winter, something should be done to send the strength back to the roots and give them a good start and stimulus to give another winter's work. If a person was overworked and worn out from long confinement indoors, which would seem the most sensible, put him to sleep for two months, or give him a tonic and send him into the fresh air? Will he gain faster to be put in the shade without food or water, or feed him all that his system requires, and a drink whenever thirsty?

To a flower lover, plants are little lives, loved and tended, and he will succeed best who studies their characteristics and puts a lot of common sense with laid-out rules of floriculture.

GYPSY.

PROFIT OR LOSS.

There is a little woman or two, they say, who, having once been on a salary which brought a competent living, but who, having since gone into the housekeeping business for weal or for woe, is now chaffing and grooving a bit restless, because—well, they want some new things for their house—some new chairs, a new dining-room table, and then there is their creature comforts. No one can take their places to fill them as they would, but if the substitute is made, it is going to cost something, which will eat quite a little hole into the coveted salary.

It is very rare indeed if any one else will look so carefully into the wear and tear of an establishment as the mother does. A garment requiring care, but neglected, must soon be replaced by a new one, this being but one instance of many kindred ones. The true housekeeper must constantly be on the alert, if she thwart the many enemies that will make inroads into her domain.

Besides the bodily comforts there are other greater ones. The very best way these mothers can plan, the headache comes to them when they think what a sacrifice they make in that room up-stairs, how a few dollars would brighten it up and relieve its bareness.

And then these same restless little women wonder if they couldn't clerk for a few weeks, or go back to typewriting, or perhaps manage to teach for a year or two. How the salary looms up before them! How nice it would be to get up to breakfast some one else had prepared! What a joy to lay down the dust-pan and broom and whisk the dish-pan into the river Lethe! But women are wise in these days; they look forward and reflect. At best, they must leave their homes for at least the greater portion of the day. This

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means giving up their boys and girls to some one else's care.

After all, then, these mothers declare there is no real gain, but there is much profit, to remain at home, and in a small, slow way help to bring the coveted dollars; and if they never come, something more blessed, more divine, comes in their stead.

MARY MARKLEY.

TO FILL JARS WITH HOT FRUIT WITHOUT WARMING THEM.

Place the jar in a bowl of cold water, and pour into it one cupful of the boiling fruit. This will heat the jar without breaking it, and it must be taken out of the water to finish filling it. Care must be taken not to fill the hot fruit higher than the water on the outside of the jar before removing it, or it will be sure to break. This will also answer for filling jelly-glasses.

APPLE JELLY.

Fresh jelly is always the best jelly, and we may have the best all through the winter by making a few glasses at a time of the picked winter apples, which in this climate are very apt to decay before the winter's supply is exhausted; therefore, they must often be "put up" in order to save them.

A thrifty housekeeper can usually find a steady demand at the exchanges for her winter jelly. One is constantly learning something new, even about such old subjects as apple jelly. A good housewife, whose cooking always "slips down easy," imparted this information recently: When about to serve the jelly, punch fork-holes through it, and flavor with any extract you desire. Thus apple jelly is soon converted into lemon jelly.

M. D. S.

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and sells in stores for fifty cents. We will send this centerpiece (Premium No. 584) to any address, postage paid, for 25 cents; or with FARM AND FIRESIDE one year, 50 cents.

RECIPE FOR PICKLING CUCUMBERS WITHOUT BRINE.

Pick from the vines every other day, in the morning, wash clean, but do not bruise them; leave a short piece of the stem on the cucumber to retain all the juice. Pack in keg or stone jar, and cover with good vinegar. They will be ready for use in about two weeks. If the vinegar shows signs of a scum, put in a few pieces of horse-radish root, and the white scum will disappear.

Mrs. W. K.

LIST OF FRUIT IN PRESERVES.

7½ pounds of cherries, } 1 gallon preserves.
7½ pounds of sugar,
14 pounds of blackberries, } 5 quarts of jam.
14 pounds of sugar,

Six quarts of steamed grapes make five and a half pints of juice, which, with five and one half pounds of sugar, make nine tumblers of jelly.

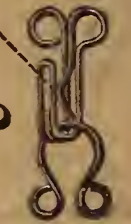
Two quarts of stemmed currants make two pints of juice, added to nearly two pounds of sugar, make three tumblers of jelly.

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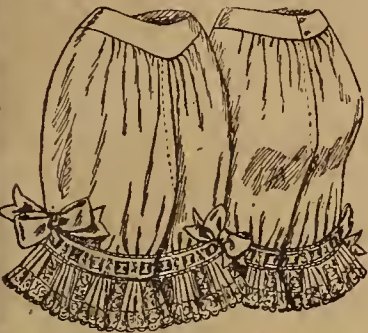
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to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received. You can order any of the patterns offered in the back numbers of this paper. For ladies, give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms. Price of each pattern, 10 cents. Postage one cent EXTRA on skirt, tea-gown and other heavy patterns.



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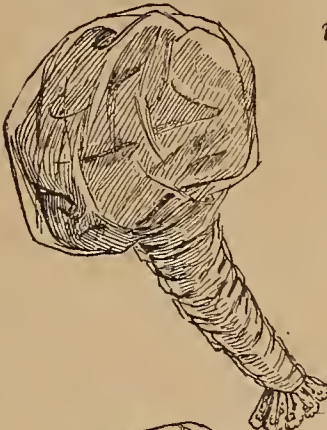
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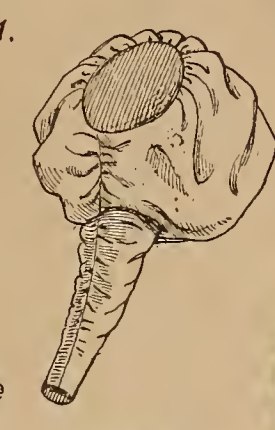
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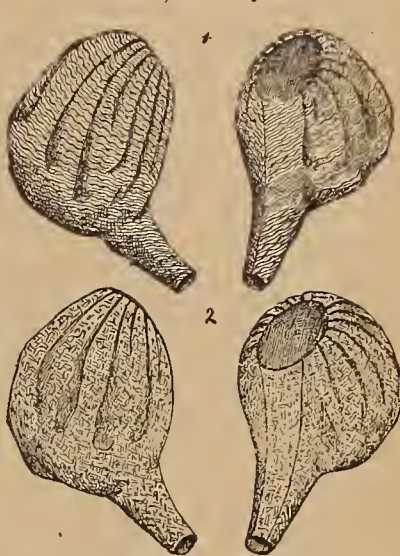
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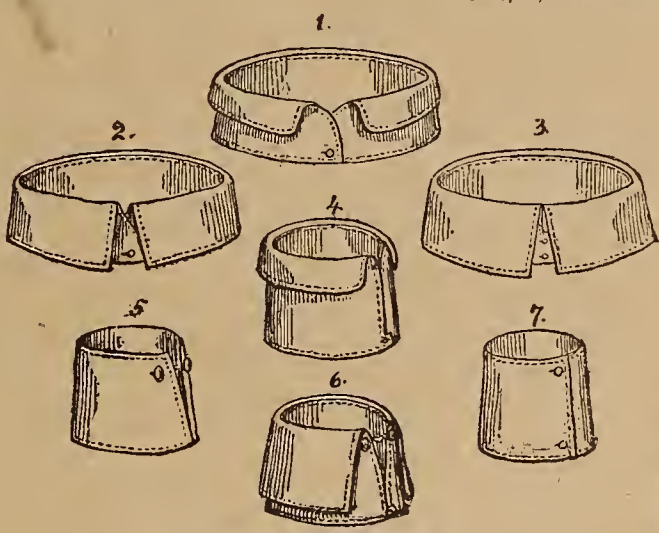
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No. 6803.—MISSSES' GATHERED SKIRT. 11 cents. Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

WHEN THE WIFE HAS GONE AWAY.

When the wife has gone away, they tell me
that I seem
Like some one that's a-walkin' an' a-talkin'
in a dream;
I move so quiet roun' the house, an' speak
so soft an' low;
Or sit there by the winder, where her sweet
geraniums grow—

Or take the willer rocker by the old-time
fireplace,
An' stare above the mantel where I see her
pictur'd face
For hours an' hours together! I'm "strange,"
the neighbors say,
An' they don't know how to take me when
the wife has gone away!

The mockin'-bird keeps singin' in the old
mulberry-tree,
An' from the little garden all the roses nod
to me;
The mornin' sky is jest as bright; ain't any-
thing to blame—
It's jest my heart ain't beatin' right, jest
me that ain't the same!

You see, when folks has lived so long to-
gether, through the years
That sometimes brought 'em gladness, an'
sometimes sighs and tears,
They kinder feel like they was one, an' hard
it is to part;
An' they time each other's absence by the
beatin' o' the heart.

An' so, I'm always lonesome when the wife
is gone away;
It seems jest like it's winter roun' the roses
of the May;
An' there ain't no joy in livin', an' there ain't
no peace or rest,
'Till once more we're united, an' I fold her
to my breast.

—Frank Stanton.

"AU LARGE."

THESE words, which Dr. Van Dyke has so finely interpreted in that out-of-door classic, "Little Rivers," have a magical music on the lips of the French Canadian guides and voyageurs. They signify the parting from the old, familiar, every-day surroundings, and the setting out with wind and tide for quest, adventure and discovery. There is a world of poetry in the very sound of the words, so subtly suggestive—to the ear as well as to the mind—of escape from the bondage of custom, tradition and commonplace, and of the fresh fields beyond the horizon, and the new experiences which await the adventurer. From the beginning of time healthy men have had the passion for wandering, for experience, for knowledge of life; a passion which has meant, not restlessness and incapacity to deal strongly and continuously with fixed conditions, but energy of will, vitality of nature, a deep-seated desire for growth, enlargement and power. In the earliest myths the wanderer is a familiar and striking figure. He is no idler among busy men; no loiterer along the roads where others fail; he is, rather, an incarnation of the soul of man, with its divine thirst for fullness of life. He fares far and wide, seeing many countries, undergoing many hardships, meeting many men, drinking the cup of experience from many hands. He represents the greatness and range of human desire, the illimitable capacity of the human soul.

In this noble sense all men of mind and heart are adventurers; they stand loyally to their tasks, they are heroic workers; but the song of the sea is always in their ears, with its suggestion of space and danger and freedom; and the great world beyond the hills, with its mighty energies, its passionate aspirations, its magnificent opportunities, is always in their thoughts. A strong man steadies himself by steadfast devotion to the work of the day and to the relations in which he finds himself; but he gives his soul the freedom of the world, and his imagination the range of art and nature and experience; and so he keeps himself fresh in feeling, in spite of the routine of daily tasks, and original and creative in spirit in spite of conventionalities and the dead level of opinion about him. Every man must do his work, and keep his freedom, also; every man must care for his body, but he must keep his soul alive, also. There is, for those who have learned the secret, no real schism in the order of life; a man may live wisely and well, at the same moment, in the little community where his home is and in the great world which lies about all communities. Over the toughest bit of stubborn

over the most solitary worker in the loneliness of the night-watches the stars shine. Infinity is about us on all sides.

The release of the soul is peculiarly the service which nature offers us in this season of fresh and fragrant beauty. The morning whispers its "au large" at every window as it lies on a renewed and blossoming world. "Come out of yourself," it seems to say; "drop your books, your hobbies, your anxieties, and become once more a free man; wander in the fields, loiter in the woods, consult the stars." He is wise who accepts this invitation and drops his burden and becomes a child once more in open-eyed wonder and open-hearted delight. For no man is so great as when he forgets himself, nor so useful as when he brings to his tasks and his duties a fresh mind and a joyful heart.—*The Outlook.*

ARITHMETIC IN A CORN-FIELD.

If we plant a field of maize, or Indian corn, and watch it as it grows, we see numerous indications of design and adaptation at every stage of its development. First, we observe a sharp-pointed stem pushing downward into the earth; second, a sharp-pointed spire pushing upward, piercing the soil above, struggling up to the daylight, and then unfolding itself in broad, spreading, funnel-shaped leaves, which catch the falling rain and the dewdrops and convey them down to the center of the plant. The corn-stalk, covered with a polished and impervious surface, and filled in the interior with a soft, porous, pithy substance, is an example of stability conjoined with lightness and economy of material. From the center shoots up a single spire, or stalk, crowned by a tassel, while beneath it, and outside the branching leaves, appear the ears of corn, from the tops of which issue a silken fringe in just the position to catch the pollen, which falls from the tassel above and renders the grain fruitful. Beneath this silken fringe we find the ear of corn itself, closely wrapped in an impervious envelop of carefully folded husks, which protect it from storm and depredation while the soft and pulpy kernels grow and harden until they are fit to be exposed to the air, after which the covering dries and opens itself, that the sun may have access to the grain and perfect it.

Before we remove these grains of maize from the cob and crush them between the millstones, let us examine them. We shall find that they are set in sockets, which are arranged in straight rows from the bottom to the top of the central cob. Sometimes, if the grain is peculiarly unthrifty, there are but four of these rows, sometimes there are eight, sometimes there are ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen and even twenty-four rows of kernels arranged around the central shaft, or cob. But we never see five rows, or even seven rows, or eleven rows, or thirteen rows on a cob. However the number may vary, it is an even and permanent number. It is said that a miller declared that for twenty-seven years, while grinding corn, he had been looking in vain for one ear containing an uneven number of rows of kernels.

Now, this numerical order in the arrangement of the rows upon countless millions of ears of corn, continued in different countries and for successive centuries, cannot be the result of chance, for chance does not count or know the difference between an even number and an odd one; and there are just as many odd numbers as there are even, and just as many chances for an odd number of rows as an even number. If the chances do not run evenly, it is because some unseen hand manipulates them, some unseen will controls them. And that will must be a will of an intelligent Being who counts and reckons, and who understands what no mortal can comprehend—how to rule the secret energies of vegetative life in accordance with mathematical law.—*From "Atheism and Arithmetic," by H. L. Hastings.*

UNNECESSARY FUNERALS.

"What a sad, hard life poor Mary Ellen has!" exclaimed a sympathetic woman who had just returned from an afternoon call on a neighbor. "She certainly has more aggravations and trials than fall to the lot of most people. It makes my heart ache to hear her tell of them."

"I presume so," remarked rather grimly the energetic person to whom the remark was made. "But I can't agree with you. Mary Ellen has just about the same amount of trouble that comes to most of us, in one way or another, and no more, as far as I can discover."

"Oh, do you really think so?" said the sympathizer, deprecatingly.

"Yes, I truly do," replied the other, firmly. "The principal difference is that Mary Ellen is more fond of having funerals than the majority of people."

"More fond of having funerals?" ejaculated the first speaker, uncomprehendingly.

"Yes, that's what I said, and it's just exactly what I mean," reiterated the energetic woman. "Most of us expect and are willing to bury at least a few of our woes without any special public ceremony; but Mary Ellen always insists upon having a funeral for every grievance, and the larger the number of mourners she can gather, the better she is pleased."

"Perhaps she is one of the people who can't live without sympathy," said the tender-hearted woman.

"She had better make less frequent demands for it, then," replied the other, dryly. "Of course, I haven't much patience with her, I'm willing to admit, but I've attended too many funerals at her invitation."

There are too many people of the Mary Ellen stamp, unfortunately. It seems strange that to the end of their lives they often fail to see the propriety of having a "private burial" of their woes, instead of compelling their sympathetic and tender-hearted friends to attend these frequent and depressing "funerals."

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Half the battle of life consists in keeping up a cheerful spirit. When depression comes and the clouds, when the spirit is loaded with deadening pain, all work becomes a drudgery, and life is a burden and a difficulty. Whatever is done is carried on under compulsion, with a wish that it could be avoided, and a feeling of pleasure—if so mournful a kind of congratulation can be called a pleasure—that it is at last completed. And if—because there is will-power enough to drive it along, and favorable circumstances enough to make it successful—it will afford but little satisfaction, for the spirit will be loaded with forebodings, and the mind full of the prophecies of coming evil. If any good work be well done, it must be amid buoyancy and hope. With this spirit, no matter how hard the task may be, or how unpromising, there will be energy enough given to it, and that facility of skill and tact that, unless the hindrances are invincible, will carry it through to a good end.

Our religious work very often lags and fails; not because we are not earnest in it—perhaps we expend unnecessary labor upon it—but because it is done under a cloud. Hope is wanting. There is no enthusiasm, no spring and eager onlooking and vision of inevitable accomplishment. But if the heart is bright, it will be able to go cheerfully through any experience, and also bear its disappointments, rejoice in its tribulations, and not only believe, but know that God makes all things work together for good to those who love him. It is possible; not for all of us all the time. Moods are many, and we are liable to fall into dull ones betimes; but it ought to be a part of our Christian effort to drive away the clouds, if possible, and turn to the beautiful and inspiring light.—*United Presbyterian.*

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Fight your own battles, hoe your own row, ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one can ever help you as well as you can yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have made fortunes are not those who had fortunes given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertion acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs, begged or paid for, or given in a friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing. I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmamma to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for money, or for anything else, work with your heart, hands and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

BACKACHE.

A Very Significant Indication of Organic Derangement.

The back, "the mainspring of woman's organism," quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells with other symptoms, such as nervousness, head-

ache, pains in loins, and weight in lower part of body, blues and "all gone" feeling, that nature requires assistance, and at once.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for twenty years has been the one and only effective remedy in such cases. It speedily removes the cause and effectually restores the organs to a healthy and normal condition. Mrs. Pinkham cheerfully answers all letters from ailing women who require advice, without charge. Thousands of cases like this are recorded.

"I have taken one-half dozen bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has relieved me from all pain. I cannot tell you the agony I endured for years; pains in my back (Oh, the backache was dreadful!) and bearing-down pains in the abdomen extending down into my limbs; headache and nausea, and very painful menstruations. I had grown very thin, a mere shadow of my former self. Now I am without a single pain and am gaining in flesh rapidly."—MATTIE GLENN, 1561 Dudley St., Cincinnati.

Band Instruments!

Drums, Fifes and Trumpets, at special prices during Presidential Campaign. Illustrated catalogue (128 pp.) and sample parts of hand music free.

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Manufacturers. Cincinnati.
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Best Education Christian, Non-Sectarian,

Northern advantages in Southern mountain climate, 130 miles from Cincinnati. Reduced R. R. rates. 3 College Courses. Music, Academy, Normal, Manual. Tuition free. Incidentals \$4.50 a term. The great expense in education is board. Go where good board can be furnished cheaply. Address Pres. W. G. FROST, PH. D., Berea, Kentucky.

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ALL MAKES AND MODELS, must be closed out. 350 New High-Grade 1896 models, \$32.50 each. Stock of bankrupt house. Send at once for descriptive bargain list. G. R. Mead & Prentiss, Chicago.

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\$37.50 BUYS AN "A-1" WHEEL
1896 pattern. M. & W. quick repair pneumatic tire. Best material and design. Guaranteed for one year. Will send C. O. D., subject to examination, to any express office within 500 miles upon receipt of \$5.00, to guarantee charges. For further particulars, write MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 111 to 119 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO.

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Shipped anywhere C. O. D., at lowest wholesale prices. \$100 "Oakwood" for \$57.50 \$85 "Arlington" " \$45.00 \$65 " " \$37.50 \$50 " " \$30.00
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\$35.00 for an Up-to-Date Wheel.
New and Second-Hand Wheels. Catalogue Free. Sterner Wheel Co., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago

Our Miscellany.

THERE are more than 500,000 telephones in use in the United States, and they are used about 2,000,000 times daily.

JONES—"Good-morning, Benson. How do you find business?"

Benson—"By judicious advertising."—*Harlem Life*.

PROGRESS in the settlement of Minnesota was never so marked as at present, the sales of state, government and railroad land being very heavy.

A REPORT on the state farms in North Carolina, which are operated by convicts, shows that there are now 5,000 acres in corn and 4,000 in cotton, and that the condition of the crops is twenty-five per cent better than last year at this date.

THE Dain Mfg. Co., of Carrollton, Mo., come before our readers in this issue with their advertisement of their popular corn-harvesting implement. The testimonials we have seen regarding the efficiency of this implement places it without doubt in the front rank as a labor-saving and money-making implement for successfully and quickly harvesting corn. See advertisement, and read proof of this statement in the testimonials embodied therein.

CONSTANTINE'S NEW ROME.

Constantine created his New Rome in 330 as never ruler before or since created a city, says the *Fortnightly Review*. It was made a mighty and resplendent capital within a single decade. Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Mauritania, were despoiled of their treasures to adorn the new metropolis. Constantine built churches, theaters, forums, baths, porticos, palaces, monuments and aqueducts. He built, adorned and peopled a great capital all at a stroke, and made it, after Rome and Athens, the most splendid city of the ancient world.

Two centuries later Justinian became the second founder of the city. And from Constantine down to the capture by the crusaders for nearly nine centuries a succession of emperors continued to raise great sacred and lay buildings. Of the city before Constantine little remains above the ground except some sculptures in the museum and foundations of some walls which Dr. Paspates believes he can trace. Of Constantine and his immediate successors there remain parts of the hippodrome, of walls, aqueducts, cisterns and forums, some columns and monuments.

Of the emperors, from Theodosius to the crusades, we still have, little injured, the grand Church of Sophia, some twenty churches much altered and mostly late in date, the foundations of palaces and one still standing in ruins, and lastly the twelve miles of walls with their gates and towers. The museums contain sarcophagi, statues, inscriptions of the Roman age. But we can hardly doubt that an immense body of Byzantine relics and buildings still lie buried some ten or twenty feet below the ground whereon stand to-day the serails, khans, mosques and houses of Stamboul, a soil which the Ottoman is loath to disturb. When the day comes that such scientific excavations are possible as have been made in the Forum and Palatine, at Rome, we may yet look to unveil many monuments of rare historical interest, and, it might be, a few of high artistic value. As yet the cuttings for the railway have given almost the only opportunity that antiquarians have had of investigating below the surface of the actual city, which stands upon a deep stratum of debris.

KNOWLEDGE IS NOT WISDOM.

In the recent memoirs of Dean Buckland, an amusing picture is given of the antipathy felt fifty years ago by the old classical scholars at Oxford to the new scientific learning. They described it as "mischievous and absurd." When Buckland once went to Rome for a long vacation, one of the elder dons is said to have exclaimed:

"Well, Buckland has gone to Italy. Thank heaven, we shall hear no more of his silly geology."

Learned men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellows. It is said that a friend brought Milton's "Paradise Lost" to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked when he had finished it:

"It's verra pretty. But, mon, what does it prove?"

An American, who stated recently in a London club that he was going to Enfield in search of the grave of Charles Lamb, was astonished to hear him contemptuously described by an English statesman as "a flighty writer of silly papers, in which there was no mention of political questions of his day."

Paganini, while in England, was mentioned by a great jurist in a letter as a "poor fiddler who had driven the town mad with his squeaks and scrapes," and he, no doubt, would have described his critic as soulless and deaf to the highest expression of emotion.

An anecdote is told of Henry Clay in the zenith of his popularity and fame. Meeting an old schoolmate at a reception, he expressed regret that another friend, a mutual acquaintance, whose career promised to be brilliant, had given up his life to the raising of pigs and making a fortune. The friend presently met

the gentleman referred to, who exclaimed, with a shake of the head:

"Poor Henry Clay! He might have made a good stock-grower and be a comfortable planter now, if he had not wasted his time in politics."—*Youth's Companion*.

TO-DAY.

I'll not confer with sorrow
Till to-morrow;
But joy shall have her way
This very day.

Ho, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses!
Let care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

—T. B. Aldrich.

COMPOSITION OF SEA-WATER.

It is stated by chemists that sea-water holds in solution every soluble substance found on the earth. It is easy to see why this should be so, and also why common salt should form the most considerable element. In the course of countless ages, the rains falling on the earth, dissolving and carrying down to the sea whatever is soluble in water, the mysterious chemistry of water, always at work, separating from each other elements not soluble in water alone, have impregnated the ocean-water with scores of different substances. The conspicuousness of salt is readily explained by its abundance in nature, being everywhere present, and also by the fact that there are beneath the ocean bed, as on land, extensive deposits of the substance, together with salt springs, which add their portion to the amount brought down by the rivers. Though seldom thought of in this way, the saltiness of the ocean is a marvelous provision of nature for the perpetuation of the human race on the earth. No putrefaction can occur in sea-water, and were it not for this fact the waters of the ocean would, in a few hundred years, become a solid mass of decaying animal and vegetable matter, and human life on the earth would be impossible.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

SIMIAN CURIOSITY.

The monkey is forever getting himself into trouble through his large and absorbing curiosity. He will investigate anything, and stick his fingers as readily into fire as water to satisfy his thirst for knowledge.

Darwin tells of a monkey which he encouraged to imitate actions which Darwin knew would result disastrously to his monkey lordship. In the presence of the monkey Darwin snuffed a lighted candle with his fingers and then retired to a safe distance where he could watch proceedings. The monkey promptly snuffed the candle and burned its fingers, and could never be induced to repeat the experiment. It could with difficulty be persuaded to remain in the same room with a lighted candle, evidently regarding it as some malevolent demon.

Not all monkeys, however, have this extravagant fear of fire. Travelers have often found monkeys in the forests of Africa warming themselves at the embers of fires left by travelers, and appearing to greatly enjoy the heat. They did not, however, know enough to maintain the fire by feeding it.

MODERN COSMOPOLITANISM.

A curious illustration of the cosmopolitanism of the age is found in the statement of Prince Henry of Orleans that during his expedition from Yunnan to Assam last year, when his party was the first to traverse the shortest and most direct route from China to India, he had as a guide a young Christian Chinese with whom he conversed in Latin. It was, he said, dog-Latin, but they could understand each other, and that was the main thing. There could hardly be a more effective proof of the lasting impression on the world made by the Roman nation than that its language should be the medium of communication between a Frenchman and a Chinese in southeastern Asia at the close of the nineteenth century.—*Buffalo Courier*.

ONE THOUSAND FARMERS WANTED

To settle on one thousand choice farms on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Dakota.

These lands are located in twenty different counties, and are to be had now at prices ranging from \$7 to \$15 per acre; a few months hence their value will be doubled.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. South and North Dakota are the banner diversified farming and stock-raising states of the West. Everything grows in Dakota except ignorance and intemperance. A new boom is on. Take advantage of the tide which leads to Dakota and to fortune.

For further information address or call upon W. E. POWELL, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

WATCH THE TURKEYS.

Says a Pennsylvania farmer: "I always know when there is going to be a wind-storm, by watching the turkeys and chicks go to roost each night. In calm weather the fowls always roost on the poles with their heads alternating each way; that is, one faces east, the next west, and so on.

"But when there is going to be a high wind, they always roost with their heads toward the direction from which the storm is coming. There are reasons for these different ways of roosting, I take it.

"When there is no wind to guard against, they can see other dangers more readily if they are headed in both directions, but when wind is to arise, they face it, because they can hold their positions better. But the part I can't understand is how the critters know that the wind is going to rise when we mortals lack all intimation of it."—*New York Mercury*.

THE COYOTES RECOVERED THEIR PUPS.

An amusing incident occurred the other day on the Lemon farm, near Garfield, Wash. Burt Lemon and an employee of the farm were plowing, when they came across three young coyote pups which had not yet opened their eyes. While they were examining them the old ones appeared, and approached to within fifty yards. Mr. Lemon went to the house for a gun and a sack, and placed the young ones in the sack, which was tied up and left in the field until time to go in from work.

The old coyotes kept a respectful distance from the rifle, but hovered around. Several turns of the field were made with the plow, and finally, when the men came in sight of where they had left the sack containing the young coyotes, they saw one of the old ones with the sack, puppies and all, streaking it over the hill, and that was the last seen of them.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

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Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 300,000 cures prove its power to destroy the desire for tobacco in any form. No-to-bac is the greatest nerve-food in the world. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days and it never fails to make the weak impotent man strong, vigorous and magnetic. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Send for our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee and free sample. Address **THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,** Chicago or New York.

This Set of Six Silver-plated Teaspoons

Every Spoon Guaranteed to be Equal to
Solid Silver in Beauty and Finish.

These silver-plated teaspoons are especially manufactured for us. We do not make any profit on them, but simply offer them to get subscribers. This is why we are able to furnish such handsome initial teaspoons as premiums. They are of the latest style in shape and design, and are full size; in fact, they are perfect beauties. We have received many letters from ladies praising them, and almost every time they say they are so much finer than they expected.

SAY WHAT
INITIAL YOU
WANT.....



EACH SET OF
SPOONS IS EN-
GRAVED WITH ANY
INITIAL LETTER.

We received the silver-plated initial teaspoons. They are perfect beauties, and we are well pleased with them.
JOSEPHINE B. ALTER,
Greider, Pa.

I received the spoons, and am highly pleased with them. They are much nicer than I expected. Many thanks for the same.
HATTIE MEHAFFEY, Concord, N. C.

I received the teaspoons in due time, and I am sure they are handsome and nice. I kindly thank you for them. I do not know how it is that you can give such lovely presents, for I think the magazine worth double the price you ask for it.
H. E. EMERY, Malden, Mass.

Premium No. 14 received. I am much pleased with the spoons. They are much nicer than I expected. Please accept thanks for same.
MARY J. HOUTS, Oswego, Kan.

We will send this Set
of Six Silver-plated Tea-
spoons, and this paper one
year, for 60 cents.

One answer to the voting contest can be sent
with each subscription. See page 19.

Address **FARM AND FIRESIDE**, Springfield, Ohio.

WALL-PAPER

Samples mailed free. Prices from 2¢ to 3¢ a roll, 8 yds. **KAYSER & ALLMAN,** 932-34 Market St., 415 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

SALESMEN. Mineralized Rubber Hose, Bolting, Tires, Mackintoshes, etc., are better and cheaper than Vulcanized. Agencies granted. Mineralized Rubber Co., N. Y.

SPEX BIG MONEY IN SPECTACLES. Send for our Optical Catalogue—just out. New goods. Cut prices. **F. E. BAILEY,** Chicago, Ill.



SCARF OR STICK PIN.
Sterling Silver Bicycle.
Send 15 Cents in Stamps.
Cat. of Jewelry FREE.
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ONLY GENUINE POLICE AUTOMATIC REVOLVER
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Exclusive, Reliable, Fully Guaranteed. 8 & W. STYLE. Shots 22 or 32 Cal. S. & W. cartridges, 3 1/4 in. barrel, best POLICE STAINLESS cylinder, full nickel plated with rubber handle, entire length 6 3/4 inches. Feed the ad. and 25 cts. we guarantee a good faith and we will ship C. & C. with postage. Full examination before paying the balance \$2.50 and charges.
Ely Mfg. Co. 307 Wabash Ave. Chicago

No Bloomers Needed if ladies use Andrus' Bicycle Skirt Guard. Prevents skirt from soiling and creeping up. Adapted to any length skirt. Sells on sight. Lady Agents wanted. Send 35 cents for sample. Badger Specialty Co., Burlington, Wis.

FARMERS

DO YOU WANT TO BETTER YOUR
CONDITION? If you do, call on or ad-
dress: The Pacific Northwest Immigra-
tion Board, Portland, Oregon.

FAT FOLKS reduced 15 lbs. a month, any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., says, "I lost 60 lbs. and feel splendid." No starving. No sickness. Sample box, etc., 4c. **HALL & CO.,** B. Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Book on Cheese-making Wanted.—F. B. Pike, Ohio. Send fifty cents to this office for Monrad's "A B C of Cheese-making."

Lavender and Rosemary.—J. P. H., Mt. Repose, Ohio, writes: "I have been trying to raise lavender and rosemary from seed, but without success. How are they grown from seed?"

Alfalfa.—M. C., Mt. Vernon, Ohio, J. W. B., Idaville, Pa., and others. It is too late to sow alfalfa this season. All seedsmen list alfalfa in their seed catalogues. Send to your state experiment station for bulletins on alfalfa, and send to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for special bulletin on alfalfa.

Lady Thompson Strawberry.—Mrs. J. A. K., Grand View, Tenn. The Lady Thompson is a perfect bloomer, and does not require any other variety near it. It is late, and suitable to pollinize Eureka, Timbrell and Edgar Queen. New berries are not named according to sex, but for sentimental reasons mostly.

Time to Cut Briers.—W. H. W., Casper, Wyo., writes: "When is the best time of year to cut willows and sweetbriars to prevent them from sprouting again?"

REPLY:—Cut them down in midsummer, and cut off all young sprouts as fast as they appear later in the summer. If the "clearing" is pastured closely with sheep, they will take care of the tender sprouts.

Kafir-corn.—M. H. Bronson, Kan. Send to F. D. Coburn, Topeka, Kan., for report on "Corn and the Sorghums," also to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 37, on "Kafir-corn."

REPLY:—Seeds of both these plants may be sown in a warm, sunny place in sandy loam soil. They may also be propagated by cuttings from young wood after the flowers have formed. Six-inch cuttings placed in friable soil under glass will root easily, and be ready for transplanting next autumn.

Canning Corn.—N. H., Ticonic, Iowa, writes: "Please give me the name of the acid used to help preserve corn when canning it."

REPLY:—The preserving-acids are not safe for domestic use. Try the following method: Salt the corn to taste. Put it into tin cans and solder on the lids. With a fine punch make a small hole in each lid. Then put the cans into a wash-boiler, put in enough water to cover the cans, and boil rapidly for two or three hours. Take out the cans and solder the air-holes. Be sure that the soldering is perfect.

Wintering Onion-sets.—J. M., Cokeville, Pa., writes: "Is there any way by which I can winter over Prizetaker onion-sets until spring? I have a large hothed filled with them, having used but a few hundred. What can I do with them? I can neither set them out nor sell them."

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—I am in the same boat; that is, I have a lot of plants which were not set out because the season became so dry I waited from day to day for rain, which has not yet come. I intend to let the plants form little sets, and to winter them over for spring setting. This is largely experimental, however. Of course, Prizetaker sets can be wintered over like other onion-sets. They want a cool, dry atmosphere, and must not be put in large bulk together.

Harlequin-bug-Asparagus.—J. R. R., Pulaski City, Va., sends a bug for identification, and writes: "These bugs appeared on my horse-radish. Please name the insect. Give some instruction in regard to the cheapest and best method for the culture of asparagus."

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—The bug sent is the Harlequin cabbage-bug, which seems to be especially fond of pungent flavors, such as found in wild mustard, and possibly horse-radish leaves. Practise clean culture, and destroy all rubbish by fire, during fall or winter. Hand-picking may also help. As to asparagus, select warm, rich land, use manures very liberally, plow deeply, and set strong plants about two feet apart in rows five to six feet apart. Give clean and deep cultivation.

Various Garden Pests.—T. D. R., Norwalk, Conn., writes: "Please give me some information on the following points: 1. What is the best way of getting rid of ground-moles? 2. Is there any way of destroying cutworms in the garden? 3. What can be done about the soft snails, or slugs, that gnaw at least half of my strawberries?"

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—1. Get some good trap or traps, and keep them persistently and skilfully set. 2. Thorough and persistent clean cultivation will conquer the cutworm. In badly infested fields, poisoned bait (fresh suds sprinkled with Paris green) may be scattered over the patch soon after plowing, and before the plants come up from seed or are planted out. 3. Lime-water and salt-water are cheap and effective means of destroying soft-bodied slugs.

Canada Thistles—Crimson Clover.—J. F. G., Wheeler, Pa., writes: "I saw a note in the June 1st FARM AND FIRESIDE, on killing Canada thistles, so I thought I would tell you how I have done it. Three years ago this spring I had a patch about five rods square, and the thistles were as thick as they could grow. I pulled up each thistle, and as much root with it as possible, and then put a handful of salt on the place where the root was. I did that once, and I don't think more than a dozen stalks survived. I dealt with them in the same way, and now there is not a stalk to be found. Some might think that so much salt would kill everything else that was sowed on the place, but it does not. The following spring we sowed it in oats, then in wheat, then in grass, and where the salt was, there was the best crop. Is crimson clover a good crop to sow with buckwheat to plow down next spring for corn? Would it be a good thing to sow with oats and plow the clover down for wheat the following fall? The land is what is called a clay soil."

REPLY:—Your plan of destroying Canada thistles is all right for small patches. The plan given in June 1st issue is for large fields. We would not advise you to sow crimson clover with oats in the spring, except in a small way, as an experiment. We recommend it highly for sowing in mid-autumn for plowing under the following spring. Some have reported success when mixed with a light seeding of buckwheat; others, with a thin

seeding of turnip-seed. The most uniform success has come from sowing it alone, early, and on a fine, firm seed-bed. This year seed is so cheap that you will find no better time for experiment.

Foul Cistern-water.—E. W., Barren Springs, Va., writes: "I have a cistern lined with Portland cement. I cleaned it out very carefully late in winter, and let it air and dry well, and filled with water, and by the last of March finished filling it. Now I notice it has a disagreeable smell. Can you give cause and remedy?"

REPLY:—The disagreeable odor may be due to the fresh cement. If so, it will pass away soon. If the cause is in the cement, the water will feel soapy to the hands. Pump all the water out, and let the cistern fill up with fresh water. If the odor is due to organic matter, the water may be purified by dissolving two pounds of concentrated lye in warm water and pouring the solution into the cistern, at the same time agitating the cistern-water thoroughly.

White Grubs.—H. W. P., Mulberry, Teun., writes: "I have a field infested with the grub-worm that works on the roots of my corn. Please give method of destroying them."

REPLY:—We are not certain from your description that the worms working on your corn are white grubs (the larvae of the May-beetle) or not. If they are, they will disappear if the soil is kept in cultivated crops for three years in succession. Early in the summer the female May-beetle deposits her eggs in the earth. These hatch in a few weeks, but the grubs grow slowly, and do not attain full size till the early spring of the third year, when they change into pupae, and soon afterward into beetles. Corn on old sod ground infested with the grubs may be ruined by them. When plowing an infested sod, turn hogs into the field. They will take every grub they can find. Applications of lime and salt do very little good.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Paralysis of the Bladder.—C. W. R., Huron, S. D. Your two-year-old colt suffers from paralysis of the bladder—an incurable disease, especially in your case, in which the colt, as you say, suffered from incontinence of urine from birth.

May be Tuberculosis in the Bones.—Chas. H., College Place, Wash. Cases like yours have come under my observation, which proved to be caused by tuberculosis in the bones. Your cow, at any rate, would be a fit subject for the tuberculin test.

About a Cow.—H. D. H., Columbia, Conn. The sexual impulse of a cow can be excited by artificial means, but if resorted to, they hardly ever have the effect of the cow becoming with calf, if served by the male while under the influence of them. Besides this, obvious reasons forbid the publication of the same.

Probably Tympanitis.—M. R., Marcus, Iowa. Your calves, it seems, died of tympanitis (bloating), caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. At any rate, two meals of sour milk, one meal of sweet milk and some cotton-seed meal every day furnished all the elements necessary to that process.

Probably a Broken Bone.—W. F. L., Center, Ohio. What you complain of seems to be, according to your description, a fracture of one of the bones in the upper part of the lame hind leg, on which the horse cannot bear any weight whatever. There are good veterinarians in your county. Have the horse examined by one of them, and follow his advice.

Probably Actinomycosis.—Mrs. A., Granite, Montana. According to what I can make out from your description your cow appears to be afflicted with actinomycosis in the jawbone. If this is correct, I cannot advise you, especially as the morbid process is already of two years' standing, and undoubtedly has caused a great deal of destruction.

A Swelling in the Udder.—J. S. C., Paris, Me. It is impossible to determine from your description the nature of the swelling in the udder of your heifer, which, you say, is not with calf, is healthy and thrifty, and has not reacted upon the tuberculin test. It may be that the swelling is not of much consequence. Still, I, in your place, would have her subjected once more to the tuberculin test, and be sure, instead of relying upon the statement of others.

Probably Ringbone.—J. B. Y., Haines City, Fla. According to your description, which, with the exception of the statement that your horse limps worse when first coming out of the stable than afterward, contains only negative symptoms, it appears probable that your horse has ringbone. Concerning a treatment, almost out of the question during the fly season, wait until next winter. You will again find directions in one of the November numbers.

Short Mane and Tail.—J. O., Campbellsburg, Ky. If mane and tail of your horse are naturally short and thin, you cannot do anything to really improve them. You can get them coarser by frequent cutting, but if your horse is, as I have to suppose from your letter, a blooded animal, repeated cutting of mane and tail would give the horse a vulgar (cold-blooded) appearance. You will probably be able to preserve the mane and tail by exquisite care and cleanliness, frequent washings with soap and water.

Hypertrophy of the Skin.—C. C. M., Point Pleasant, W. Va. Hypertrophy of the skin of a horse on neck and shoulders, increasing its thickness to nearly one inch, is a comparatively rare occurrence, although such a hypertrophy (elephantiasis) in the skin of a leg, especially of a hind leg, is frequently met with. Such a hypertrophy, unless the causes are yet acting and can be removed, is incurable. Consequently, as you say nothing in regard to the causes or probable causes, I cannot advise you. May it be that you have to deal with a case of inveterate mange, which often presents morbid changes similar to those that you describe? Still, if mange, the irresistible itching sensation shown by the animal

could not have escaped your observation, and you undoubtedly would have mentioned it. I have to advise you to have your mare examined by a good veterinarian. Mange can be cured.

Chronic Indigestion.—F. U. K., Mill-wood, Kansas. Your sow, it seems, suffers from chronic indigestion, but it does not proceed from your inquiry what may have caused it. If there are no organic changes, and the primary cause simply consisted in overfeeding, indigestion in hogs is often relieved by a good dose of calomel. The dose for a sow about a year old varies according to the size of the animal, from ten to fifteen grains. It is best given mixed with a boiled potato for voluntary consumption.

Edematous Swelling.—C. S., Bowie, Texas. If possible, give your horse some exercise every day. If the same is not taken voluntarily, employ the animal in some light work. See to it that the horse is not costive, and rub in once a day a little gray mercurial ointment, which you can get in any drug-store, on and along the strand-like or swelled veins. Use but little of the ointment, but have it rubbed in in a thorough manner. Still, before this can reach you the swelling will probably have disappeared.

Obstructions in the Lacrymal Ducts.—G. B. H., Whitewater, Kansas. Your horse with his constantly watering eyes suffers from obstructions in the lacrymal ducts, which prevent the escape of the product of the lacrymal glands, the tears, through the provided channel, and compels the same to flow off over the eyelids. It requires a very good surgeon to remove these obstructions. You may, to some extent, ward off the flies with a little gentiana extract, applied to the external surface of the eyelids and to the skin at the corners of the eyes.

Leave Well Enough Alone.—E. A. L., New Boston, Mass. In your colts—which, as you say, received last winter nothing but hay, and are now fed with liberal quantities of oats, nine quarts a day—the process of nutrition, and consequently the processes of repair, and of waste, have been very much increased since better, more nutritious food has been given. As a necessary consequence, more products of waste, composed of nitrogenous compounds, are discharged (eliminated) with the urine; hence the darker color of the latter. Do not ruin your healthy, thrifty and growing colts with medicines which they do not need.

Amaurosis.—E. N., Harrisburg, Neb., writes: "I have a two-year-old colt, which I had altered about four weeks ago, searing the cord, and not clamping. He began bleeding immediately, and bled so much that I became alarmed, and sent to a neighbor whom I thought understood such things, to find out what to do for him. He said the best thing was cold-water applications. So I bathed the cut freely with cold water, and got the blood stopped about two o'clock the following morning. Then he began to swell, and swelled all over the under side of the belly, and around the wound it looked like blood poison, and on taking him out of the stable the second morning, I found him to be blind in both eyes. There is no scum over them, but the pupils seems to be gone. They have a vacant, glassy look. Before using cold water I used a little carbolic acid, thinking I might sear the cord with it. This I was told to do by the man who altered him. The swelling is nearly all gone, and he is doing well, but don't think he can see at all. What caused him to go blind, and what can I do, if anything, to restore his sight?"

REPLY:—Your case is an interesting one, and therefore I publish your inquiry in full. It may serve others as a warning. In your case the excessive loss of blood resulted in producing amaurosis—that is, paralysis—probably in consequence of innutrition, of the optic nerves. If the paralysis is perfect, or unless the nerves soon recuperate, the blindness is incurable and permanent.

A Kind of Fits.—Black-leg.—P. H., Miller, S. D. Your calf, which has what you call "a kind of fits," undoubtedly suffers from pressure upon a certain part of the brain; but what causes the pressure—whether it is a cyst-worm, Cereus cerebri, as is not all improbable, or whether it is something else, for instance, a clot of blood, an exostosis or an abnormal growth—cannot be decided from your description. One thing is pretty certain; namely, the calf will not recover. If the calf is in a good enough condition, my advice is to butcher it, and if it is then found that the pressure upon the brain is the product of such causes as I mentioned, and is not the result of tuberculosis, to convert it into veal. I have to decline to write you a treatise on calf-raising, because such a treatise, in order to be complete and cover everything of importance, would fill a good-sized book. So-called black-leg is caused by a micro-organism known as the bacillus of symptomatic anthrax. It enters the organism of an animal, it seems, through small sores or lesions. The disease can be prevented by an injection of a little of a pure culture of the bacillus into a vein, provided the injection is made in such a way that nothing whatever gets into the connective tissue, as that would produce the disease and be sure death. I do not know of any remedy; consequently, cannot recommend any.

A Fistula.—A. W. F., Oretown, Oreg. What you describe is a fistula on the withers. A fistula of long standing is an ugly thing to treat, and hardly anybody but a competent veterinarian will ever succeed in effecting a permanent healing. Besides this, not all fistulas can be treated alike; each one presents its own peculiarities. It is perfectly useless to go into details, and I will therefore once more confine myself to a statement of the general principles which apply to the treatment of all fistulas. First, the fistulous canal or canals must be carefully probed, so as to learn their exact extent and direction, and to ascertain, with the help of good anatomical

knowledge, what parts may have been damaged or destroyed. This done, an absolutely free exit must be provided for the pus and the exudates, either by enlarging according to circumstances the existing openings in a downward direction, or by making new openings, sometimes even on the opposite side. Thirdly, every fistula, especially if of long standing, has callous walls composed of organized exudates and degenerated tissues. These callous walls are pervaded with bacteria and possess but low vitality, continuously generate pus and become dissolved, but at the same time are constantly reproduced, therefore necessarily prevent any healing, and indefinitely keep up the morbid process. These walls must be promptly destroyed, either by means of the surgical knife or by means of caustics. Which means are to be preferred depends upon circumstances. In most cases probably the latter. Among the caustics, a concentrated solution of sulphate of copper is often, but not always, the most available. After these walls have been completely removed, either with the knife or by means of caustics in the shape of so-called pipes, we have not a fistula any more, but a fresh wound, which can be brought to healing by antiseptic dressings, cleanliness and protection, provided all exudates have a free exit, and the wound everywhere presents a perfectly clean appearance; or, in other words, all bacteria have been destroyed. If this is not the case, the old process will continue, and a healing will not be effected. Consequently, first, a fair knowledge of anatomy; second, familiarity with the principles of surgery; third, untiring attention and any amount of patience; fourth, neatness and close observation combined with good judgment. One who does not possess all of these qualifications cannot be advised to attempt the treatment of any old fistula.

THE Dain Hand Wagon, manufactured by the Dain Mfg. Co., Carrollton, Mo., is something that everybody has use for, especially farmers, gardeners and fruit-growers. It is equipped with steel wheels, steel or wood handles and steel axles. It has been received with great favor, and our readers will find it a handy acquisition to their stock of farm implements, etc. See advertisement in this issue.

August Epitomist WILL TELL

Of some very important experiments in cultivating wheat, made by several practical and expert wheat growers. How the land was prepared; varieties of seed used; time of seeding; fertilizing, etc. Also, how it is cultivated on the

AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST

350-ACRE EXPERIMENT FARM.

August Number Ready for Delivery JULY 25th.

Don't miss "WHEAT SPECIAL."

Four Months' subscription mailed to any address in the United States or Canada for six 2-cent stamps. Each number worth its weight in gold. Something new every month. Ten departments. 100 pages boiled down to 32. Subscription price 50 cents a year. Sample copy free if mention this paper.

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HAND WAGON.

Will pay for itself many times over during the year. Just the thing for Farmers, Gardeners, Stockmen and Fruit Growers. Use it one month, and you will wonder how you ever got along without it. Light, strong and Durable. Steel wheels, steel or wooden handles and steel axles, body made of poplar, nicely painted. Four sizes. Write us for special prices. DAIN MFG. CO., Carrollton, Mo.

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18c. Per Rod. Is the cost of wire 50-in. high. Can make 50 rods per day with our automatic machine. Circulars free. KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO., Kokomo, Ind.

DAIN THE BEST, THE CHEAPEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST DURABLE STEEL CORN CUTTER.

A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS—THE VERDICT IS UNANIMOUS.

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ADJUSTABLE, PRACTICAL, SAFETY SEAT. EASY TO RIDE, SAFETY SHAFT, SAFETY GUARDS. REASONABLE IN PRICE.

"I think it by far the best corn cutter I ever saw." WILLIAMS, Shenandoah, Ia.
"Works splendid. A valuable implement, an absolute necessity for every corn grower." N. GIBBS, Mt. Vernon, Mo.
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"A success and a great labor-saving machine. Every farmer ought to have one." O. B. BROWN, Browning, Mo.
"The best corn cutter I ever saw." A. W. SCARBOROUGH, Elmo, Mo.
"Works perfectly." Can cut from five to seven acres per day. ABRAHAM GILBERT & SON, Franklin Grove, Ill.

It will cut more corn than any device ever invented and at less expense (machines costing \$100 to \$150 not excepted). For special information, prices, etc., address

DAIN MANUFACTURING CO., CARROLLTON, MISSOURI.

Selections.

"IN SPEAKING OF THE LITTLE ONES WE LOVE."

In speaking of the little ones we love,
Our souls grow young and tender; Young-of-
Years
So helpless seems, yet valiant, trusting all
It sees, and putting faith in the Unseen;
Deeming the whole cold-hearted outer world
A mother-embrace, a bosom for its sleep.

We men are little ones before high God;
In pain, in sickness, and in moods that yearn
For consolation, or when we intrust
Our pigmy bodies to their night-still beds,
The spirit feels its youth and feebleness
And turns like any weak, perplexed child
Toward Home, toward father, mother and the
things
Indwelling, known of old and longed for still
Midst infinite barrenness and all unrest.

We men are little ones before high God;
The boasts of brain, the passions of the mind
Are nothing, set aside the one brief hour
Of faith reborn, calm dreams and utter love.
—Richard Burton, in *Independent*.

AN INTELLIGENT HEN.

SPEAKING about chickens, a farmer
said, the other day:

"I don't want to boast, but I do
think we have got the knowingest
heus in the world. I have a flock all black.
It is a theory of mine that black hens lay
better than those of any other color. One
day I found a hen in my flock with a few
white feathers in her tail. I called the
hired man and told him to catch her and
kill her. 'You can't rely on the laying
capabilities of a hen with white feathers,'
I said.

"The hen gave me a sorrowful look, but
did not say a word. Next morning the
hired man told me that he could not find
her. A month or two later I opened a pile
of potatoes I had stored in the cellar, and
found a big hollow space in the center of
them. There was a bunch of black feathers
in the place, with three white ones stand-
ing up in a defiant sort of way. Behind
the feathers were sixty-six eggs. I recog-
nized at once that it was the work of the
missing hen. The sensitive creature had
sloshed herself away and worn herself out
laying eggs, to prove that my theory was a
mistaken one."—*Greenboro Record*.

NEWSPAPERS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Perhaps the most remarkable process on
view at the Royal society's reception was
that for producing illustrated magazines
and newspapers entirely by photography,
dispensing with engravings and "half-
tone" blocks, and even with typography.
Reels of sensitized paper rush through
machinery which may be compared in
principle with the modern rotary web
printing-presses.

In place of typographic cylinders you
have cylinders of transparent "negative,"
illuminated from the inside, which "print"
the sensitized paper with great rapidity as
it passes round them. Thence the web
passes through "developing" and "fix-
ing" baths, and finally emerges in cut
sheets ready for binding. The letter-press
is even "set up" photographically by a
kind of typesetting-machine, so as to pro-
duce a negative of each line automatically.
It is said that a popular illustrated monthly
will, in all probability, be produced by this
method before long.—*Chicago Tribune*.

TOOK A LESSON IN FINANCE.

A farmer in eastern Pennsylvania has
been converted by experience from some
very common opinions on money. He did
not believe in banks, and he did believe in
silver. So he held all his funds in the form
of silver dollars, stored them in a keg
marked "prime leaf lard," and hid the
deposit in his wagon-shed. But a thunder-
storm came up one day last week, and a
shaft of lightning took a perniciously
active part in the demonstration of the
necessity of one quality of money. It
reduced the wagon-shed to ashes and the
silver dollars to a shapeless mass of bullion.
As a result, \$1,000 or so of silver was turned
into just about half its face value. Had
the coin been of gold, it would have been
worth just as much after it was melted as
before. This is a highly expensive way of
getting a grasp of the factors of the
monetary problem, but the man who
learns at the cost of \$500 a lesson will be
likely to remember what he has paid for.—
Chicago Tribune.

SUGAR CULTURE IN FLORIDA.

The time has arrived for Florida to
encourage the sugar industry within her
borders. There are millions of acres of
land in the state especially adapted to the
growing of sugar-cane, and in view of the
disturbances in Cuba, the planters should
be easily induced to give their attention to
this country. On this subject the *Manatee
River Journal* says: "From best accounts
it is now estimated that there will only be
100,000 tons of sugar available for export in
Cuba, a shrinking of \$50,000 tons compared
with last year. There is said to be already
an apparent shortage in the supply of
sugar on the American market. The
rainy season will soon set in on the island,
putting a stop to grinding cane and the
manufacture of sugar. There seems to be
no incentive to cultivate the fields, and all
in all, the prospect is far from bright for
any improvement of things next year,
as it seems clear that the war will go on a
good while yet. All of these things seem
to indicate that the Louisiana sugar-men
will soon be in clover even without the
bounty. This is also the great chance for
Florida, if we would invite sugar-planters.
It has been established that we grow larger
cane, sweeter cane, and have longer time to
grow it in. We have thousands of acres of
rich land yet unopened, and cheap water
transportation to all the seaport cities. We
were famous for sugar plantations when
the state was an unbroken forest, and in
its prosperity we have none. The Cuban
sugar crop cannot recover in years."

The chief clerk of the Florida Bureau of
Agriculture has furnished statistics to the
Clark Syndicate Companies, showing that
sugar-cane can be raised cheaper and to
better advantage on the lands of Leon and
Wakulla Counties than in any portion of
the world.

FLORIDA FRUITS.

It is estimated that there were 1,200 acres
cultivated in berries this season, yielding
forty bushels per acre. The total value of
Florida's berry crop this year was \$250,000,
and was readily taken by Northern con-
sumers.

The freight rate last year was ten cents
per quart to New York. This year it was
eight cents, and next year the railroads
intimate that it will be reduced to five
cents.

Florida is destined to become the largest
producer of early fruits and vegetables of
any state in this country, and as this phase
of farming is the most profitable of all, its
growth will be correspondingly rapid.

THE PROFITS OF TRUCK-FARMING.

To give some idea of the profitableness
of raising vegetables and fruits, we will
mention that only recently the large truck-
farms in the vicinity of one of our large
cities were inspected by a committee to
examine into this industry, and they
reported that one farm of forty acres
yielded annually \$16,000 worth of fruits
and vegetables; another of six acres yielded
\$6,000; another of ninety acres returning
\$20,000, and another of twenty acres
returned \$8,000. These figures represent
gross receipts, but even after making
reductions for fertilizers and other neces-
sary expenditure, the net returns, although
not stated, were no doubt handsome.

Apart, however, from the profits from
exclusive truck-farming, the garden acre
on the farm can be made an important
item in the domestic economy of the home,
if we take into consideration all the
expense attaching to the purchase of gar-
den produce necessary to the health, com-
fort and well-being of the family.

WHERE FARMING PAYS.

There are three factors of paramount
importance which must be considered by
every farmer before endeavoring to gather
a profit from farming lands:

1. The character of the land with refer-
ence to its productive power.
2. The facilities for transportation.
3. The distance from the markets of the
world.

We undertake to say that the testimony
published from time to time in these col-
umns with reference to the Tallahassee
country evidences beyond all question or
doubt that the soil of the Tallahassee
country is as fertile and can produce the
products of the earth as cheaply and as
profitably as any section of the United
States.

We also affirm, without fear of contradic-
tion, that the facilities of transportation
for sending products to the markets of the
world are all that could be desired or
expected in a new country, and that the
constant tendency as the result of immi-
gration is the cheapening of the rates of
transportation, so that in the near future
Florida will outrank any other state in the
country as a profitable producer of early
fruits and vegetables.

All of Western Florida, and particularly
the Tallahassee country, is less than thirty
hours from the city of New York by direct
transportation, and a much less distance
from Philadelphia, Baltimore and other
equally favorable, as well as extensive,
markets. It can, therefore, be accurately
said that the Tallahassee country, even
with its present means of transportation,
taking into consideration its nearness to
the great markets of the country, its
beautiful climate, its splendid school facil-
ities and the cheapness of its lands, affords
as favorable opportunities to intending
settlers in the South as any section of this
country.

EXTRACT FROM "INDUSTRIAL FLORIDA"

"It is closely estimated this year that the
peach crop of Southwestern Georgia will
be between 700 and 800 cars, or about 35,000
to 40,000 crates. This, however, does not
include the smaller shipments by express."

Leon and Wakulla Counties, which lie in
Western Florida, adjoining Southwestern
Georgia, are the great peach-growing dis-
tricts of Florida, and are equal in that
respect to any section in the South.

EXTRACT FROM THE CARRABELLE TIMES

The state of Florida represents to the
capitalist and the laborer, the merchant and
the sportsman, the artist and the manufac-
turer, and the hotel-keeper, alike, unequal
opportunities for profitable investment,
employment, enjoyment and trade.

It lies nearer the equator than any other
state in the Union, yet it is cooler in sum-
mer than Montana, or Oregon, or Colorado,
or California, because of the influence of
the sea.

It has the most equable climate in the
world.

It is a health resort of thousands.

It has 34,713,600 acres of solid land, and
4,410 square miles of water.

It has 1,200 miles of sea-coast.

It has nineteen large rivers with a total
inland navigation of more than one thou-
sand miles.

It has three thousand miles of railway.

It produces more than one million bush-
els of oranges per annum.

It produces more than one half of the Sea
Island cotton of the United States.

It raises the finest oranges, pineapples,
coconuts and other semi-tropical fruits
that grow anywhere in the world.

It exports annually immense quantities
of early garden vegetables. It possesses
millions of acres of timber trees.

Its naval stores are exhaustless.

It has extensive herds of cattle and
millions of acres of pasturage.

It is the best country on the globe for
raising sugar-cane and rice.

It produces two hundred different vari-
eties of wood—more than any other state.

Its fisheries are extensive and their pos-
sibilities without limit.

It exports more than half a million
dollars' worth of sponges per annum.

It abounds in natural fertilizers.

Its mineral springs are fountains of
healing.

Its population has increased one hundred
per cent within the last fifteen years.

It has doubled its common-school funds
within the past four years.

It has doubled the number of its common
schools and its common-school attendance
within the past eight years.

It has doubled the assessable property
within the last four years.

The state debt is comparatively small.

Florida enjoys, in the excellent character
and variety of her population, assurance of
future prosperity, felicity and importance.

The population of Florida is made up of
people from nearly every country in the
world.

BEE CULTURE.

Very little intelligent effort has so far
been made in bee culture in Western Flor-
ida. Messrs. Baker & Son, of Western
Florida, had, last season, a very successful
yield of honey from their apiary. They
realized seven and fifty hundredths dollars

per hive of comb honey, and twenty-six
colonies yielded ten barrels of extracted
honey.

The climate is extremely favorable for
early queen and brood rearing. These
features can be made in this way very
profitable.

The palmetto, titi, and the vast acreage
of orchards, flowers and blooming plants
yield the desired nectar. There is here a
vast undeveloped field for any one wishing
a good location for an apiary.

Probably Wakulla County, which is the
site of a large part of the operations of the
Clark Syndicate Companies, affords oppor-
tunities for bee culture second to no county
in the state of Florida.

In fact, it can be truthfully said that
Wakulla is the banner county of the state
in this industry.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

Round-trip excursions to Tallahassee,
Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati have
been arranged for the following dates:
July 6th and 7th and 20th and 21st,
August 3d and 4th and 17th and 18th,
September 1st and 15th and October 6th
and 20th. The tickets are good for thirty
days, and the fare from Chicago is \$29.80,
and from Cincinnati, \$22.80.

We leave Chicago either by the "Big
Four" or the "Monon" routes, and from
Cincinnati we leave over the "Queen and
Crescent."

We pass by daylight through the beauti-
ful blue-grass region, and make almost an
entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to
Florida, giving one a most excellent oppor-
tunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincin-
nati and join our excursion, go to your
nearest ticket agent and get through rates
from him on the special excursion days.
Then, if you will advise us when you leave,
we will have our manager at Tallahassee
meet you at the depot. He will show you
every courtesy and attention, and arrange
free transportation for you over our own
railroad lines while you are visiting Talla-
hassee.

People wishing to go from the East can
make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line
from New York or Philadelphia, and the
fare for the round trip (first-class) is \$49.50.
This price includes meals and berth on
board steamer to Jacksonville, Florida, and
from there it is only a short ride to Talla-
hassee.

For all information regarding excursions
to the Tallahassee country, address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

THE FIRST CIRCUS.

The modern circus had its origin in
Lambeth, England, about 1770, where Philip
Astley, a discharged soldier, began giving
exhibitions of horsemanship in an impro-
vised ring. All his surroundings and ac-
cessories were of the crudest description,
but his success was immediate and great.

Shortly afterward he built a rough
structure near Westminster Bridge, in
London, the site of the present building,
which has borne his name for more than a
century. Only the spectators' seats in this
original building were roofed over, the ring
being in the open air.

Here he hired several performers, and his
wife, who was much interested in the
scheme, went into the ring herself, the first
female equestrian known. His circus be-
came so popular that he was, in a few
years, able to put up a large and handsome
building, which was opened to the public
in 1780.

In 1791 his place was burned, and again
in 1803 and 1842, but each time he immedi-
ately rebuilt it. It is said that the present
structure, which is called "Astley's," is the
finest of its kind in the world.—*Philadelphia
Times*.

AN ARTISTIC BIT OF FURNISHING.

Here is an original idea for the ornamen-
tation of the wall above the fireplace. I
have not seen it myself, but am assured by
a friend who has that the effect is wonder-
fully good. The overmantel is of white
wood, enameled, with here and there up
the sides of it little square receptacles for
small pots containing Japanese poppies of
all colors. My informant said he was not
quite certain whether they were real
flowers or only made of paper, but at all
events the whole result was admirable.
Everybody is not gifted with such origi-
nality of idea and with sufficient confidence
to carry it; and I have often thought what
a good thing it would be if some women
who are artistic by nature, and not over-
whelmed with wealth, made it a profession
to visit rooms when desired and make sug-
gestions as to color and arrangement, for a
reasonable fee.—*Gentlewoman*.

Smiles.

TRUTH VERSUS SENTIMENT.

There's now and then a soul that asks,
 "Why don't the bakers make
 The good, old-fashioned, home-made loaves
 Our grandmas used to bake?"
 The reason is—let truth be spread
 ('Tis always best to tell it),
 If bakers make that kind of bread,
 Alas! they couldn't sell it.

L. A. W. Bulletin.

A SUMMER IDYL.

Together down the woodland path
 They wandered on that summer day;
 And closer they could not have been,
 Walking along that narrow way.
 I watched them as they strolled along,
 Or stood beneath the o'erhanging boughs;
 'Twas not intrusion on my part—
 They were my father's old red cows!

—Vogue.

THE LOVER'S PREPARATIONS.

It was eight o'clock in the magnificent capital of the greatest republic on earth, and the gloaming, oh, my darling, had gone glimmering among the things that were two hours previously," says the *Washington Star*.

A gaslight burned golden yellow on the corner of one of the beautiful streets leading into Dupon circle, and an electric light burned silvery white two blocks down the street, when an ambulance from the emergency hospital stopped in front of a palatial residence in that aristocratic neighborhood and backed up to the curb.

One minute, or perhaps less, after the ambulance had stopped, a handsomely dressed young man jumped out over the tail-board and started toward the steps of the house.

As he did so, a policeman, strolling leisurely around the corner beyond, observed the ambulance, and instantly sprinted for it.

"Say," exclaimed the officer, in the usual chaste and elegant, not to say Chesterfieldian, manner of an excited guardian of the peace, "what's the row?"

"There isn't any—yet," replied the young fellow, with a world of suggested possibility in the way he closed his answer with the word "yet."

"What's the ambulance for?" insisted the policeman.

"For future reference," said the young man, evasively.

"That's not what they are usually for," argued the officer, trying to get at the true inwardness of the situation.

"No," and the young man drew closer and spoke very confidentially; "no, but it's different in this case. You see, I'm going to ask a young lady's father for her hand, and as the old man isn't stuck on me, I thought it might come handy for me to be prepared for emergencies."

The policeman gave vent to his admiration in a low whistle, and waited until a servant came out and told the ambulance driver to go back to the stable.

SOME ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

An Oklahoma editor expresses his thanks for a basket of oranges thus: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Gus Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."

On a tombstone in Indiana is the following inscription: "This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A Michigan editor received some verses not long ago with the following note of explanation: "These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has for a long time slept in his grave merely for a pastime."—*Washington Evening Times*.

REST AND REFRESHMENT.

"If two cyclists started from city hall, one, who could ride twenty-five miles an hour, at 10 o'clock, and the other, who could ride thirty miles an hour, at 10:30, when would they come together?" was the question asked the boys' class by a Brooklyn teacher the other day.

There was an oppressive silence before little Johnnie, who was near the foot of the class, put up his hand, signifying that he had solved the problem without the aid of slate or pencil.

"Well," said the teacher, expectantly, "where would they meet, Johnnie?"

"At the first saloon they come to!" was the demoralizing reply.—*New York Sun*.

THE EXCEPTIONS.

Mrs. White—"And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?"

Mrs. Black—"Always, except, of course, now and then when he's out of humor or plighted or something of that sort."—*London Answers*.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

"The social order has got to be changed, I tell you!" yelled the anarchist orator, frothing at the mouth. "The vampires that are sucking the life-blood of the people must disgorge! The wealth of this country belongs to the men that create it, and they're going to have it! Do you hear? They're going to have it! I see before me men and women who have borne the yoke of slavery so long that their spirits are broken. They bear the mark of servitude in their faces. They know they are ground down under the heel of a remorseless tyranny, yet they dare not rise and assert themselves. I see here before me on this front seat a man whose face is furrowed with care, in whose eye is a hopeless, discouraged look, and who acknowledges allegiance to some hard taskmaster in whose service he is wearing out his life. He dare not call his soul his own. Bowed down under a grinding despotism, half starved, deprived of the consolations of home because his poor dwelling is a place of desolation and a hideous mockery of a home, he wanders about the streets, longing for death, and yet lacking the courage either to rebel against the tyrant that enslaves him or to put an end to his wretched existence! Is it not so, my friend?"

"It is!" answered the dejected-looking man at whom the orator was pointing his long and grimy finger. "It is! My wife is cleaning house!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

RECIPE FOR THE MODERN NOVEL.

Take a selfish and worldly husband, an oppressed and virtuous heroine, an artful and designing siren, and a hero in love with both. Let the first, by her purblind ingenuousness, irritate the husband and inflame the lover. Throw in an unnatural child, half angel, half devil, a general who uses familiar oaths, printed right off, a perspicacious maiden aunt, a very blank and eloquent "juvenile lead," and a rake of improved pattern; sprinkle liberally with descriptions of the heroine's personal beauty, especially insisting in every other page on her "bowed month," season with the bitterness of the hero's "galled," "stung" and "maddened" heart; boil on the fiery question of a woman's duty toward her husband with a past, and serve in a pale green binding, with good print and paper inside.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A NECESSARY TRIP.

Miss Newwoman—"I will have to go to the city to-morrow and make some purchases."

Miss Strongmind—"Can't you get what you want here?"

Miss Newwoman—"No; there isn't a gent's furnishing-store in town."—*Life*.

A CONSIDERATION.

Dr. Dosem—"No, sir; I do not think the bill exorbitant. Your wife's illness was well nigh fatal."

Mr. Hardtaek—"I know, doctor; but it wasn't fatal. You should take that into consideration."—*Judge*.

GUESSED IT.

"What's that long piece of writing, papa? Is it poetry?"

(Hastily replacing it in his empty pocket-book)—"Yes, dear. It is an owed to your mother's milliner."—*Chicago Tribune*.

GOOD CREDENTIALS.

Employer—"We want a sound, able-bodied man."

Applicant—"Well, sir, I've drawn a pension for the past twenty years."—*Life*.

WE remind our readers that the haying season is rapidly approaching, and the present will be a splendid time in which to consider the question of an appropriate wagon to aid you in handling the crop. It seems to us that the modern low-wheeled wagon offers special advantages for this use, and we know of none better or that possesses more to recommend it than the Handy All-steel Truck, manufactured by the Bettendorf Axle Co., of Davenport, Iowa. This truck is constructed entirely of steel, and in addition to possessing all the good qualities of the ordinary wagon, is much stronger, much more convenient, being low and therefore easy to load, runs much easier and is practically indestructible. These are among the good points claimed for it by the manufacturers, and they seem to us to be well grounded. There can hardly be mentioned a feature of farming operations where these Handy Trucks will not be found to possess advantage. On the public highway or in the fields their broad-faced tires are very advantageous. The fact that they are so low and so easy to load makes them quite desirable for some of the heavier work of the farm, such as hauling off stumps and stones, wood or logs, ensilage and corn in shock or corn fodder, manure or hay or grain on the farm, hogs or grain to market, and any number of uses now required of the ordinary wagon. We understand that with all these advantages the price is very reasonable. Let those who are interested write to the manufacturers for catalogue, prices, etc., stating that you saw their advertisement in FARM AND FIRESIDE.

The Coming Mother

during the whole of her anticipation, requires all of her own forces and all that can be added to them. The coming child needs all the mother can give and all that makes bone, muscle, blood, nerve and growth. After the child comes, both need nutriment, gentle stimulant, restoring sleep and sweet digestible food.

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SPECIAL 60-DAY OFFER Number 11 WE BEAT THEM ALL. Return this advt. with order and we will send by express C.O.D. this beautiful EXTRA Heavy Gold Plated Hunting Case, Stem Wind, American Style Watch, which you can sell for \$15.00. If you think it a bargain, pay express agent \$3.25 and express charges and keep it, otherwise return it. These watches are jeweled and adjusted to keep accurate time, look equal to a \$25.00 Watch and for service just as desirable. Warranted 5 years. Chain Free. Give full name, express and P. O. State size wanted. Address, Kirtland Bros. & Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water

SPECIAL SALE OF 10,000 LARGE POWERFUL ACHROMATIC TELESCOPES. Positively such a good telescope was never sold for this price before. THESE TELESCOPES ARE MADE BY ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF EUROPE, MEASURED CLOSE TO INCHES AND OPEN OVER 3 FEET IN 4 SECTIONS. They are nicely brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc. with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the maker. Hereafter, telescopes of this size have been sold for from \$35.00 to \$50.00. Every subscriber in the country or at sea-ports should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Sent by mail or express, safely packed, prepaid for only 99 cts. Our new Catalogue of Watches, etc. sent with each order. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We warrant each Telescope just as represented or money refunded. A customer writes: "Pulton, N.Y. March 27—Gents, received your Telescope; am very much pleased with it; it is all you recommended it to be.—J. L. HARRIS." Send 99 cents by Registered Letter, or Money Order, or Cash, or Bank Draft payable to our order. Address, EXCELSIOR IMPORTING CO., Dept. M K

\$25.00 Given Away for Contestants.

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in CONTESTANTS by using them backward or forward? You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do, you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Here is an example of the way to work it out: Con, cost, coat, on, test, to, eat, &c. The publishers of Woman's World and Jennings-Miller Monthly will pay \$10 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word CONTESTANTS; \$5 for the second largest; \$5 for the third; \$3 for the fourth, and \$1 to the fifth, and a lady's handsome American movement watch for each of the seven next largest lists. Every person sending a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed a present by return mail of a large 100-page book, "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian Maclaren, one of the most fascinating books of the age. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome and valuable ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, edited by Dinah Sturgis (Belle Armstrong Whitney), long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1 per year. It is necessary for you to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three-months' trial subscription with your list of words. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. List of successful contestants published in the September issue. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write to-day. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Pub., 363 L. Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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Miscellaneous.

HOME-MADE SUNSHINE.

What care I—as the days go by—
Whether gloomy or bright the sky?
What care I what the weather may be?
Cold or warm—'tis the same to me.
For my dear home skies—they are always
blue;
And my dear home weather (the glad days
thro')
Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night,
And my feet walk ever in love's true light.

And why? Well, here is my baby sweet,
Following me 'round on his restless feet,
Smiling on me thro' his soft blue eyes,
And gladdening and brightening my indoor
skies.

And baby's father, with fond, true heart
(To baby and me, home's better part)—
His face is sunshine, and we rejoice
In the music heard in his loving voice.

So why should we heed—as the days go by—
The gloom or the light of the weather and sky
Of the outside world, when we're busy all day
Manufacturing sunshine which fades away?
With smiles, with kisses, with peace and with
joy—
Father and mother, and baby boy—
We are living each day in the sunshine we
make—
And God keep us and guide us for love's dear
sake!

—Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Bazar.

COUNTING MOTES IN A SUNBEAM.

A lecture at the institution of civil engi-
neers on atmospheric dust is reported by
the *Westminster Gazette* as follows:

"Mr. Fridlander said that measnrements
were made from air over the open ocean and
mountain regions at altitudes from 6,000
feet to over 13,000 feet. The dust-counter
employed contains a chamber into which
air can be introduced saturated with water
vapor, then slightly and quickly cooled.
Owing to the fall of temperature, conden-
sation of vapor takes place on the dust
nuclei, which then fall onto a micrometer
plate at the bottom of the chamber, where
they are rendered easily visible for count-
ing by the water layer which coats them.

"On the Beishorn, which forms part of
the chain containing the Rothorn and
Weissborn, rising about 9,000 feet above
the Zermatt valley on its east and some
8,000 feet from that of Zinal on the west,
the observations show that at an elevation
of 6,700 feet there are 950 dust particles in a
cubic centimeter, while at 8,400 feet there
are only 513, and at 13,600 only 157 dust par-
ticles. Over the Indian ocean the average
number of dust particles a cubic cen-
timeter was less than 500 for seven out of
nine days, and on fine days was less than
400. During a thick fog in the Atlantic the
air contained 3,120 dust particles a cubic
centimeter, while in the clear region just
beyond the fog there were only 280 dust
particles."

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of the following premiums,
and this paper one year,
for 60 cents:

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- Premium No. 11.—PEOPLE'S ATLAS OF THE WORLD.
- Premium No. 30.—BEAUTIES AND WONDERS OF LAND AND SEA.
- Premium No. 195.—GLEASON'S HORSE BOOK.
- Premium No. 14.—SET OF 6 SILVER-PLATED INITIAL TEASPOONS.

We will send any TWO
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TWO yearly subscriptions
to this paper for One Dollar.

One answer to the voting contest can be sent
with each subscription.

POSTAGE PAID BY US
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In order to test the judgment of our subscribers and club raisers on
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THE
QUESTION

Who will be the next President,
and how many electoral votes
will he receive?

THE PRIZES

- 1 FIRST CASH PRIZE to the person who sends the correct answer, - - \$1,000.00
- 1 Second Cash Prize to the person who first sends the next nearest to the correct answer, 300.00
- 1 Third Cash Prize to the person who sends the next best answer, - - - 100.00
- 10 Cash Prizes of Ten Dollars each for the ten next best answers, - - - 100.00
- 50 Cash Prizes of Three Dollars each for the fifty next best answers, - - - 150.00
- 75 Cash Prizes of Two Dollars each for the seventy-five next best answers, - - 150.00
- 200 Cash Prizes of One Dollar each for the two hundred next best answers, - - - 200.00
- 2,000 Prizes, value of each 50 cents, for the two thousand next best answers, - - 1,000.00
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Only those can send answers who send yearly subscriptions. Each and every
answer must be inclosed in the same letter with the subscription and the money.

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS AND CONDITIONS.

If at any time before election day two or more persons
send the correct answer, then the first prize of one thousand
dollars will be equally divided among those sending the
correct answer.

The remaining prizes will not be divided.

If two or more persons send the next nearest to the correct
answer, then all of the second prize of three hundred
dollars will be awarded to the person who first sends the
next nearest to the correct answer; and the one of these answers
that is stamped with the next earliest date will be considered
the next best answer, and all of the third prize of one hun-
dred dollars will be awarded to the person sending it. This
same plan will be followed in awarding all of the remaining
prizes.

We will stamp each answer with the day and hour it is
received in our office. No more than one prize will be
awarded to any one person.

It makes no difference whether subscriptions are ordered
singly or in clubs, with or without premiums. In every case
each subscriber is entitled to one answer for each yearly
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send as many answers as there are yearly subscriptions in his
club.

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we receive the order, except the subscriptions of paid-in-
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from the date on the yellow label.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ANSWER.

Put your answer on a separate piece of paper about three
inches wide and five inches long. Suppose you think Smith
will be the next president, and that he will receive 400
electoral votes; then fill out your answer after this style:

SMITH, 400 VOTES.

Answer of

James Johnson,

Beaver,

Brown County,

Idaho.

The table below is given to assist you in making up your answer. There are
447 electoral votes, divided among the states as follows:

Alabama.....	11	Kansas.....	10	Nevada.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Kentucky.....	13	New Hampshire.....	4	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Louisiana.....	8	New Jersey.....	10	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6	New York.....	36	Vermont.....	4
Connecticut.....	4	Maryland.....	8	North Carolina.....	11	Virginia.....	12
Delaware.....	3	Massachusetts.....	15	North Dakota.....	3	Washington.....	4
Florida.....	4	Michigan.....	14	Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	6
Georgia.....	13	Minnesota.....	9	Oregon.....	4	Wisconsin.....	12
Idaho.....	3	Mississippi.....	9	Pennsylvania.....	32	Wyoming.....	3
Illinois.....	24	Missouri.....	17	Rhode Island.....	4		
Indiana.....	15	Montana.....	3	South Carolina.....	9		
Iowa.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	South Dakota.....	4	Total.....	447

Set down your estimate of the electoral votes that each state will give the man
you think will be the next President, add up, and you will have an answer. The
sooner you send an answer, the more likely you are to get a large prize.

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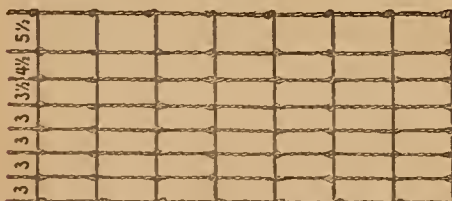
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WILL NOT ROT OR SHRINK
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER WAGONS

WEIGHT 560 LBS. EITHER WIDE OR NARROW TRACK.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR PRICES, OR WRITE TO
BETTENDORF AXLE CO. OAKPORT, IA.

Humor.

REASON OR INSTINCT.

"Who taught the little ant the way
To drill its tiny hole?"
And helps it find without delay
The family sugar-bowl?

Who, when we dine in summer groves,
Enables it to munch
In hateful, hungry, horrid droves
Upon our picnic lunch?

Who tells the sly mosquito where
A hole is in the screen,
And lets it nestle in our hair
And work its drill-machine?

Who bids it hide behind the door
While we are wide awake,
But hasten when it hears us snore,
Its bloody thirst to slake?

Who taught the fly at early dawn
To rout us out of bed,
And, when in church, to light upon
The very baldest head?

NOT PAPA BROWN.

Flossie—"Was that Dolly Brown's papa that she was walking with?"

"No, I guess not; 'cause I heard her ask him for money to buy chewing-gun, and he acted real pleasant an' gave it to her."—*Inter-Ocean.*

IT WAS.

Our village wag was an irresponsible lad of seventeen. One day an old ramshackle hotel took fire. A citizen, hurrying to the place and meeting Robby, asked, "Is it much of a fire?" "Much of a fire? La! you ought to see the hugs rushing out onto the roof to tear up the shingles and fan themselves."—*Judge.*

NEVER FAILS TO SATISFY.

Romantic miss—"Have there not been moments in your experience when life seemed full of unsatisfied wants?"

Mr. Hardhead—"Y-e-s, that's so."

"At such times I always fly to music for relief. What do you do, Mr. Hardhead?"

"I advertise."—*Odds and Ends.*

THE USE OF "EYTHET."

An observant woman spoke recently of a conversation she had been having with a new acquaintance. "I thought her rather a superior person," she said, "until she let slip the touchstone, 'eyther.' Then I was on the watch. Pretty soon she followed it up with 'I had ought to,' just as I knew she would."

EXPLAINED.

Passing along Kearny street a few days ago, I noticed in the window of a clothing dealer a number of articles for sale, each having on it the legend, "Tailor made." I inquired of the undersized proprietor, who was standing at the door, the reason he marked every article. With a knowing look, he replied: "Yust to let de beeples know they wasn't made by a putcher."—*San Francisco Town Talk.*

HER PLEA FOR THE CASHIER.

Anna—"Don't prosecute him, papa. Let him go, and cover the matter up."

Papa—"But, Anna, he has embezzled two thousand dollars, and I trusted him so!"

Anna—"Yes; think of it—only two thousand dollars! Why, people will never believe we have money if it is known that a man in his position took so little."

HEARD FROM.

Madison Square—"How did you like living in Philadelphia?"

William Street—"Didn't like it. If I had stayed there three months longer, I believe my wife would have left me and gone to her mother."

Madison Square—"Why? Was the town so slow that last year's bargain-days were continually turning up?"

William Street—"No; the poor creature got a notion that I was out late nights. You see, my wife and baby slept in a separate room, and sound travels so infernally slow in that town that about four hours after I had come in and gone to bed she would hear my footsteps go blundering up the stairs."—*Truth.*

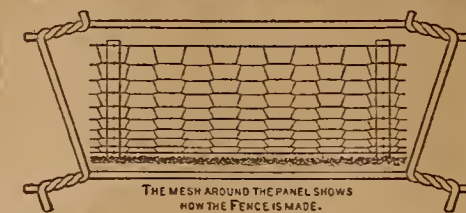
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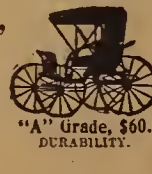
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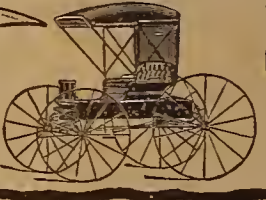
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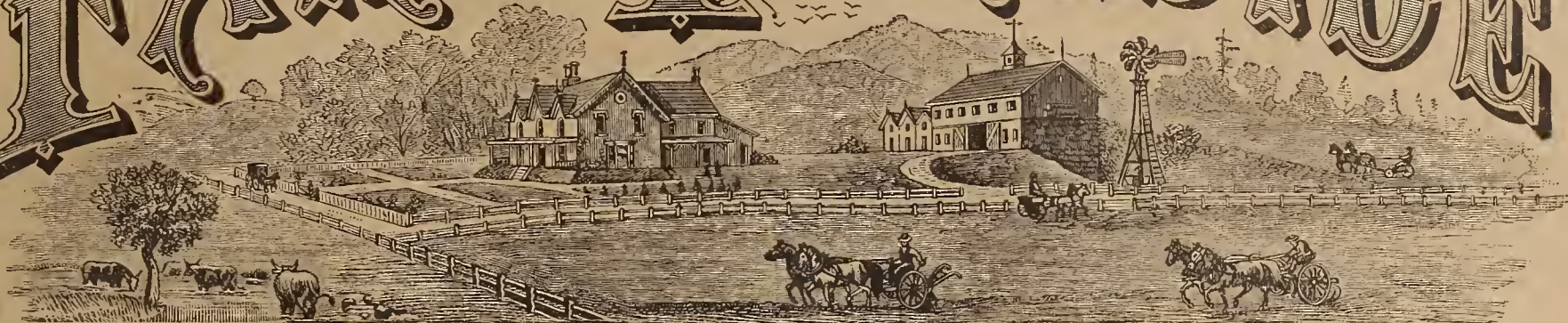
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FARM & FIRESIDE



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VOL. XIX. NO. 20.

JULY 15, 1896.

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seeding the wheat. The field was plowed early, harrowed, dragged and put in fine order. The soil was in proper condition to receive and retain the light rains that fell before and after seeding-time. The wheat-plants found enough moisture to make a fair growth last fall. It was then in a condition to stand a winter without the protection of snow. With favorable spring weather it grew amazingly. Early plowing and early, thorough preparation of the seed-bed made a good crop. Nothing would have been lost if the season had been favorable for wheat sowed on land plowed late.

If not subjected to the ravages of the Hessian fly, the early sowing of wheat—the first of September for latitude forty degrees—would give the best crops one year with another. Wheat is remarkably hardy. If it has a chance to make its proper fall growth it will stand the severest winters without snow protection. Even when sown late, on a proper seed-bed, it usually makes sufficient growth to protect itself. A firm seed-bed, prepared early, with a mulch of fine soil on top, conserves the soil moisture, permits later sowing on account of the Hessian fly, and gives wheat its best possible chance to make a good crop in unfavorable seasons.

to an immense army of men, most of whom require a peculiar education and training for the business. A million of men (in round numbers) are engaged in this occupation; as many more in the furnishing of supplies and material necessary for the business; and over and beyond it all is the influence which this traffic has upon the life and civilization of the nation. So that a man or woman whose life or condition are not affected by railways must live in some place practically beyond the reach of civilization.

“The history of the railways in this country shows the progressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon race better, perhaps, than anything else that history records. Greater than any conquest of a country, greater than any other advance in civilization, has been the progress of the railways in the last fifty years. Originally constructed to aid scattered communities, and in most cases to connect navigable waters, they have long since neglected any connection with rivers or canals, and have carried freights in quantities and at rates that even DeWitt Clinton, when he built the Erie canal, never dreamed of. Built at enormous expense, they were allowed at first to charge rates which now seem extravagant, and were given almost unlimited privileges. Fortunes were made by some of the early adventurers, but more were lost. After a little, barnacles grew up (as they always do upon every great business), outside profits were made, and various pretenses were seized upon to organize parasites to fatten out of the business.

“There was also the contractor and promoter who built miles and miles of railway, taking the bonds, subsidies, stock, issuing as much as he could sell, selling it at almost any price, and in many cases pocketing fabulous profits, and leaving the poor owners of the railway and the communities which it served at loggerheads and angry with each other. The communities, looking at the large profits made by these contractors and harassed by business depression, turned upon the railways, and, by means of legislation, endeavored to regulate rates and secure reductions. The first and most notable attack was the Granger legislation, which was strengthened and made more acute by the panic of 1873. The railway officials themselves, encouraged and spoiled by the great power they had, in many cases were insolent and lawless, and this added to the trouble. The fight as to whether railways were public corporations and could be controlled by legislation lasted for many years, and finally culminated in the decisions of the Supreme Court that there were certain limitations which legislation could apply, and, ultimately, the enactment of the interstate commerce law, which endeavored to regulate all the railways in the country that were doing interstate commerce—and there were practically none that were not. This law was passed in 1887, and I think we may conclude that from that time the question was settled that railways were public corporations, subject to legislative control. Previous to that, rates were raised or reduced without any notice, and it was considered proper to make certain rates to one man secretly, and higher or lower rates to his neighbor. The fact is, however, that such practices were undoubtedly illegal under the common law, and the interstate commerce law really did not much more than put in statute form the unwritten common law of the land. It did, however, affix a penalty to the practice of giving rebates and secret considerations, and made such practices a crime. After its passage, it was accepted by the great body of railway managers, and for some little time—one year, at least, and perhaps two or three—it was obeyed, and rates were fairly well maintained. Soon, however, companies in search of business began to resort to their old tricks of securing it, and by various subterfuges evaded the law; and after the decisions in the Connorsman and other cases, these practices became more bold, and even many of the lines which desired to obey the law were forced to meet the practices of their competitors or lose their business and see their companies go into bankruptcy.”

THE filled-cheese law passed by Congress, and which is to go into effect September 1st, may have the effect of prohibiting the manufacture of the article. According to a leading Chicago daily, a deputy revenue collector has reported that not one out of one hundred and thirty filled-cheese factories in his district will manufacture under the law. Last year the factories in the Fox river dairy region of northern Illinois made 14,000,000 pounds of filled cheese, of which amount about 3,000,000 pounds were exported.

Under the law, the manufacturer must stamp each cheese on the top and bottom and at four places on the sides, “Filled Cheese,” in large letters. He must pay an annual tax of \$400, and also one cent on each pound produced. The wholesaler must pay annually \$250. The retailer is required to pay an annual tax of \$12, and display outside his store a large sign reading, “Filled cheese sold here.”

If the law kills the filled-cheese industry by killing the fraud in it, consumers and honest producers may rejoice together. The manufacture and the consumption of genuine cheese will largely increase, and we may expect to regain our export trade in cheese lost by export of the fraud article.

IN the July number of the *Engineering Magazine*, Mr. M. E. Ingalls, in an article on railway reforms, says: “The year 1895 was probably the turning-point in the management of railways in this country. They were only a little over half a century old—in fact, one of the greatest has just celebrated its semi-centennial, and very few railway corporations were in existence fifty years ago—but in this short time they have grown to immense proportions. No better illustration of this growth can be seen than in that of the corporation just alluded to—the Pennsylvania railroad, one of the greatest companies in the world. Statistics were not so well kept in early days as now, but in 1852 the Pennsylvania reported that it had carried 102,888,000 tons of freight one mile, at an average rate of 3.76 cents per ton per mile. For 1895 it reports 8,173,218,403 tons of freight one mile, at the rate of .56 of a cent per ton per mile. Nothing like it in the history and development of the human race has been known. The combination of the iron way with the propelling power of steam has advanced the world more in fifty years than all else that had been discovered in the fifty centuries preceding. It has furnished employment

WITH THE VANGUARD

IN a circular letter to the press, the Immigration Restriction League carries on its work by calling attention to the fact that one of the first measures to come up before Congress at its next session is the bill for the further restriction of immigration.

On May 20th, the House passed, by a non-partizan vote of 195 to 26, a bill providing for the exclusion of all male persons between sixteen and sixty years of age who cannot both read and write the English language or some other language. For this bill the Senate substituted another, which was considered on June 5th and 8th, but owing to adjournment no vote was reached. The bill was left as “unfinished business” on the Senate calendar, and will be one of the first things taken up for consideration when Congress meets.

The league considers it none too early to begin now to urge upon our people, and through them upon the Senate, the necessity of the passage of the Educational Test Bill now on the calendar. But little remains to complete an important work, and it is most important that it should be attended to.

THE 1896 wheat crop of Ohio is a half crop. Many fields were not worth the cost of harvesting. But scattered here and there were magnificent fields of wheat. The wheat stood thick and tall. The heads were long and well filled with plump grains. And the yield will not be much less than thirty bushels to the acre.

The droughts of last summer and fall account for the general failure; but what accounts for the good fields of wheat? They are not confined to one or more regions, but are scattered through districts where the average yield will be very low. The important thing is to account for the successes in a year of general failure. When that is done, the wheat-grower is in possession of knowledge that will enable him to raise a good crop when the season is an unfavorable one.

All the successes may not be due to the same cause. The writer wishes to state the cause of one good crop that came under his observation. It was simply this: A fine, firm seed-bed was made long before the time of

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Chinch

Bugs.

Every Ohio farmer who has been forced to make the acquaintance of this insect pest should send at once to the experiment station, Wooster, Ohio, for the emergency bulletin on the chinch-bug, which describes the best known remedial and preventive measures.

Red Cross

Currant.

From Mr. Jacob Moore, the veteran hybridist and originator of new grapes and other fruits, we have received a sample of his new seedling currant, the Red Cross. The quality of this new currant is very fine. The berries are large in size and brilliant red in color. The Red Cross is being introduced by nurseryman Chas. A. Green.

By way of encouragement to those who are patiently and intelligently working to produce new fruits, it may be stated that the originator received \$1,250 for this new currant.

The Wool

Growers' Quarterly

Is a new publication authorized by the National Wool-growers' Association. Mr. Frank P. Bennett, one of the vice-presidents, has assumed the management and business risks involved in starting the quarterly, and will issue this month the first number of the *Bulletin of the Wool-growers' Association*. It will be a neat pamphlet of about two hundred pages, containing articles on the agricultural and practical aspects of wool-growing, as well as a clean-cut exposition of the needs and duties of the industry in regard to national legislation. The publisher is seeking the co-operation of woolmen throughout the United States, and solicits not only subscriptions, but items of news and the names of persons desiring sample copies. The subscription price for the first year is only one dollar, and the office of publication is 20 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.

A Pomolog-
ical Puzzle.

The accompanying cut is an accurate reproduction from nature. From the terminal fruit-bud of an apple-twig are growing an apple and a pear, or what

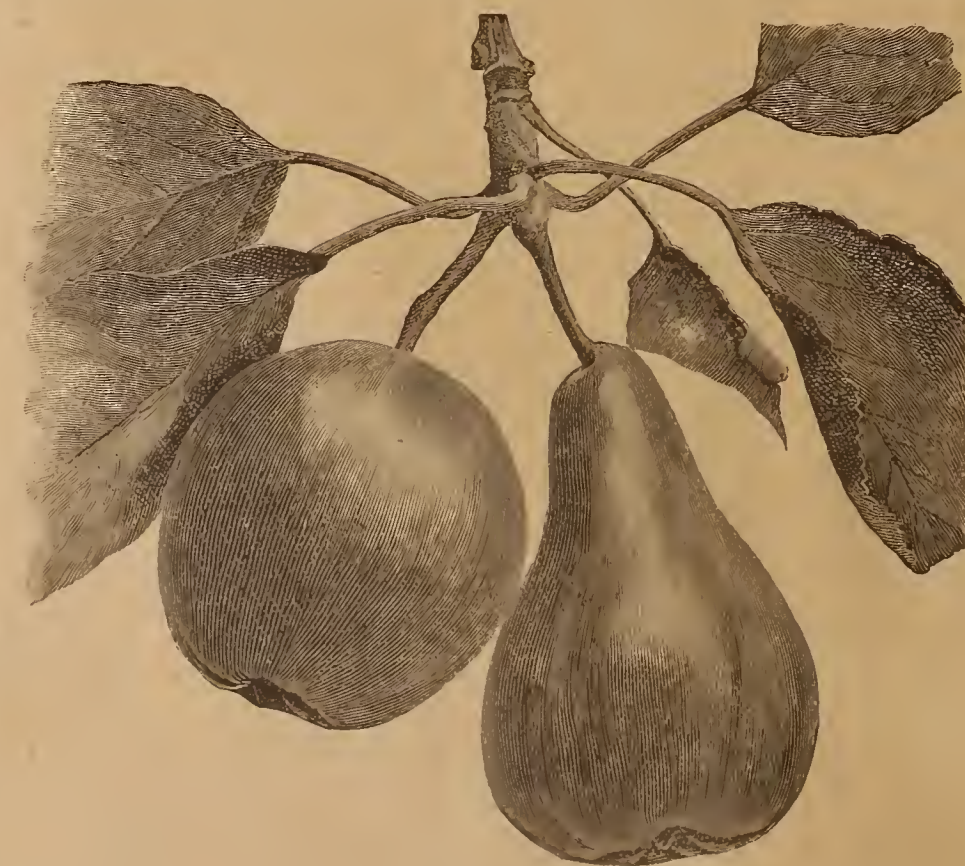
would be called a pear from its appearance. This rare specimen was found recently by some boys when picking apples from a tree on a residence lot in Springfield, Ohio, occupied by Mr. M. Goodfellow. The specimen is genuine. The pear-shaped fruit is not, as the writer first suspected when it was brought to the office, the result of skilful work in budding or grafting.

After the specimen was photographed the fruits were examined. The apple was a ripe Early Strawberry apple of normal size, shape, color and flavor. The pear-shaped fruit was different in nearly every particular from its apple twin; neither was it a true pear. It had the odor of an apple, but tasted like a combination of apple and pear, both flavors being unmistakable. The core was not in normal position, being quite near the blossom-end; it was imperfect, and contained but one seed, and that was degenerate.

About sixty feet from the apple-tree on which this curious fruit was found is a late pear-tree, bearing fruit of the same form and general appearance. Beyond a reasonable doubt this fruit was the result of cross-pollination of the pear on the apple. Ripe pollen from a pear-blossom fell on the apple-blossom just at the right time for fertilization, and a fruit that is a modified apple and pear was the result.

Wonders never appear singly. While the accompanying cut was being prepared, Mr. John H. Gower, living six miles east of Springfield, brought to the office a small limb from a Summer Queen apple-tree, bearing in a single cluster two apples and three pears. In this specimen the two apples are small, but otherwise normal. The three modified fruits are entirely different from the apples in size, form and general appearance, and resemble the Flemish Beauty pear. One was small and imperfect. The largest and finest was coreless. The other contained one seed. This seed seems to be perfect, and an attempt will be made to propagate from it an apple-pear hybrid.

We do not know whether there are similar instances on record or not; but these two specimens make a valuable addition to present knowledge regarding cross-pollination. Their occurrence this year may be accounted for by the marked peculiarities of the season, which changed suddenly from winter to summer. There was no spring weather here. Fruit-trees burst into bloom all at once, and remained



APPLE LIMB BEARING APPLE AND PEAR.

in bloom but a few days. The pear and the apple bloomed at the same date. To the best of our recollection the weather then was warm and dry. In fact, unusual natural conditions made it possible for the apple and the pear to mix in the bloom. After thorough investigation we have no hesitation in saying that cross-pollination is the solution of this pomological puzzle.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Farmers and
Experiment
Stations.

Once more I have made the trip to the experiment farm at Guelph. The excursion embodied about 1,400 farmers, farmers' wives and daughters, and was an enjoyable affair. There must be some money yet in the farmers' pockets—even of those poor Canadian soil-tillers—when so many people can be picked up in one single district to pay more than a dollar for fare alone, in a day's outing. But this outing pays. It brings the farmer and the experiment station together. During the month of June these excursions have probably brought 15,000 or 20,000 farmers to Guelph to be impressed by object-lessons, and by the able and thorough explanations given by the managers of the different departments to deeply interested listeners. While at the Ohio experiment station, at Wooster, last fall, I noted on the grounds a grove with roughly constructed tables and benches, and other signs that this grove had been used as picnic-grounds. We have excellent experiment stations at Geneva and at Ithaca, in New York, and excellent men as managers. Now, if we could have these cheap excursions from various parts of the state, to demonstrate to the farmers, both through eye and ear, what grand work is being done in their interest, it would be a most effective means of getting them interested and on the way to improvements much more generally than is now the case.

Grain Tests.

A most interesting and instructive portion of the grounds are the systematically arranged grain-plots. A number of hundreds of varieties of oats, wheat, barley and other grains are represented. These varieties are grown for five or more years in succession, new ones being added every year. The best varieties of each kind of grain are grown in larger plots, and then in big fields, and finally distributed in samples for trial among Canadian farmers. As the three best varieties of oats on the station grounds the station names Joannette, a French variety, Siberian, a Russian sort, and Oderbrucker, a German oat. Joannette makes very little straw, having, in fact, the shortest halm of any variety, but is productive, and has the thinnest hull. The grain is all meat, apparently. This sort needs rich land, and is a failure on thin soils. It has to be sown thinly. Siberian and Oderbrucker, on the other hand, are good for poor or average soils. Siberian is now being grown all over Ontario, the first stock of seed all coming from the little test-plot on the station grounds

winter wheat, Dawson's Golden Chaff has proved the highest in yield, with Early Red Clawson following next. The former has very stiff straw, while the Early Red Clawson is weak in straw. In general points of merit Dawson's Golden Chaff and Early Genesee Giant stand at the head.

Keeping Up

Fertility.

No commercial fertilizer is ever used on the test-plots. The aim is, of course, to keep the whole area as nearly as possible alike in productiveness. Stable manure is applied evenly over the whole



MEADOW-FESCUE GRASS.

area once in four years, at the rate of twenty tons (about twelve good loads) per acre. This style of manuring has given fairly good crops for eight years. I was told that with clover rotation this amount of manure (an average of five tons an acre each year) would be sufficient to keep up the fertility of the soil. Without clover it is hardly enough for that purpose, in the long run. Fertilizer tests are made in a different portion of the farm. The station claims to have doubled the yield of potatoes (for a number of years) by the use of some good commercial fertilizers.

Grass-plots.

Another interesting portion of the grounds is found in the grass and forage-plant plots. There we find sacaline and prickly-comfrey, and a lot of other worthless stuff, side by side with our best fodders and grasses. Meadow-fescue showed to good advantage in this dry season, and the station people speak highly of it and of alsike, as the very best for permanent grasses in dry seasons and localities. In fact, these two stand at the head. Meadow-foxtail is a good very early pasture-grass, but not good for hay. The mixture for permanent pasture should include meadow-fescue, alsike, tall oat-grass, meadow-foxtail, orchard-grass, timothy and clovers. The perennial rye-grass has not proved of much value here. The climate is too severe. Sometimes the Canada blue-grass (*Poa compressa*) is valuable for pasture. It is a rich grass, but not productive.

Soiling Crops.

For green feed the best grass grown at Guelph is luzerne, as it gives a crop very early. It has been cut as early as the last of April, then giving at the rate of three tons of green stuff to the acre. For cutting green, oats and peas are, of course, one of the best crops. Sow from one to two bushels of oats and one bushel of peas an acre, and make sowings two weeks apart to have a continuous supply.

The Dairy.

The station a few years ago had a fine dairy of thoroughbred cattle of various breeds. In consequence of the tuberculosis scare, \$3,000 worth of fine animals had to be slaughtered, without real justification in many cases, it seems. At any rate, the tests were undoubtedly much severer than there was any need of. The herd at the station now consists of grades and scrubs mostly. Too bad!

T. GR.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

GROWING TURNIPS.—No crop is more easily raised than turnips, when one knows how to do it; and no crop fails more frequently with many farmers. The chief secret of success lies in very early preparation of the ground. In rainy seasons everyone succeeds with the crop, and there is no profit from sales in the local market. Generally, drought comes in late summer, and the successful grower is the one who began in time to store up moisture for the crop. If the land must be plowed, this work should be done a month before seeding-time. It should be pulverized as fast as plowed, and a heavy roller should be used to firm the soil. If the weather remains dry, a mulch of straw, at the rate of three tons per acre, should be spread evenly over the surface. This will cause moisture to remain in the ground near the surface, and if even a light shower falls before time for sowing seed, the ground will be found moist under the straw. The straw should be burned off immediately before the seed is sown.

If the weather is seasonable, the straw mulch is not necessary, but the ground should be stirred with a light harrow after every rain. A usual mistake is to sow the seed too early, and especially to sow before a rain. This did very well when land was new and full of humus, but old land forms a crust after rains, and the soil about the seed becomes perfectly dry. If the surface is not moist as a result of mulching with straw, seeding should be deferred until a rain comes. A slight shower answers the purpose if the seed-bed has been made so compact that soil moisture has risen from beneath. Just as soon as the ground is dry enough to stir, harrow lightly, sow the seed, and drag lightly with a plank float. The first ten days of August are a favorable time for the latitude of Cincinnati. The soil should be rich, and the seeding should be light. By early preparation of the land, securing a rise of moisture from the subsoil and saving the water that fell in light showers, a good crop of turnips may be secured in an exceedingly droughty season; and in such seasons a fair local market makes the crop a paying one. The surplus is relished by cattle and sheep.

CRIMSON CLOVER.—If red clover had been on trial the last two years, when severe drought has been so general, the verdict of a majority of farmers would have been that it was not adapted to fill a place in our crop rotations. Failure of red clover has been very general over large areas, due to the lack of moisture in the soil. But we know that red clover is most valuable, and that the cause of failure is not attributable to the plant, but to the soil. Crimson clover has been on trial during this droughty period, and there seem to be nine failures to one success, but some of these failures are directly attributable to the lack of moisture. I am sure that another general trial of this new clover should be made, and now that the deficiency in rainfall is being rapidly made up, it is probable that a seeding this summer will give a fair test of the value of this plant. Droughts have prevented fall growth, and the plants have not gotten well rooted. With plenty of rain, all this will be changed. The plants can make good growth before winter, and then the question of hardiness can be determined.

Crimson clover should be sown the first half of August. Many have been seeding too late in the summer or in the early fall. I have little faith in success with it in corn-fields, as corn evaporates water rapidly from the ground, and leaves the supply too scant for the clover. It may be sown after an early spring crop has been removed, and probably its greatest value may be gotten by sowing the seed in stubble-fields that have failed to make a perfect catch of red clover. The bare patches should have the surface broken, and for this purpose there is nothing better than a grain-drill. It leaves the scattering red-clover plants and the wheat-stubble standing, and as the crimson-clover plants start in the fresh soil, they have the stubble as a protection. The two clovers do not ripen together, the crimson being

about two weeks the earlier; but the soil is made richer, and that is the chief consideration.

KEEPING PASTURES CLEAN.—In the hilly portions of the great Ohio valley an immense area of land, in the aggregate, is kept in permanent blue-grass pasture. Inquiries are often made in regard to the best way of keeping this rough land clean. Papaw-bushes, briars and many bad weeds abound, and not infrequently the contest with them is given up by the owner of the land. There is no easy way of killing out such a growth, and half-hearted measures do not pay. The main fact to bear in mind is that the leaves are, in a sense, the lungs of the plants, and if the tops are kept well cut, the roots must die in time. Sheep are an aid in that they like the tender buds of most kinds of growths, thus reducing the leaf surface. Other stock aids in the same way, though not in an equal degree. After that, clipping with scythe and hoe is the chief dependence. A heavy sod is a help, especially in case of weeds, and for that reason close grazing with sheep often does harm. If a permanent pasture is thoroughly cleaned twice a year—once before July and once in the latter part of August—so that thistles and other weeds are never allowed to seed, it is only a few years until the labor of cleaning is comparatively small. Cutting during severe drought is very effective.

FARM FENCES.—It is in midsummer, when town clerks are taking their vacations at "country cousins'" homes, and too many farmers are taking their vacations with scythe in hand, trimming out fence-cornerers, that one fully appreciates the absence of all needless roadside and partition fences. Some are a necessity, but when the idea is fully accepted that fences should be built only to keep stock in, and never to keep stock out, the number of miles of fencing will be wonderfully reduced. The highway is for travel, not for pasturage by the public. Where fields next the highway are for tillage only, it is a great pleasure to be able to plow to the edge of the highway, having no unsightly fence-row, and being able to clip the roadside from the track to the growing crop with a mower. Where partition fences are not needed, there should be no fence-row. Each owner should plow to the line, leaving no room for briars or weeds. Stock should be fenced within the inclosure intended for it, and an occasional rock or locust post is sufficient marking for all other lines. In this way expense of much fencing is saved, appearances are improved, and there is less harbor for animal and vegetable pests.

DAVID.

TO PREVENT BRUISES FROM THE HARNESS.

The annoying sores made by the harness can almost entirely be prevented by intelligent care. The pressure of harness and collar upon parts not accustomed to it, if long continued, so compresses the blood-vessels that the normal flow of blood is checked, the vessel walls are bruised and partially paralyzed; the muscles are also bruised and weakened. When the pressure is suddenly removed with the removal of the harness, the blood rushes into the weakened vessels, dilating their walls, so that the blood-serum passes through and accumulates in the connective tissue under the skin. Thus originate the soft, fluctuating swellings often appearing upon the collar-rest. If these accumulations are not removed, either through absorption or through an incision in the skin, there results a permanent enlargement from callous formation.

When the injury is only to the skin and underlying muscular tissue, an inflammation is incited that results in a breaking down of the tissues at the affected point. In nature's attempt to rebuild, there is an excess of material deposited, and thickening of the part results unless intelligent treatment is given.

The sores that result in sloughing away of some parts are caused either by the excessive heat arising from friction of the harness, or by a killing of the parts from cutting off the blood supply through long-continued pressure.

An understanding of these processes enables one to alleviate the conditions favoring them. The same collar should be used on a horse, provided it is a good one, so as not to be continually shifting the pressure, then put a horse to heavy work gradually. Stop frequently, not long at a time, and raise the collar, manipulating

the parts of the shoulder upon which it rests with the fingers, so as to restore the circulation. It is an excellent plan to have an old cloth attached to the harness to use to wipe the perspiration from the shoulder. A young man of my acquaintance uses his shirt-sleeve for this purpose, and he always has a fine-looking team, with never a sore on them. On removing the harness, bathe the parts upon which the harness has rested heavily with cold water; this contracts the muscles and tends to prevent inflammation and swelling of the parts.

At this time of year, when the work is changing to implements with tongues, we are not apt to think that the old farm-horses are almost as liable to have sores developed upon their necks as young horses just being put to work. Toughening one part does not make all proof against injuries. The necks of the old team should be watched during harvest.

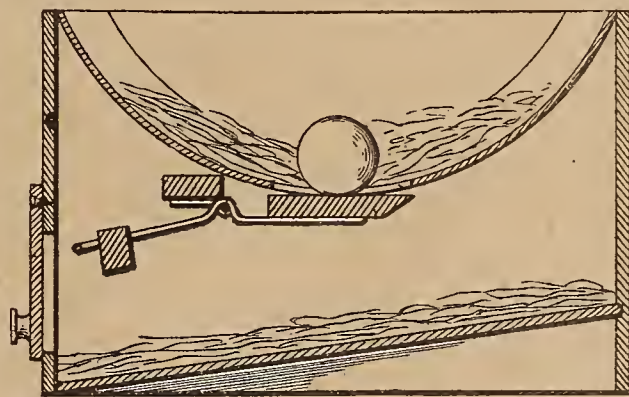
Should an injury appear, bathe the part with cold water or apply ice so long as there is any inflammation or fever in the part. This usually lasts twelve to twenty-four hours. Pads kept wet with cold water are beneficial. After the fever has all subsided, use warm water to hasten the repair of the parts. Whenever the skin is broken from any cause, bathe with a two to five per cent solution of creoline. It should also be used where the skin is badly bruised. It prevents infection of the parts.

Delaware county, Ohio. H. P. MILLER.

PATENTED HEN-DECEIVERS.

In the class of inventions known as "poultry culture" in the United States patent office there are many peculiar patents. In looking over the drawings in this class, it would seem that the inventors are aiming to produce devices calculated to take advantage of the unsuspecting fowl. If a bad habit in a fowl needs correcting, the inventor seems to think that if he can devise some manner of influencing the hen's mind, some deceptive scheme to play a scurvy trick on the guileless chicken, his purpose has been accomplished.

To prevent fowls from scratching up the garden, an inventor secured a patent which is known to patent-office officials as the



"hen-pusher." This device consists of two strands of spring wire secured to the leg of a hen, and extending backward, so that should she attempt to scratch, the wire points would stick in the ground and push her to the front, until eventually she would be pushed out of the yard, if she insisted upon scratching.

To prevent hens from sitting, an inventor obtained a patent for a piece of wire armed with projecting points, or barbs, and bent into spiral or convoluted form, to be placed in the nest.

Quite a number of patents have been granted for hens' nests having for their purpose the dropping of the egg, immediately after it is laid, into a receptacle below the nest.

A device of this character is shown in the accompanying illustration, and was patented in 1890. In the bottom of the nest is an aperture which is normally closed by a piece of wood mounted upon the end of a lever pivoted under the nest. The opposite end of the lever is weighted so as to hold the wooden gate up to the aperture. When an egg is laid by the hen upon the gate, the lever is operated by the weight of the egg to drop the latter into a receptacle below upon a straw-covered, inclined board, and by gravity it rolls to the front of the box near a door or cover, where it may be taken out. While the prime object of this nest is not to deceive the hen, but to prevent rats and other animals from getting at the eggs, yet there must be some surprise evinced by the hen when she looks back into the nest. She may be in some doubt whether it would pay to cackle.

Not a few nest-eggs have been patented.

One inventor describes a nest-egg composed of brimstone, lime, carbolic acid and glue, cast in a mold, and designed to destroy insects.

Another is made hollow, of porous material, and filled with some kind of insecticide fluid.

Many devices for automatically closing the door or gate of the nest-box when the hen is on are to be found in the class of "poultry culture," and there are also several contrivances for feeding and watering. A little piece of wire for connection to the bill of a chicken, to prevent feather-pulling, is also to be seen in this class.

EMMET P. BUNYEA.

PICKED POINTS.

July is the month to sow the seeds of flat turnips. A great deal of winter feed for stock can be got out of them, and it is a kind of feed that does well with dry fodder. In fact, all stock should have some succulence in winter. Turnips are easily grown, and generally as a "catch crop." Turn any sod-land now, or land that has grown a spring crop, make the soil fine; mix a pound of turnip-seed with one hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer, set a grain-drill to sow one hundred pounds to the acre, and then go ahead. The turnip-seed will be evenly distributed, and the fertilizer will give the plants a good start. Here I will make a suggestion worthy of trial: When the turnip-seed is sown, broadcast crimson-clover seed and harrow in, thus growing a catch crop with a catch crop. This clover needs a nurse crop if sown in hot weather, and when grown in the North it must be sown in midsummer to get a good root for winter.

I think when we learn how to manage crimson clover in the North we will find it much more valuable than any of us give it credit for now. We got this plant from the South, and also its method of propagation there, which is to sow it in the corn at the last working. But we should remember that it is quite the custom there to strip the blades from corn while yet green, for fodder. Their corn-hills are usually four feet apart, and but one or two stalks in a hill; so even if the blades are not stripped the shade cannot be very dense. In the North, where we plant smaller corn, when not in drills the check-rows are three and a half feet or less apart, and four to six stalks in a hill. This makes a dense shade near the ground, and no undergrowth can flourish, not even weeds. It is possible that with an early variety of corn, that could be cut the fore part of September, this clover, sown at the last working, might get root enough to carry it through autumn and winter.

Sown entirely alone in July, the sun is very apt to destroy or greatly injure it. It is essentially a cool-weather plant; but in the North it must get root enough to have a substantial footing to carry it through the winter. I have watched this plant from its first introduction into the North, and am satisfied it should be sown about the middle of July, with some kind of a nurse crop, with shade not too dense; hence, I suggest turnips as the most promising. It is possible that it would do well with buckwheat, but this is somewhat problematical. Sown with beans at the last working, a year ago, the dense shade was too much for it. Only narrow strips between drills made any showing. A small field sown alone on the twentieth of July, after early potatoes, did well, in a favorable location, with considerable surrounding shade. It made more root than stalk until cool weather set in. It went into winter with stalks nine inches high, and the field showed green all winter when free from snow. The first of April it would have furnished excellent pasturage, but it was kept for seed. The first of May the clover was twenty-three inches high, and the tenth of June it was ripe, and about twenty-eight inches tall. This was a test to see what it would do at this latitude—42½ degrees. As a late fall and early spring feed it has no equal. It keeps the ground mulched, gathers nitrogen from the atmosphere, and brings up mineral fertilizers from the subsoil.

DR. GALEN WILSON.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

APPLYING TOBACCO-DUST.—Tobacco-dust is a most excellent insecticide, and, as often stated, we use it freely, and with most satisfactory effect for many of our insect enemies. For some of these, for instance, the yellow cucumber-beetle, it proves fully effective only when used in large doses. A mere sprinkling may help to keep bugs off when they are not very hungry; but when there are a good many of them, and only a few cucumber-hills, we have to almost hide the plants from view by covering them with the dust, in order to put them on an absolute safe footing. Usually a good handful thrown among the plants in a hill, so that the ground will be well covered, proves efficient in keeping the plants from harm. Softer-bodied enemies, such as caterpillars and some maggots, are very sensitive to the tobacco-dust treatment, that by a mere sprinkling or dusting we can clear bushes and plants from them within a very short time; in fact, "while we wait." The caterpillars on trees or shrubs, including the green-worm on currant and gooseberry bushes, give up the ghost within a short time, say an hour or so, after being touched by the tobacco. Heretofore we have applied this material either with the hand, throwing it with a scattering motion with the wind into the plants or bushes; on some occasions we have dusted it by means of one of the cheap, small powder-bellows which can be found at seed and hardware stores, and cost from ten cents to twenty-five cents apiece. Where one has but a few plants and bushes to go over, these small hand-bellows will answer well enough. It is but little trouble to treat a few hundred heads of cabbages in this way for the cabbage-worm. We use these bellows, too, for dusting sitting hens, or hens with little chicks, with tobacco-dust, in order to rid them of lice. But for larger operations, such as applying the dust to currant and gooseberry bushes, in larger patches, or lime for slugs on peavines, or into trees, we would prefer to have a larger-sized and more powerful bellows. The only question is, which one of those that are now being advertised is the most satisfactory to use? It is a question we will have to decide before long, for the tendency of the times seems to be to substitute dry powders for the fungicidal liquids now generally used. I propose to investigate.

FOR THE POTATO-BUG.—I had been in hopes that tobacco in dust form might also be used effectively in destroying the slugs on potato-vines. In this, however, I have thus far been disappointed. The tobacco did not seem to inconvenience the pests very much, if at all. They are a tough lot. The bugs are not very numerous this season, but they can always be found on the earliest planted potato-vines, and here we must guard against their increase by hand-picking; or if we have given them a chance to breed, we must at least apply poisons very promptly. The Paris green I obtained this year again failed to act as quickly as I would wish, and I had to make the application very much stronger than is usually recommended. Indeed, I used the Paris green at the rate of one pound to forty gallons of water (with a little lime to prevent injury to the foliage), and then it took forty-eight hours or so before all the slugs succumbed. I think I shall send a sample to our experiment station for analysis. Indeed, should have done that long ago, so that in case the Paris green is a poor article, I could have secured another lot. But why don't our dealers, seedsmen, spray-pump makers, etc., look after this matter themselves? They sell us Paris green, but can't guarantee its purity. This is wrong. T. GREINER.

FRUIT REPORTS.

More reports on the condition of our fruit crops have been received, and more are wanted. Thus far I have heard little from West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, southern Pennsylvania, Maine, Quebec, etc. Friends in those regions and elsewhere, please write me.

FROM OREGON.—Chas. D. Cooley, Josephine county, writes: "The apple crop of southern Oregon will not be a half crop.

We had one of the worst springs ever known in this country; cold, wet, frosts and freezes."

S. B. Lodge, Lane county, writes: "The apple crop will be only about twenty-five per cent of a full crop. Pears, almost an entire failure. Rain has prevented proper fertilization. I think the whole Willamette valley is in about the same fix. This is usually one of the best fruit districts in the United States, the fruit being of fine quality and large size."

FROM SOUTHEASTERN KENTUCKY.—G. D. Andes, Laurel county, writes: "Pears will be a full crop in this vicinity. Apples, about half a crop."

FROM SOUTHERN MISSOURI.—Mrs. L. S. Hamilton, Polk county, writes: "Apples are one half our usual crop; cherries, not one third of a crop; peaches, berries of all kinds and grapes are a good crop. We lost much on our strawberries on account of heavy rains and streams swollen so we could not market the fruit."

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—Jesse W. Cole, Orange county, writes: "Our fruit prospects are not flattering. There was a very heavy bloom. Apples are very few, and many of the trees are attacked by rust. Peaches have for some years been badly injured by rot."

FROM IOWA.—F. H. Brubaker, Linn county, writes: "This (eastern) part of Iowa is not considered much of a country for apples and pears, but this year the prospects are good for the largest crop of fruit ever known."

FROM TENNESSEE.—Thos. G. Fulkerson, Claibourne county, writes: "We have less than one fourth of a full crop of apples in this county."

FROM NORTHEASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—Charles F. Knight writes: "Our apples and grapes promise full crops, plums one half a crop; and of pears there will be none. The whole of New England, I think, will have a bountiful supply of apples."

FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.—Sub., Welland county, writes: "Apples promise a full crop in all the apple sections of the Dominion; pears are well set; plums plentiful in favored locations, and peaches scarce except in a few localities. The cherry crop, both sweet and sour, was very good."

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Best Grapes for Texas.—J. S. B., Hope, Kan. In the vicinity of Galveston most of the grapes succeed. Among the well-known sorts especially adapted to that section are Missouri Riesling, Herbenmont, Concord and Delaware. Many varieties are liable to rot in the moist part of Texas, and require careful use of Bordeaux mixture to prevent it.

Propagating the Dewberry.—J. F. P., Sulphur Springs, Tex. The young wood of dewberries will root if covered with moist earth, and this is the way the plants are generally increased. So far as I know, blackberries will not root from the tips, and I have covered them repeatedly; but there may be some kind that will do so; the common, well-known kinds will not. It is customary to grow blackberries from root cuttings made in autumn.

Horse-chestnut Seedlings.—S. C. P., South Bethlehem, Pa. The horse-chestnut is easily raised from the seed, which should be separated from the shells and planted as soon as gathered; or the seed may be buried in sand outdoors and be planted in the spring. Plant in rows three feet apart, putting the nuts six inches apart; or plant three or four nuts where a tree is wanted, thinning out to one plant, if necessary, when nicely started the first season. Plant about two inches deep.

Grape Cider.—J. H. R., Graham, Texas. Grape-juice, like wine, may be made in many ways, and depends for its quality on the method employed and the grapes used. You will have to work out a process adapted to your grapes and location to get the best results. In general, the juice of the fruit is pressed out, about an equal quantity of water added to it, and sweetened to taste. It is then heated to a temperature of about 155 degrees, and kept there about half an hour; and some

makers prefer to heat it a second time in the same way before bottling. It should be put into bottles that have been boiled in water, and corked with corks that have been heated in an oven. Treated in this way it keeps well; but to be successful, the bottles must be filled with the hot juice. Another and simpler way, where the proper facilities are at hand, is to put the juice into clean bottles and cork them; then put the filled bottles into a vat of water (temperature 155 degrees) and keep them there one hour. In large establishments vats are heated by steam, but a good sorghum-pan will answer very well on a large scale, or a wash-boiler in a small way. The only extra piece of apparatus needed that is not found in an ordinary kitchen is a good thermometer registering up to at least 212 degrees. My wife puts up her grape-juice without using a thermometer, allowing it to boil for a short time, and then preserving in Mason jars, and we all think it very nice. I think, however, the boiling destroys some of the delicate flavors, and the thermometer should be followed by those preparing grape-juice for market.

Canker-worms.—R. S. C., Mount Carmel, Conn. There are two species of the canker-worm, each of which affects the trees in the same way. The female moths of both species are wingless, and have to crawl up the trunks of the trees, while the males have wings and fly about. The female of one species climbs up the trunks of the trees in autumn and lays her eggs on the bark, while the other climbs up very early in the spring, or even late in winter, and lays her eggs. The eggs hatch just as the leaves unfold, and the young worms feed on them. Owing to the wingless condition of the female moth, the insects may be kept out of the trees by bands of paper covered with printer's ink; but these must be freshened every day or the moths will gradually get across them. Where one has but a limited number of trees, it is a good plan to put a small tin or zinc V-shaped trough completely around each tree, and in this keep a small amount of kerosene through the autumn and spring months. This is an absolutely sure remedy for this pest, providing the space between the trough and the tree is well packed with oakum or other material, so the moth cannot get under it. A piece of tin should act as an overhanging roof over the trough, to keep out water. On a large scale, it is the experience of apple-growers in New England that the best way of fighting this insect is by spraying the leaves of infested trees with Paris green and water, at the rate of one pound to 150 gallons of water, as soon as the leaves begin to unfold.

Apples for Cider—Pollination of Apples—Woolly-aphis—Moles.—H. C. B. C., Missoula, Mont. The Roxbury and other russet apples are generally most highly esteemed in this country for cider; but most any of the firm flesh winter kinds, such as Tallman's Sweet, Baldwin, Winesap, etc., make good cider. Of the crabs best adapted to this purpose are the Virginia, Martha and Minnesota, the latter being almost too good for such a purpose. In making your selection of varieties for this purpose, it would be well to choose those now doing well in the vicinity of Missoula, which, being so favorably situated for fruit, will probably permit the growing of most all the varieties mentioned.—Very little is as yet known about the subject of fertilization of the different kinds of apples; but enough is known to make it probable that it would be safest in planting not to set many trees of one kind in an orchard without having at least one tenth of the number some strong, hardy, fruitful sort flowering at nearly the same time.—The woolly-aphis does its greatest injury to the roots of trees. They live on the roots near the surface of the ground, and frequently may be seen on the base of sprouts around old trees. The lice are whitish, and covered, when mature, with a woolly covering. When the lice are abundant on very young trees, it is generally best to dig and destroy them. It is a very difficult insect to fight. When large trees are infested, it may pay to take the soil away from the surface-roots and destroy the lice with hot water or kerosene emulsion; but they cannot be entirely eradicated in that way. The use of a plentiful supply of unleached wood ashes or potash salts around the trees seems to keep the lice in check. Infested trees should be cultivated and highly fertilized, since they do much less damage to thrifty than to weak trees. All young stock should be carefully examined before being planted, and if badly infested, should be immersed in kerosene emulsion.—Moles are seldom, if ever, abundant except where insect pests abound. They are among the most helpful animals to man, and do not eat vegetable food. Where they are found working in lawns, it is because the land is full of June-beetle grubs or other hurtful insects. Of course, very often they are troublesome. Pocket-gophers, on the other hand, are a great pest, feeding as they do on the roots of trees, etc. Either of these animals can be killed or driven away by putting a little bisulphid of carbon on a bit of cotton batting and placing it in their burrows. The fumes from this liquid are destructive to life. It resembles gasoline, and is fully as explosive. A cheap grade, especially prepared for this purpose, can be bought of wholesale druggists. The pocket-gopher may also be poisoned by the use of strychnine put into carrots, apples, etc., and placed in its burrows.

SOME STRAWBERRY NOTES.

The strawberry delights in cool, moist weather. For that reason August-set plants frequently fail to develop well. Plants from late fall runners fail to blossom the following spring. Such plants are the very best to set a spring plantation from. They throw out runners early in the season and early form well-developed, matted rows; and if the runners are clipped as in the hill system, form finely developed plants for next year's fruiting.

Spring setting of strawberry-plants is favorable to both the matted-row and hill systems, but summer-set plants should generally have the runners clipped to do their best.

Good crops of strawberries can be grown on chemical manure alone, but a good strawberry soil which is moist and somewhat liable to pack by cultivation needs a liberal dressing of barn manure in preparation for every other crop, if the bi-yearly system is pursued. Dressing that is a year old is preferable on account of less grass and weed seed it contains. A liberal dressing of finely ground bone and potash—kainite or muriate—applied in preparing the bed, and occasional applications of nitrate of soda during the growing season—the latter applied at the rate of two hundred pounds to the acre in all—will give paying crops of strawberries.

Use the chemicals on land liable to be infested with the white grubs, and the kainite in preference to muriate. Grub-infested plants are readily noticed by their wilting; dig at the root, and an inch below the surface the grub will be found. August and September set plants should be set quite close in the rows. If the roots of the plants are dipped into water in which a teaspoonful of nitrate of soda to the quart is dissolved, they will be more likely to live.

In some localities the strawberry leaf-blight damages the plants. It attacks the plant when the fruit is nearly gathered, or later. Spray the plants as soon as the fruit is picked on bearing beds, and earlier on new beds, with Bordeaux mixture; or what will be found more efficacious, "liver of sulphur," one half pound of sulphur to sixty gallons of water. In some localities this fungus pest is the bane of strawberry culture, as it attacks the new leaves, and spreads with such rapidity that the whole plantation will be smitten in twenty-four hours.

Strawberries are easily grown with ordinary pains and attention to fertilization and good culture, but perfection in the culture of this delicious berry can only be reached by sub-irrigation, with proper appliances to control the supply of water. Next to sub-irrigation is the ditch system, and this system is practicable on at least fifty per cent of the farms. The windmill is the cheap universal motor to raise the water from spring, well or stream to suitable elevation, gravitation doing the final distribution. It is not as much a large quantity of water that the strawberry requires as an equitable distribution of moisture at the right time—when in flower and fruiting.

With a good supply of water under control, the strawberry-setting may be deferred till an early crop of peas or potatoes, or even cabbage, has been removed from the land, then some quick-acting fertilizer applied, and the strawberry-plants set. These fall-set plants may be set twelve to fifteen inches apart in the rows—according to the habits of growth, the strong-growing kinds the latter distance—and rows two feet apart for the garden-beds; for field culture, three feet will be none too wide apart to give room for the horse and cultivator.

Cut the runners as they appear, in both cases, but in the field plantation, after the crop has been gathered the following season, a suitable number of new plants may be allowed to grow and form partial matted rows, which will drive the horse and cultivator out of the field toward the close of summer. A mulch of small hay or straw may occupy the narrow spaces the second spring. When the fruit is gathered that year, plow and seed to clover—alsike, southern or medium. Cut for hay as soon as the earliest blossoms appear the third season from the time the first strawberry-plants were set, then put in the plow and turn under this wealth of halm and roots, which will supply the needed humus to the soil; apply eight to ten hundred pounds of dissolved bone or dissolved rock, four to eight hundred pounds of kainite or half a ton of wood ashes, according to the condition of the soil, and set again to strawberries in August or September, as at first, thus partially combining the two systems of hills and matted rows.

Maine.

L. F. ABBOTT.

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Our Farm.

FARMERS' FREE-MAIL DELIVERY.

IN response to what was called "a popular demand," the government established, as an experiment, free-mail delivery in about fifty country places. The trial failed to convince the authorities that free-mail delivery to farmers was practicable, and the system was abandoned. It has been suggested that the so-called "popular demand" for free delivery, and the vigorous protest that was made when it was discontinued, came not from the farmers, but from those interested in the distribution of offices; for if the system of free delivery were extended to every part of the country, there would necessarily be a great augmentation of the clerical force.

In some places where free delivery was tried, the farmers were reported to be "strangely apathetic," and this fact, if it was a fact (and it was, probably), led critics to say, "Why, the farmer does not know what he wants; he is so indifferent to his own interests that he will not open his hand to receive what is offered for nothing."

The farmer is not so blind as he is often represented. It is not new for those who have little acquaintance with the farmer, or less appreciation of his necessities, to tell the farmer exactly what is good for him. Whenever the farmer realizes that there is an attempt to use him as a political prop, he rebels, or at least he stands aloof and holds his tongue; and when a man has learned to do that, he has learned what many have not, and is on the road to wisdom.

Report has been made that in some country places every man, woman and child able to write (and some who could only make their marks) signed a petition for free-mail delivery. What is remarkable about that? Nothing is easier in city or country than to secure signers to a petition for anything of public interest, more particularly if what is petitioned for is to come without cost to the signers.

I asked a farmer if the people of his town wanted free delivery, and he answered emphatically:

"Yes, sir, everyone of them!"

"Do you want it?"

"Yes, for my neighbors."

"Not for yourself?"

"I don't need it."

"Why?"

"Because there's hardly a day in the year when some of our folks are not in town."

"What per cent of your people need free delivery?"

"Humph! I don't know. I never gave the matter much thought. I signed the petition because the farmer has never had more than his share of government attention. If my neighbors wanted free-mail delivery, and it cost nothing, I was ready to help them get it, even if it did me no good. But in reply to your question, I should say that a third of the people of my town might be benefited by free-mail delivery, if the third received any mail."

To what class of farmers does the third belong—the progressive, energetic class?"

"Perhaps not."

"If you did not go to the post-office as often as you do, would you take advantage of the free delivery of mail if it were established?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I prefer to go to the post-office for my mail."

This introduces another phase of the free-mail delivery discussion. People "average up" about the same the world over, in city and country. Perhaps there is nothing that brings out peculiarities more prominently of all persons than the treatment of their letters. Why do persons in cities hire post-office boxes and pay eight dollars a year for each box? I asked one man, who receives a weekly paper and perhaps one or two letters a week, why he hired a box (eight dollars a year), when the letter-carrier passed his house twice a day?

"What!" he exclaimed, "give the carrier a chance to read all my postal-cards?"

There are other reasons why the farmer may prefer to go to the post-office for his mail. The progressive farmer in outlying districts is not content to shut himself up in his town; he must see the world or some larger part of it; he must be in touch with a larger civilization. And, therefore, wherever he is, not many days will pass, even in the busy season, without his going outside of his township.

In a farming community in a New England town there is a post-office and one store where everything needed in such a place, from a harrow to a needle, is sold. The nearest larger place, a manufacturing village, is sixteen miles away. A resident of the town says that probably half of the people who depend on that post-office go to the larger town at least once every week, making a journey of thirty-two miles. Why? To see the world—a larger world than their own; a place where there is a half dozen stores instead of one. Is it supposed that farmers and their wives and children who travel thirty-two miles in a day to visit their larger neighbor, when there may be no absolute need of it, will give any thought to going three to six miles to their post-office? In the town referred to the week-day church meetings, the grange meetings and other evening attractions bring to the post-office nearly every day some representative of all families.

Again, not one farmer in fifty needs a daily mail; if a farmer does need it, he will not be content with the carrier system; at least he will not depend upon it. The free delivery of mail to farmers is, first, unnecessary, and second, impracticable.

GEORGE APPLETON.

SOUTH ATLANTIC AND GULF NOTES.

The effort which is now being made by the progressive farmers of the South to ascertain what money crop can be grown to the best advantage is a commendable one. A spirit of enterprise backed by intelligent effort is sure to accomplish results that will exceed the expectations of the most sanguine. It may be set down as a fact that there is no section of the resourceful South but what will eventually be developed in some profitable direction.

That the people of the South are doing some thinking and something in the line of working out their thoughts, the proposed hop-growers' union at Cheraw, Chesterfield county, S. C., recently, will serve as an example. Statistics show that for the past eight years hops have netted more per acre in money than any other crop.

Mr. A. L. Jones, ex-editor of the *Hop-growers' Journal*, in New York, has, after a thorough investigation, decided that the lands in the vicinity of Cheraw are particularly well adapted to hop culture. The hop market is almost an invariably active one. The crop is easily cultivated, and is a comparatively sure one. The estimated profit of a well-established hop-field ranges from \$100 to \$500 an acre. The estimated outlay for poles enough for an acre, in the state of New York, is \$50 an acre. In the Carolinas this would be greatly reduced. The first outlay for vines, poles and drying-kilns is expensive, and the vines do not attain their full bearing power until the third year, yet the subsequent profits soon leave a good balance on the credit page of the ledger.

The production of pure syrup from the Ribbon (or Louisiana) sugar-cane is attracting, as it should, the attention of experts. Prof. B. B. Ross, of the Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College station, at Auburn, has demonstrated that cane-juice can be successfully purified—even on a small scale—before evaporation. The cane-juice is allowed to flow over two series of three shelves each, fastened to the opposite sides of an air-tight box 1x2½x4 feet. This box is kept filled with the fumes of burning sulphur from a small furnace underneath. After this process is completed, the juice is heated almost to the boiling-point, when a small amount of thin milk of lime is added, but the juice is still left distinctly acid. By careful skimming and rapid reduction to a density of 32° Beaume, the syrup produced was of light color, was not inclined to crystallize or sour, and was kept for eleven months in tightly sealed bottles without change.

Brown county, which is one of the central ones of Texas, is somewhat noted for its pecan crop. One orchard on Pecan bayou contains no less than eleven thousand trees. Brownwood, the county-seat, is a prominent shipping-point. The sales amount to \$55,000 to \$60,000 annually.

The usual method is to plant twenty-seven trees to the acre, placing them forty feet apart. A pecan orchard will not begin to pay well until the tenth year after setting. The best grafted pecan-trees cost about seventy-five cents each. The cost per acre for land, fencing, trees, cultivation enough to keep down the undergrowth each year, taxes included, is estimated at \$87. When in full bearing, each tree will yield eight to twelve bushels. Extra large nuts sell at \$4 to \$6 per bushel, and smaller ones at \$1.50 to \$3. With a yield of 216 bushels to the acre, at a fair average price of \$4 per bushel, or \$864 per acre, it is safe to assume that at least an annual income of not less than \$400 per acre would be realized from an orchard of pecans. Peculiarly speaking, there is no doubt something more than picayunes in pecans.

J. W., JR.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—By publishing in your issue of June 15th an article entitled "Life in the Piny Woods," you assist in perpetrating (unintentionally, let us hope) a gross injustice against a worthy people. The only true statement in the article is that we have a "kindly climate and warm and light soil." Had the writer gone on and said that we had one of the most equable and healthful climates and an unlimited abundance of the purest and best water to be found anywhere in the United States, he would have approached nearer the truth in that respect. Now, I am a native of these "piny woods;" I have lived here for fifty-eight years, and I know the whole of this country from the Alabama river on the east to the Mississippi river on the west, and from the Gulf coast to the prairies, and nowhere, not even among the humblest negroes, have I ever seen a family doing their cooking in "one pot," or living entirely on "fried" food or "concentrated grease," whatever that is. This is an agricultural, pastoral and timbering country. Seventy-five per cent of our people are farmers and stock-raisers, and the rest are "loggers" or "timber-getters." Many of our farmers, especially those who live near available streams, first raise and gather their crops, and then get out and raft timber to the mills, for which they receive ready money. Thousands of cattle and sheep roam over these pine hills summer and winter, and without feed. Their owners gather in the shekels and pile up their bank accounts from the sales of beef and mutton and wool; and not only do they have "an ounce of butter or a drop of milk," but they fatten their hogs on clabber, and sell their butter readily for twenty-five cents per pound. Tens of thousands of pounds of wool are shipped to the markets of Mobile and New Orleans, or direct to the factories, both North and South. The wool raised in these piny woods, being free from dirt and burr, is called in New Orleans "Lake" wool, and commands the highest market prices. Our soil is a sandy loam, which, under fair seasons, good cultivation and generous fertilization, yields good crops of cotton, corn, rice, sugarcane, sweet potatoes (the bank potatoes of our friends), Irish potatoes, and all kinds of fruits, vegetables and grapes. In fact, the range of fruits and vegetables that we can and do raise profitably is practically unlimited. We have the orange (on the Gulf coast), the peach, different varieties of pears, apples, quinces, plums of all kinds, figs, grapes, apricots, and here where I live, seventy-five miles from the Gulf coast, may be seen the banana with its yearly yield of fruit. This last, however, is rare, and requires the tenderest care during our mild winters. The finest tobacco is also grown in small quantities. Many of our white population are descendants of the old Scotch and Scotch-Irish settlers from North and South Carolina, with all their old sturdy Presbyterianism, while the Methodists and Baptists are strongly represented. Now, will any one who is at all acquainted with the characteristics of this class of people believe that they have or can degenerate into "one-pot," "frying-pan," "concentrated-grease" eaters? We have in operation the public school system of the state, enjoyed alike by white and black, giving us from four to eight months free school. We also have various private schools of high grade, and I venture to assert that there are more newspapers and magazines of all kinds taken and read, and that there is more general intelligence to be found among the people of these "piny woods," than among the same class of people anywhere else in the United States. I give this as the result of personal observation over a large portion of our common country, and know whereof I speak. And as to hospitality—free, generous, unselfish and free from sectional prejudice—I refer to hundreds of northern men who own vast bodies of these same piny woods. Just a few miles back from the Gulf coast, along the creeks and bayous that are tributary to the Biloxi or Pascagoula rivers, are to be found the coal-burners. These people, simple, honest, hospitable, a mixture of creole, negro and very poor white, are somewhat primitive in their manner of living.

They ship their coal, or their merchants do for them, and when the schooner returns they get their supplies; these are in good variety and well cooked. I do not know of any private lands for sale. I do not know of a single mortgaged farm in southeast Mississippi, nor a man that is not able to pay all that he owes.

W. W. T.

Leaf, Mississippi.

FROM CALIFORNIA—SILK INDUSTRY.—Southern California, which so long remained unknown and unnoticed as a choice dwelling-place for home-seekers, has recently been rising higher and higher in the list of desirable locations. The fruits of California are attaining a well-deserved place in the commercial products of our country, and both in variety and excellency warrant the belief that this fame will not grow dim by the flight of years. But there is yet another source of wealth lying bidden in this glorious land, which when developed will outweigh any one source of enrichment that has yet been discovered. I refer to the silk industry. This one article costs the world \$400,000,000 annually, and the demand is constantly increasing. The United States makes use of one fourth of this amount. Most of this value of the goods is imported in a finished manufactured condition, though about \$10,000,000 is sent out yearly to foreign countries for raw and reeled silk to be finished in our hundreds of silk-factories, which are now able to turn out the finest of silk fabrics. Like too many other manufactured goods, silk is very largely adulterated, or, as it is called, "weighted," by which process the raw or reeled silk is made to weigh from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five per cent more than the pure silk weighs, by the addition of compounds. It is often said, and perhaps truly, that there is not a yard of pure silk manufactured in the United States. The silk-factories now operating in our country call for about 65,000,000 pounds of silk cocoons. About 40,000 acres of well-cultivated mulberry groves would produce this amount. No country in the world is better adapted to the silk industry than southern California, as the mulberry-tree in all its varieties thrives, and will attain a growth of five to ten feet in a year, while the health of the silkworm is simply perfect, as all losses will not exceed three per cent, while in France and Italy they always count on a loss of twenty-five to fifty per cent from disease. The rule in other countries from which we import silk is a season of six to seven weeks, and owing to less favorable climate the worm requires much more care, and hence more work is required to attain the same result. In southern California the silk season may be extended to eight months, and if house-room and mulberry-leaves are provided in sufficient quantity, a hatch of worms may be brought out every day—every five, ten, twenty or thirty days, as desired. But as it is in other matters, the silk industry, to be made a success, requires some means and a common-sense application of acquired knowledge.

C. W.

San Diego, Cal.

FROM GEORGIA.—If we have learned one lesson thoroughly from the commercial ruin around us during the last few years, it is that the farmer's occupation is the only one which rests on a substantial basis. I live about twenty miles from a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, and know a number of its best business men. Of these, ninety-nine out of a hundred have suffered severely from financial depression, many having utterly collapsed. Now let us look at the simple farming population where I live. Not one of these farmers has failed; many have money to loan. Twelve months ago a man bought a farm adjoining mine, for five hundred dollars. Last week he paid the last ten dollars due. Most of this money he made from his apple orchard, and from his hogs at large on our fine range. Near him is a man who started in life with no capital but a pair of mules. To-day he owns six hundred acres of our best land, heavily timbered. He has a neat frame house, good orchards that yield a net profit of eight hundred dollars per annum, fields under high cultivation, and money laid away. I could give you a dozen instances of men who began here with nothing and now have all they need. It is true the wants of our people are, as a rule, simple; but it must be borne in mind that in proportion to the capital invested the farmer can afford more luxuries than the city man. Take fruit, for instance. Every year my farm gives me in succession strawberries, cherries, currants, service-berries, gooseberries, raspberries, peaches, plums, apples, pears, watermelons and cantaloupes. This is a list of our fruits in actual bearing. They grow to perfection here, as we have no insects or droughts to fight. I am going into the poultry business on a large scale, as this is a wonderful chicken country. There is also a free range for cattle, sheep and hogs, and our people are making good money on these. We have a wonderful climate; it is nearer the happy medium than any other I have tried. Our chief drawback is that we are too thinly settled; we want more neighbors, if they are good ones. This part of the country offers very fine chances to men or women with small capital. I believe in farming, and in taking good agricultural papers to show us the way.

H. B.

Dillon, Dade county, Ga.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

OVERFEEDING PREVENTS LAYING.

NO FLOCK of hens will lay if they are fed three times a day. It is true that for awhile the heavy feeding will induce production, but the hens will gradually accumulate fat until they will cease work altogether. The objection to the noon meal is that the hens will become accustomed to receiving their food, running after the attendant for more whenever he appears, taking no interest in scratching or seeking any portion of their subsistence, and will always appear hungry.

The feeding of three meals a day is one of the causes which have made the Light Brahmas appear to some as unprofitable. They are well adapted for confinement, and when kept in yards must be carefully fed on nourishing food rich in egg-making material; but the confinement induces their owners to fear that the birds will not be properly supplied, hence they are fed all they desire, and they soon cease laying.

Foraging is the natural occupation of all birds of the domestic kind, and when deprived of their liberty, they should be supplied with litter in which to scratch during the day for small grains or seeds. Whenever the hens are loafing in the yards and do not scratch, withhold all food until they find that they must work. Feeding three times a day will never benefit the

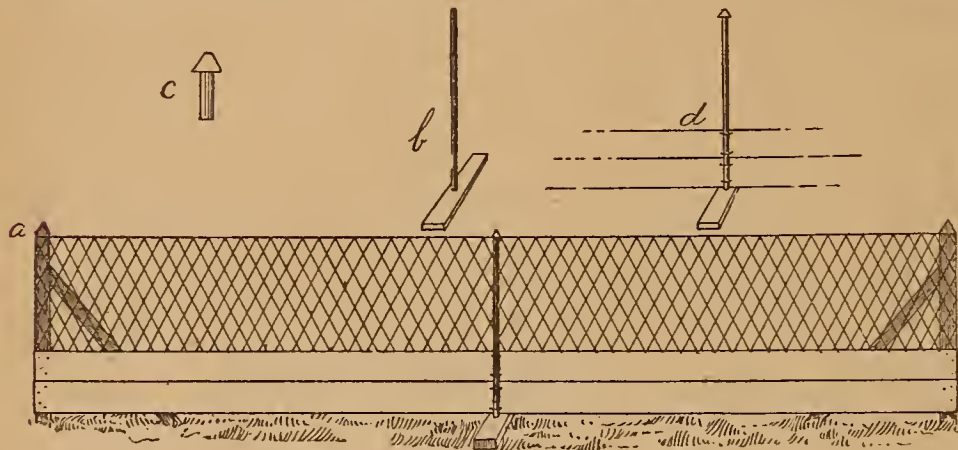
LATE CHICKS NOT GROWING.

It is a fact that the late chicks sometimes fail to make any progress in growth, especially during the warm months. This is due to the farmer being busy and compelling the chicks to sustain themselves to a certain extent; and also because the more chicks hatched, the more they are crowded, the early ones having more room and fewer drawbacks to encounter. The main cause, however, is lice, which the very early chicks escape. As the weather becomes warm there is a greater multiplication of lice, and they swarm in every place inhabited by the chicks. The early ones, being large and vigorous, can better withstand their ravages; but the later ones, being more feeble, will not thrive and grow. When the chicks do not grow, especially in pleasant weather, and with an abundance of food, it is, in nine cases out of ten, due to lice, both the head-lice and the mites; and when the cause is removed, the difficulty will be removed, also.

CHEAP AND HANDY FENCE.

The cost and labor of fences for fowls that are confined is quite an item. Mr. J. W. Brady, Maryland, sends us a design of a fence now in use, the heavy top wire being the main support, sagging also being avoided.

The posts for any length of fence are two, one at each end, and properly braced. A No. 9 wire (a) is stretched from post to post at the height intended the fence should be, and made taut by the aid of a wire-stretcher. The netting is then attached to the wire by weaving a fine copper or annealed wire in and out of the meshes



hens. It leads to disease and causes them to become lazy, which is a condition just the reverse of that which conduces most to their profitableness.

VARIETY AND COST.

The cost of keeping a hen will be almost as much when she does not lay as when she is producing eggs, because the food may be devoted to the storage of fat on the body or to provide animal heat in winter. It is also possible to feed the hens on foods which will not provide the constituents of the eggs. The failure to procure eggs may be because one essential substance is lacking. An egg contains everything that enters into the body of a chick, which contains bones, and if the food does not contain sufficient lime to form the bones, the eggs cannot be complete.

To induce hens to lay, therefore, the food must be of the proper kind. Quantity of food will have no effect if the food is unsuitable. There being a certain cost for keeping a hen, it is evident that the more eggs the larger the profit will be, because the first cost always must be met—that of sustaining the hen. A dollar expended for proper food is better than fifty cents for food that is not really needed, as the larger sum will at least result in the hens being more productive, while the smaller amount may be a total loss. Feed for eggs, not for fat, and do not attempt to be economical by withholding foods that are apparently costly, but essential.

FILTHY WATER.

When the hens are compelled to drink wherever they can find water, they will sometimes resort to the liquid that flows from the manure-heap, which causes disease. Water is just as essential as food, as the egg is composed almost wholly of water, in comparison with other substances. The heavily feathered breeds suffer severely in the summer if they are deprived of fresh water, and a lack of it is often sufficient to prevent them from laying. Water is cheap and plentiful, and a trough filled with it should always be placed where the fowls can have free access to it.

The portion at the right becomes the roosting-apartment in winter, the open portion with wire front being a covered run. In summer the winter apartment is closed, and the roosts placed in the open portion. A door is shown, which may be left open or closed, and there should also be a door from the open shed to the other apartment. This house may be of any size or style, but

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY
Pittsburgh.
BEYMER-BAUMAN
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Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK
Pittsburgh.
ANCHOR } Cincinnati.
ECKSTEIN }
ATLANTIC }
BRADLEY }
BROOKLYN } New York.
JEWETT }
ULSTER }
UNION }
SOUTHERN } Chicago.
SHIPMAN }
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MISSOURI }
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JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO.
Philadelphia.
MORLEY
Cleveland.
SALEM
Salem, Mass.
CORNELL
Buffalo.
KENTUCKY
Louisville.

CONSIDER THE COST. Suppose the building is 60x25x20. It will require to paint it, 14 gals. ready-mixed paint at \$1.25 per gal.—\$17.50; or, four 25-lb. kegs of white lead, \$6.00; five gals. pure linseed oil, \$2.50; four cans tinting colors, 80 cts.; ½ pt. Japan dryer, 15 cts.; ½ pt. turpentine, 5 cts. Total, \$9.50—a saving of \$8.00 in favor of

Pure White Lead

without considering its greater durability. Examine the brand (see list). For colors use the NATIONAL LEAD CO.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. No trouble to make or match a shade.

Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.

the roosts should be movable, so as to be placed in either apartment, according to the condition of the weather.

YOUNG TURKEYS.

This is the best time of the year to get growth on young turkeys. Instead of feeding grain, let them seek their food, allowing them at night a mess of cut bone and meat, which will be of assistance in promoting growth. Do not try to fatten young turkeys as yet. Get the frame, and the fat can be added later in the season. Rapid growth should be secured before the fall season comes.

WASTE AND REFUSE.

When the waste products of a slaughter-house can be procured, they are the cheapest substances that can be used in proportion to the services rendered in the manufacture of eggs. For instance, blood is largely composed of albumen, the same as the white of egg, and if this could be saved by the butcher, you could afford to pay five cents per pound for it when it is fresh. It may be mixed with ground grain and then cooked. It can be bought for one cent per pound, as a rule, and sheep's liver, hogs' liver, lights and trimmings from beef, all easily procured at a small cost, will largely add to the number of eggs, both in summer and in cold weather. During the winter, when eggs are high, an extra egg from each hen during the week will more than pay for the waste products of the butchers or from hotels. Stale bread and crackers from the bakery can sometimes be had at a small sum, and the fowls will appreciate all such food. If the flock is a large one, it will pay well to secure such articles, as they reduce the grain food proportionately.

WORK AND LICE.

While attention has been frequently called to the subject of destroying lice, yet we cannot too often give out the admonition to be on the watch for the pests. There is a certain degree of confidence on the part of the farmer or poultryman as the summer opens that he has completely kept lice in subjection; but nothing in the poultry business will occasion more surprise than to inspect an apparently clean poultry-house a week after ridding it of lice or cleaning it. During that week millions will have hatched out, and the house will be swarming with them, due to the fact that they multiply very rapidly, and can only be kept in subjection by spraying the poultry-house two or three times a week with kerosene emulsion.

A DEATH WARRANT for Lice, Mites, Fleas and other vermin on poultry, stock, etc. They are quickly and completely exterminated. No dusting or dipping. **Lee's Lice Killer** Endorsed by all poultry farmers. A postal will bring circulars of information and testimonials. Good sellers. Agts wanted. Geo. H. Lee, Mfr. Lee's Lice Killer, Exeter, Neb. Mention this paper when you write.

MANN BONE CUTTERS \$5 and up
TRY THEM BEFORE YOU PAY FOR THEM.
NOTHING ON EARTH WILL
MAKE HENS LAY
Like Green Cut Bone. Illustrated catalogue free if you name this paper. F. W. MANN CO., MILFORD, MASS.

Lice cannot be destroyed by simply giving the poultry-house an occasional application of the emulsion. It must be done thoroughly, drenching the house, and then repeating sufficiently often to completely exterminate them, or they will always cause extra labor and continual annoyance.

GROW A PATCH OF BUCKWHEAT.

Buckwheat is a summer plant, and will thrive on the lightest kind of soil. Its blossoms afford the bees a harvest of honey, and it is one of the best grains for poultry that can be used. As it is not always so easily procured as wheat, it will pay any farmer to grow a small plot of buckwheat as a special food for the hens in winter. It will greatly aid in promoting laying, and will be highly relished by the hens.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Games.—G. R., Frankfort, Ky., writes: "Can Game cockerels be kept together without quarreling?"

REPLY:—If entirely separated from the pullets they will be peaceable, if they are of the same lot; but a pullet or strange bird placed in the inclosure with them may cause combats.

Will Not Lay.—Mrs. J. M. W., Waycross, Ga., writes: "My hens lay but few eggs, and then prefer to sit. Some of them have the 'pip'."

REPLY:—They are probably too fat. Give no food if they are on a range. The "pip" is a sneeze, due to overhead drafts when they are on the roost.

Feather-pulling.—R. G. C., Marlboro, Mass., writes: "My hens pick feathers from the bodies of one another. What is the cause?"

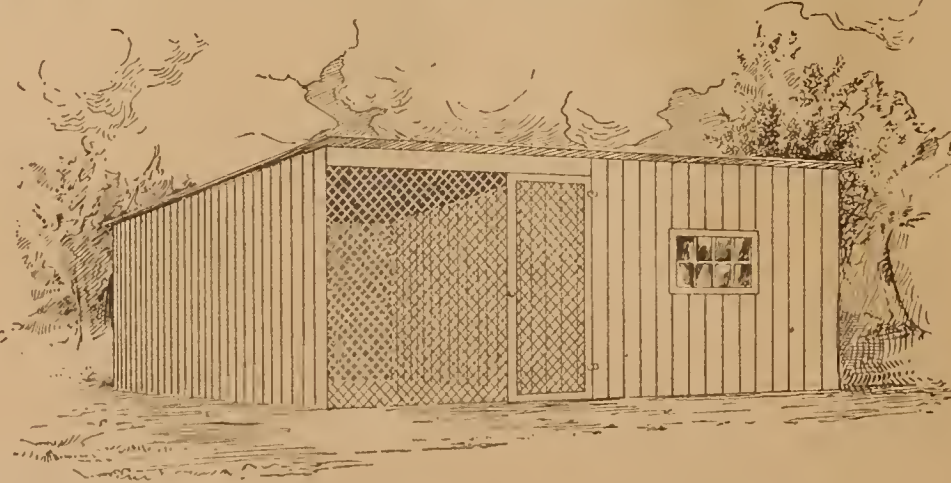
REPLY:—It is a vice or habit on the part of one which is learned by the others. There is no remedy except at the cost of much labor; hence, it is best to dispose of them. Idleness, overfeeding and confinement are the causes.

Loss of Chicks.—S. G. M., Columbia, Va., writes: "My eggs hatched well, and the chicks seemed strong at first, but in a week or two they appeared to droop, and then died. The early chicks did well. The difficulty is with the late chicks."

REPLY:—The cause is probably due to the large lice on the skin of the heads and necks. Anoint with a few drops of melted lard.

LANDS FOR SALE.

AT LOW PRICES AND ON EASY TERMS.
The Illinois Central Railroad Company offers for sale on easy terms and at low prices, 150,000 acres of choice fruit, gardening, farm and grazing lands located in SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. They are also largely interested in, and call especial attention to the 600,000 acres of land in the famous YAZOO VALLEY of Mississippi, lying along and owned by the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad Company, and which that Company offers at low prices and on long terms. Special inducements and facilities offered to go and examine these lands both in Southern Illinois and in the "Yazoo Valley," Miss. For further description, map and any information, address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, No. 1 Park Row, Chicago, Ill.; or, G. W. MCGINNIS, Ass't Land Commissioner, Memphis, Tenn.



Our Fireside.

DARLING NELLIE GRAY.

There's a low green valley,
On the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

CHORUS.

Oh, my poor Nellie Gray,
They have taken her away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river,
And I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain,
And the stars were shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray,
And we would paddle down the river
In my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her,
"She's gone," the neighbors say;
The white man bound her with his chain;
They've taken her to Georgia
For to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water,
And my banjo is unstrung;
I am tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward,
And my song shall be unsung
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded,
And I cannot see my way—
Hark! there's somebody at the door—
Oh, I hear the angels calling,
And I see my Nellie Gray;
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my darling Nellie Gray,
Up in heaven, so they say,
They'll never take you from me any more;
I'm a-coming, coming, coming,
As the angels clear the way;
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

SISTER DOBKINS' IDEA.

BY LYDIA A. SMITH.



ENTLY the warm south wind swayed the muslin curtains hanging at the parlor windows, and fluttering petals of the apple-blossoms fell like snowflakes, covering the grass in the front yard with a green and

white carpet. A special meeting of the "I am Willing" Circle had been called, and was to meet that afternoon with the president, Agnes Waring. The members assembled early, curious to know what might be the object of the meeting. And as the assembly was called to order, the members instantly suspended their talking and paid strict attention to the business of the day.

After the usual remarks the president added:

"Now, girls, I suppose you are all anxious to know the object of this meeting, and I will tell you about it. You know we have wondered what our circle could do this summer. Well, about a week ago I went over to Mr. Dobkins' on an errand, and while there his wife, better known, perhaps, as Sister Dobkins, gave me an idea that set my wits at work pretty lively; and I have persuaded her to come over here this afternoon and tell you about it, and I think you will be as fully pleased with her plan as I was. And now, Laura, will you please step into the sitting-room and inform Mrs. Dobkins we are ready?"

Laura Waring left the room and went to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Dobkins and Mrs. Waring were chatting comfortably, and invited both ladies to walk into the parlor.

Sister Dobkins! The members looked incredulously at each other in wide-eyed curiosity. Sister Dobkins! Why, not one of them had ever known her to speak in meeting, unless positively obliged to, and now to propose a plan! It was an unheard-of announcement.

At this moment the ladies entered the room, and the president introduced the sweet-faced little woman as Mrs. Dobkins. The girls clapped and smiled brightly at her, as she was well known to each one.

Mrs. Dobkins' plump cheeks took on an almost girlish blush as she nervously smoothed the waves of her soft gray hair, and she laughed an embarrassed laugh as she began:

"I told your president she'd better do all this business, as she could do it a good deal better than I could. I ain't much of a speaker in meetin's, as you all know, so you'll have to excuse everything that ain't jest proper-like. Well, it happened this way: About two weeks ago my darter Jennie, that lives in the city—you all know Jennie, of course—she come home an' brought a fren' with her, a Miss Stevenson, who has charge o' some kind o' mission-school or suthin'; I dunno what they do call it, I forgit the name; but no matter, they send out children from the cities, the poor little bodies that hain't no kind o' homes to speak on. They have what they call a fresh-air fund. I never heard on't before, but they do say them children that was at Sary Ann Pepper's was sent out by some sech

society. But I'm a-gittin' ahead of my story. Jennie and her fren' walked all over the place, an' Miss Stevenson said it certainly was the beautifullest ole town she was ever in. An' one day, when Jennie's father was over on the Hutchinson place to work, them gals drove over. You know the ole house ain't been lived in fer a good while, an' when pa bought the place, of course the ole house went with it, an' the heirs was glad enough to git the whole estate off'n their hands. Pa has said all along back that he was goin' to tear down the buildin's, an' use some o' the timber fer a wagon-shed. But them gals! Why, Miss Stevenson was jest wild when she got back, an' the way she did run on about that ole house! You know how ole-fashioned it is, with them big timbers a-running through the great low rooms, an' the winders where the ole-fashioned roses brush the leetle lights o' glass. An' the lilacs that thick they've nearly uprooted the kitchen wall; an' them great elms in front, an' the orchard behind the house.

"I jest wish that gal was here to talk to you about what she wants you to do. When she come inter the house she sot down an' cried, 'Oh, my! there's nothin' I'd like to do better'n to bring down some fren's o' mine, an' camp out for a week. Wouldn't they think it was jest fun. You see, the gals I'd have come with me would be them that air shet up in shops an' offices, an' don't git a chance to see green fields an' wild flowers, nor eny o' the beautiful things in nater you have out here, an' it would be sech a treat to 'em, when they got back to the noise and distractions o' city life, to think o' green lanes an' orchards, an' a whole medder all speckled over with daisies an' clover.' An' I spoke right up, an' says I:

"'Oh, you can come down an' bring all your fren's. You are welcome to the ole house. You can bring your whole mission-school if you wish to.' She stopped talkin', an' looked straight at me a whole minnit, with her eyes wide open; then she cried, 'Why, it's the very thing; why didn't I think on't before? I know jest what I'm goin' to do.' Then she asked me if we had a sewing-circle, or a King's Daughter circle, an' I tole her we had both, but the sewing-circle was having all it could do jest now, and so she suggested your circle, an' I tole her I'd tell some o' you and see what you thought. 'Well,' Miss Stevenson said, 'why don't you fix up that ole place fer a summer-house, an' take in poor children from the city? Why, they'd think they were almost in heaven out here.' An' she thought a few minutes, an' then said, 'Yes, you could easily accommodate sixteen. an' I can calkulate where every bed shall be placed.' Pa said he guessed a body would freeze there in winter, but fer a leetle while in summer it might do, pervided it didn't rain, but he'd fix the roof free gratis, as he had the shingles. 'Now,' says Miss Stevenson, 'you call a meetin' an' tell 'em of this plan. I'll see that you have the children if you decide to do anything; an' you ask your society to go up inter their garrets an' see what they can find amongst their ole castaway furniture that can be used; you'll be surprised to see how easily you can furnish that house, as the old-fashioned things will be so much more suitable for the place. Then ask each what she is willing to give in the food line.' Pa said right away he'd give a couple o' quarts o' milk a day, pervided they'd come after it, and I said each week I'd make a couple o' loaves o' bread, an' gin some eggs when we had 'em.

"Miss Stevenson says she knows jest the people to run the house, and they would be very glad o' the chance. Now, I guess before I run on any longer, I'll see what you think o' the plan. I dunno as you are even interested. I've been so busy with my tongue, I haven't even noticed."

And, indeed, she hadn't, but Bessie Olden sprang up and said, "I say three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Dobkins!" And they were given with a right good will.

That was the beginning, and in less than two weeks that little country village was thoroughly solicited; people were kind-hearted indeed, and opened their garrets, their larders, and last, but not least, their purses. A list of food was made out; each family giving food gave on certain days certain amounts, some pies, some bread, some eggs, some butter, etc.; others gave instead, sewing, or pillow-cases and sheets, old-fashioned quilts, faded and quaint, but clean and sweet. One man gave straw for the mattresses; one going away for the summer loaned a cook-stove; one, a dealer in wall-paper, sent over a lot of paint and paper, with which the merry girls, with some assistance, decorated the walls; each of the grocers sent groceries; and one woman even sent an old melodeon, which breathed forth as sweet melodies as a modern instrument; others gave the promise of vegetables. One man went to the president and said: "I have heard of the work you have undertook, and am glad; I ain't rich, but I've got leetle shavers of my own, and, thank God, we have plain food and pure air," and there were tears in his eyes as he handed out a five-dollar bill.

"Now, girls, I must tell you of a little experience of mine," said Sadie Reed at one of their meetings. "I had been soliciting all the afternoon and had had such good success; but my heart failed me as I approached the wealthy Goldings; you know how queer they are, and how Mr. Golding seems to hate the sight of children since they lost their only boy two years ago. Well, I screwed my courage to the sticking-point, and with fear and

trembling rang the bell. Of course, it happened that Mr. Golding was in the room when I made known my errand, and asked if they would like to give anything; and, girls, you'd just ought to have heard him. He said, 'I guess I won't give to them young ones that would traipse all over town stealing apples and peaches, and a-doing more damage than a drove of wild horses let loose, and they needn't come a-asking me for help, because I wouldn't give a blamed red cent; no, not if the whole kit a boodle was dyin' of starvation;' and, girls, I don't know how it happened, or how ever I dared, but as I turned to come away I stopped and said, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven,' and, girls, he put his hands over his face, and as I came out I heard him say, 'My God! My God!'" and here Sadie wiped the tears from her own eyes. "And then," she continued, "this morning I received this check of one hundred dollars, and a note, with this verse on it, 'Even so, it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.'

"Wasn't he kind, after all, and won't the money be acceptable? And that's just the way; everyone gives something."

How those girls worked, and how they coaxed others to work, also! The well was cleaned out by some of the brothers, the wagon-shed chamber, which boasted of an east window and two skylights, was thoroughly cleaned, and swings put up; "a good place on a rainy day," Mr. Dokkins said. And everyone worked. The sisters and mothers were not outdone by the brothers and fathers. Many a mother's heart was softened as she gave to the cause, thinking of some little one that slept beneath the grasses and clover.

It had been decided that June should be given up to two parties of boys, each staying two weeks, July to girls, August to old people, men or women, September to tired shop-girls and weary mothers, and into October as far as the weather would permit, any that might be benefited by the change.

One afternoon, the first of June, the members of the "I am Willing" Circle assembled to welcome the boys as they came from the city, Miss Stevenson acting as escort.

A large hay-wagon had been fitted along each side with seats, and in this rode the happy boys from the station. As the bus-load of pale faces drove into the yard, there were three long, loud, shrill cheers, and Sister Dobkins exclaimed to Sister Hinckley, "I declare for't, I really dunno whether I'm a-going to laff or cry," and more than one wiped their eyes in sympathy.

The first remark heard from the boys as they scrambled out of the wagon was by a little shadow of a fellow who piped up, "Golly, boys! Ain't they got a big park out here!"

Supper was served out under the trees, and as the boys filled themselves to their utmost capacity, they looked at each other in blissful contentment, one boy saying, "Ain't this a picnic, though, by Jinks! An' two whole weeks of it!"

In the house everything was spotless and clean. Wild flowers were in every corner, and the huge fireplaces were filled with great branches of the straggling boxwood. The beds were fresh and clean, if the coverlets and quilts were faded. Cheese-cloth curtains swayed at the windows, and everywhere was the sweet breath of early summer.

The supper over, the boys went exploring, and as the sun set over the western hills, tingeing the hill-tops with a rim of gold, and throwing the valleys into twilight shadows, amid the cheers and the throwing up of hattered hats of the small boys, the "I am Willing" Circle and their mothers started for home. Their hearts had been touched by the sight of these little waifs, unloved and uncared for, and each went away with her soul filled with a great tenderness toward all humanity, and many a mother in that little town let fall a tear as she kissed her own little one that night.

And the tears stood in the sweet brown eyes of Sister Dobkins as she made the president good-night, and said, "You don't know how you'll all be blest for the good you are a-doing!"

And the president kissed the plump cheeks, and replied, "Why, bless your kind heart, you dear little woman, it's all your own blessed idea!"

THE PROTECTION OF AMERICANISM.

If immigrants continue coming to America as they have been coming for the past fifteen years, it is a fair question how long America will be America.

In the seventy years from 1820 to 1890 over 15,000,000 immigrants came here. No less than one third of this vast number came within the last decade of those seventy years. There were in 1890 over 9,000,000 foreign-born persons in the United States, out of our then total of 62,000,000. That is, in 1890 actual immigrants made over one seventh of our population.

This remarkable increase of the foreign-born shows what we may soon expect. In the year 1900 the foreign-born will make not far from one fifth of our people. Then how long before they will make a quarter, and at last a half?

These figures refer only to the actual immigrants themselves. Their American-born chil-

dren are, in most cases, almost as foreign as the parents. It is usually not until the third generation that the truly American traits begin to outnumber the Old-World characteristics.

Add these foreign-minded children of immigrants to the foreign-born themselves, and the distinctly foreign element is increased already to more than one third of our population.

No American should forget that America is the immigrants' land. It is to the brave and adventurous voyagers who dared all hardships and who periled their dearest interests that America owes her existence. It was the immigrant who cleared our forests, broke our land, built our cities.

But the hardy men who made this wilderness an enchanted land came from the more intelligent races of northwestern Europe. They came with ideas of liberty, progress and education. They were Americans before they came.

To-day this is largely changed. The bulk of our immigrants now come from the countries where ignorance and degradation have prevailed for centuries. The majority of the foreigners who are now coming do not easily become true Americans. They are bringing over un-American ideas and traditions. Most of them are very ignorant peasants. They do not understand American ideas. They judge America by their own former conditions. It is true that they do the unskilled work which the native and educated American will not do when he can get a foreigner to do it for him, but their degraded ideas and modes of life are a festering sore.

The presence of these deteriorated classes of immigrants is bringing ruin to our institutions, for they sell themselves in blocks. If there were fewer of them we could carry them as we have done, for we have always had some; but the inferior kinds of foreigners are getting to be too great a lump of indigestible food. Unless their growth is checked, only a few years will elapse before the old Americanism will be a memory, and foreign ideas will rule our country.

Greece lost her power because she allowed herself to be contaminated by the luxuries and vices of the East; she became at last more oriental than European. Rome was swamped by the repeated waves of barbarians that swept into Italy. They stayed and became Romans in name, but Romans became barbarians in fact. These successive visits of the barbarians into Italy, however, were but as excursion parties compared with the millions of people, fully as alien to our American civilization, who are spreading over our country as a flood pours over the meadows.—*Illustrated American*, May 23, 1896.

A CURE FOR A BAD MEMORY.

Your memory is bad, perhaps; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One is to read a subject when strongly interested; the other is to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things, injurious to the memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break.

Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a lifelong lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading. A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh, and ready for use, as to always have on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case you will not "forget your French," with the majority of your school-mates.—*Selected*.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo river, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

ROSINE'S ROMANCE.

WHEN Miss Magnolia carefully withdrew the dress from the great cedar trunk, unpinned the old-damask table-cloth which enveloped it, and spread out its shining folds for the admiration of her niece, Rosine, that young lady clasped her pretty hands and quoted Keats:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," she said.

Miss Magnolia nodded and smiled. She was small and round and brown as a maiden lady of a decidedly certain age could be. But her heart, which had been full of sentiment once, was a warm and sensitive organ still. And she took a deal of interest in Rosine's romance.

"Yes, my dear, it is a thing of beauty. And to think I never wore it but twice! Dear, dear!"

"You had a lover then, auntie?" asked Rosine.

"Yes, pet. This was one of the dresses I got for my marriage. But he went away—on business, he said—and he never came back. It is just the gown for your fancy-dress hall," hurried on Miss Magnolia. "A trifle short, of course, but there is quite a piece turned in at the top that you could let down. You shall go as a lady of long ago."

"Not so very long ago," protested Rosine, with a laugh. "But really, auntie, I don't like to take it; it is too lovely."

"Not for a raiment of war? Remember, you are going to conquer the dragon!"

"That is so. And the master should have written, 'Thrice is she armed who wears a pretty dress.'"

The foe against whom Miss Rosine Wilde purposed arraying herself was the obdurate uncle of her handsome lover. He had promptly and perversely opposed the marriage of his nephew. The young fellow would have ignored the refusal of his relative were it not that the old gentleman had always been very kind to him; had, indeed, taken the place of his dead father. So he had decided that Rosine should meet his uncle, and put his prejudice to rout.

"He is coming to visit an old friend of his," Cyril had said—"Judge Chartreau. You know the Chartreau family. Of course, you have heard they are going to give a fancy-dress ball next month in honor of the coming of their daughter Lisette. You will receive a card. You will attend. You will meet Uncle Albert, and you will take his heart by storm!"

Hopefully he had planned his scheme; enthusiastically had he explained it. But Rosine protested. It was to be a grand ball, and she had nothing to wear. Besides, she did not like the idea of plotting to make a person like her. And—

"Bless you!" cried Cyril, "he doesn't dislike you. I don't believe he even knows your name. His resentment is general, not particular. As soon as I told him I was in love with a southern girl, he—he (I have to drop into slang, Rosine)—he sat square down on me. It seems a southern girl tilted him when he was young, and he is bound to save me from a like awful fate. But when he once sees you he is bound to capitulate. He is a regular old brick—Uncle Albert!"

"But I have nothing to wear. And what is more, I cannot buy a dress for the Chartreau ball. We—Aunt Magnolia and I—are as poor as the proverbial church mice."

But just then Miss Magnolia came to Rosine's relief, like a regular little fairy god-mother.

"The very thing!" she cried—"my primrose satin."

Rosine regarded her dubiously, delightedly. She knew her aunt had always guarded jealously her trunkful of treasures, her jewels, her laces, her rich, stiff, glistening old brocades.

"Do you mean it, auntie?"

Miss Magnolia's bright old eyes winked very rapidly indeed.

"I do, my dear. I was young once myself."

And that was how Rosine Wilde came to be the belle of Mme. Chartreau's fancy-dress ball. The proposed festivity had been the talk of New Orleans for several weeks. The night long anticipated was cool, crisp, sweet and pearly. The broad-balconied old residence of St. Charles street was brilliantly lighted up. Many a carriage rolled up, rolled off. When Rosine descended from the barouche of her chaperon, she felt somewhat nervous, though conscious she was looking remarkably well—as, indeed, she was. Quite a picture was the pretty young figure in the clinging gown of pale yellowish satin, picturesquely puffed and quaintly fashioned. The corsage, cut roundly, revealed the firm, full throat. Dainty mouse-skin swathed the arms, which, if slender, were also exquisitely rounded; and the small, olive-tinted face was lit to loveliness by pearly black eyes. A dash of adoration succeeded the serene nonchalance of Cyril Rodney's countenance as he caught sight of her. He made his way to her side.

"Queen Rosine!" he murmured. "You're far the prettiest girl here to-night. Poor Uncle Albert! How complete will be his surrender!" She swept him a mocking courtesy.

"Ah!" she said, smilingly, "if that conviction were but mine—"

The sentence ended in a long, soft sigh.

"*Stile pas guaire*," he began. "Confound it, I never can get my tongue around your creature-ness! The saying is, however, that if there were no sighing in the world the world would stifle. Now prepare to face the music!"

And off he went. He soon returned. By his side was a sturdy old gentleman.

Rosine's heart beat more rapidly.

"The dragon!" she said.

Silvery hair had the dragon. A dark mustache had the dragon. A florid complexion had the dragon. And a manner that was grave, dignified, courteous.

"Uncle Albert," explained Cyril, with boyish eagerness, "this is Miss Rosine Wilde."

"Wilde!" The old gentleman started perceptibly. He looked at the blushing girl, at the yellowish gown. He bowed.

"And," avowed young Rodney, sending his sweetheart a swift smile of encouragement, "and—the young lady of whom I spoke to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Albert Ellsworth. Then, interrogatively, "Wilde? Was your father's name Clayton Wilde?"

Rosine assented.

"And your mother's maiden name was Magnolia Kingsley?"

"Oh, dear, no! Aunt Magnolia was never married. My mother's name was Madeline Kingsley."

"Eh!" cried the dragon.

The florid color had faded from his cheeks. He was tugging nervously at his dark mustache. He looked agitated and perplexed.

"My mother died ten years ago," said Rosine, "and since then I have lived with Aunt Magnolia."

Mr. Ellsworth regarded her grimly.

"Is that," he asked, abruptly, "your aunt's gown you have on?"

The soft rose fire in the girl's cheek deepened.

"How in the world did you know?" she counter-questioned.

A queer, wavering smile was his only reply.

A constrained silence ensued. Cyril gave his uncle an astonished glance.

"So Magnolia is an old maid?" said Mr. Ellsworth, abruptly.

"If she is," cried Rosine, stung to defense by a remark she considered rude, "it is because she was true to an unworthy lover."

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Ellsworth, more sharply than before. And suddenly he turned and walked away.

The following day he insisted on accompanying his nephew to the gaunt, ramshackle, once aristocratic old house in the French quarter where Rosine lived. As they were passing the vaulted entrance to the little flagged courtyard, Albert Ellsworth caught sight of a familiar figure moving among the potted palms and boxes of blooms.

"Go on, lad!" he said to Cyril. He had paused, and was looking through the brief avenue of gloom to the brightness beyond.

Cyril was about to question this new vagary, when the thought of a peculiar possibility made him catch his breath and do as bidden. He knocked at the barred black door, and was admitted to Rosine's radiant presence. And meanwhile his uncle went into the courtyard. The little old lady standing by the banana-tree looked up at the sound of the step on the stones.

"Magnolia!" he cried.

Miss Magnolia gazed at him in a dazed, half-frightened way. Did ghosts ever appear in the daytime? Stonter than he whom she had known, and with hair grown gray; but the same. Around her, in a fantastic dance, the broken fountain, the long-leaved banana-tree and the giant oleanders went whirling. She didn't faint, but she came nearer to it than she ever had come in her life.

"Did you think I had deserted you, Magnolia? When I left you to go North on business, I believed in you as I've never believed in any one since. And while away I heard and read that you had married that young Wilde I used to be so jealous of. So I went to Enropè, and I stayed there."

"But Clayton Wilde married Madeline. I always told you he came to see her."

"Yes, I know that—now. I was a fool to have been so easily convinced of your falsity. You haven't changed a bit. I knew you the moment I saw you."

Miss Magnolia smiled delightedly. She did not know he had expected to see her.

"I never forgot the dress you wore the last time I saw you," declared Mr. Ellsworth, waxing fervent. "I recognized it on your niece last night."

"Last night? Are you—surely you are not the dragon?"

"What?"

"The—the dragon?" faltered Miss Magnolia.

Mr. Ellsworth still looked blank.

"That," murmured the little lady, feeling she was in for it, and might as well make a clean breast, "was what Rosine and I called Cyril's uncle. And Rosine was going to conquer him."

He burst out laughing.

"Well, she did. The boy shall marry Madeline's pretty daughter. And you, Magnolia, you'll marry me!"

"Oh, dear, no; I'm too old!"

"Not a day."

"And ugly now."

"Lowliest woman in the world to me," insisted the dragon, loyally.

"Bless you, my children," cried a voice from above.

The pair in the courtyard glanced up. On one of the inner balconies stood Rosine and Cyril.

"Vanish, you scamps!" roared the dragon.

"I shan't allow you to marry a southern girl, sir!" shouted back Cyril, as he and Rosine beat a brisk retreat.

Laughing and breathless, they faced each other in the old drawing-room. "Everything is lovely, sweet heart!" cried Cyril, in an ecstasy. —*Peninsular Home Journal*.

LIFE IN NORWAY.

These Norwegians are a wonderfully patient people. They never hurry. Why should they? There is always time enough. We breakfast at nine. Monsieur goes to business at ten or so, and returns to his dinner, like all the rest of the Scandinavian world, at half-past two. We reach coffee at about four, and then monsieur goes back to his office, if he likes, for two or three hours. We sometimes see him again at supper at half-past eight, but usually there is a game of whist, or a geographical society lecture, or a concert, or a friend's birthday fete (an occasion never overlooked by your true Norwegian), or some one has received a barrel of oysters, and would not, could not, dream of opening them without company—masculine company only. It seems to me there are entirely too many purely male festivities here. In fact, the men say so themselves, and that they would really enjoy many of the occasions much more if ladies were present. But "it is not the custom of the country" (a rock on which I am always foundering) to omit or to change in such matters. Monsieur only does as do all the other men of his age, which is elderly, and condition, which is solid.

I have never accustomed myself to the fact that one is expected to stop and wait for all approaching carts or vehicles of any class to pass, before attempting to cross a street in town. I am always being stopped short on the curbstone by a frantic pull at my arm, and some strange but agonized friendly voice at my side begging to know if I don't see that sledge coming—a sledge half a block off! Perhaps it is because the street traffic is comparatively small that the vehicles always have the right of way. And certainly, too, because there is so much time. You need not fancy that the driver will hasten the jog of his stocky little yellow pony when he sees you waiting. Nothing of the sort. That is as it has been. It is quite meet that you wait.

Although so many Norwegians have emigrated to America, and are loyal and prosperous in their adopted country, I should say that the general mental attitude toward America of the solid portion of the population here is one of distrust. They are an exceedingly hospitable and courteous people, and they are glad to make you truly welcome and to like you. But if you win their esteem, as you will if you deserve it and are well bred, it will not be as an American, representative of America, but as a white ewe.

On the whole, when impressions have had time to formulate themselves, one feels that America is here regarded as the land of indolence; of pinchbeck and meretricious manufactures, untrustworthy stuffs, doctors made in a minute, soulless hurry for wealth, disregard for mental and spiritual pleasures and ends; of raptness in the pursuit and worship of the dollar; the country where wealth is more than principle, mind or breeding, and where a vulgar thirst for titles remains, other ambition having been gratified. It made me rather indignant when one of the boys came home from school the other day with the news that one of his masters had been asserting, as a recognized fact, that every American girl of fortune is provided with a list of the eligible titles of Europe, with notes regarding their several merits and demerits, and that she learns it as a part of her regular business. Yet it is too plainly to be seen whence such ideas arise. One cannot, in the face of facts, contradict them as handsomely as one longs to do. There is a curiously fashion here, during the winter season, of going to the park before the Storting (Parliament) and promenading up and down again and again, the length of four blocks or so, to the music of a regimental band, which plays there, by order of the government, an hour in the middle of each day. Here you meet young ladies, matrons and school-girls; boys with books under their arms, students with heavy-tasseled caps, officers and cadets, all marching in thick ranks, while the unsober discourses. This is the great winter rendezvous of young people—the surest place to meet one's friends, either by appointment or without it. The king himself joins the daily promenade when he is in town, but then the scene and music are transferred to the terraces. Officers, cadets, school-boys and students usually find their dulcinea and march with them, though some there be of the military sort who seem to feel handsomer standing apart, jingling swords and spurs in company with their kind.

As I was driving through town the other day, on the back seat of a low sledge, thinking, like the water-man, of nothing at all, I was suddenly startled beyond all control by a terrific—shall I say shriek?—just behind my head. I jumped around in terror, to see what fate was impending—what beast had escaped from the circus—what awful thing had happened! Nothing to be seen. Only the usual pedestrians pursuing their quiet way, and no one looking in the least as though anything out of the ordinary had occurred. What did it portend? Had I heard the banisher's warning in broad daylight on Carl Johans gate? Was I going daft? Just then I caught sight of the amused face of a truck-driver, who sat grinning down on my evident astonishment from his lofty seat, and I realized what the horror had been. Nothing more mysterious than the

man of whom I had so often heard, who affirms that he cannot live unless he emits this hideous, uncanny sound at irregular intervals. He has done the thing for years, and has been especially allowed the monopoly of that doubtful privilege by the police. In fact, when three or four young medical students bethought themselves to copy him, late one night in the deserted streets, the instant constable refused to believe that they had contracted this worthy's harmless malady, and threatened to lock them all up unless they promptly recovered, which they did.

When the shrieker broke his leg and had to be taken to the hospital some time ago, he proved, as may be imagined, most troublesome and subversive to the peace of the ward. It was then the doctors thought that they discovered his trouble to be the creature of his own fancy. But as he asserts to the contrary, and persists in shrieking as he has shrieked for years, there seems to be no help for it. His title appears to be established by venerable time. But it is hard on the nerves of the stranger.

Apropos of the immovability of the average local purveyor, and the difficulty of getting well-made clothing, a friend has just told me a very characteristic anecdote. It happened that he wanted some new boots suddenly, and knowing that no shoemaker in town could from his inner consciousness evolve an acceptable pair (for one's boots are almost always made to order here), he took the man some that had been made in Paris, and ordered them accurately copied. To this the shoemaker agreed; but when the boots were delivered, they were seen to be as good Norwegian as any in the shop, not even consins to the models! "But, my good man, my shoemaker in Peking, a Chinaman, copied my boots a thousand times better than this! Do you call this thing a boot?" "Oh, I dare say," answered the man, quite unmoved, "but we have not advanced as far as the Chinese." And with that ended all hope of rousing his pride and emulation. Undoubtedly he had his goodly store of both somewhere, but it did not apply to the rise and progress of boots.

So they should bring a stock of good American foot-gear who come to this lovely country, which is always beautiful and not the less interesting because of its naivetes.—*Cor. New York Evening Post*.

THE ECONOMIC CONDITION AND NEEDS OF THE FARMER.

One of the most valuable papers it has ever been our fortune to meet with is the report on "Agricultural Depression," made by George F. Powell, Esq., to the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and published in their *Notes* for April, 1896, on page 23. It contains more information that it is important the farmers of America should have than is to be found within the same compass, we believe, anywhere else in the world. It would not occupy six pages of the *Congressional Record*, and we therefore urge some one of our members of Congress to have it read as part of some remarks to be submitted by him so that it may get into the *Record*, and then to get a bill through Congress providing that the type shall be stereotyped, and a copy shall be sent through the mails free to every person asking for one. If it were in the hands of every farmer in America, we believe it would produce a revolution in economic conditions in the United States. We cannot within the limits of this article produce any adequate idea of the paper, for every word of it is necessary to appreciate it, but we will mention a few of the facts he has given.

He first treats of the depression to eastern agriculture that was the necessary incident of the marvelous development of the West after the war. Many facts of the greatest importance are brought forward, of which we will only mention one—that in 1870 freight on a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York was 30 cents, and on a bushel of corn 28 cents. In 1890 the cost had been reduced on wheat to 14½ cents, a decrease of 52 per cent, and on corn to 11½ cents, a decrease of 59 per cent. He then gives some figures showing the competitors which American wheat-growers have to contend with, and in this connection he states that in the second week of July, 1894, there were shipped to the English market from

India.....	1,200,000 bushels of wheat
Russia.....	1,200,000 bushels of wheat
Australia.....	1,200,000 bushels of wheat
North America.....	3,800,000 bushels of wheat
South America.....	5,700,000 bushels of wheat
South America.....	2,900,000 bushels of wheat

And he adds that the statement accompanies the South American shipment that the wheat was grown and placed on shipboard for 37 cents a bushel, with a profit of 30 per cent on the money invested. These figures ought to satisfy the American farmer that it is not free silver, but a suppression of South American competition, that he wants.

Mr. Powell then takes up the losses to our soil from taking cereals away and failing to return fertilizers, and he presents this table:

In 1890 we exported		
100,000 bushels of corn, costing in plant-food.....		\$18,265,715 36
21,265,800 bushels of wheat, costing in plant-food.....		9,308,739 23
11,458,928 bushels of oats, costing in plant-food.....		1,882,920 38
235,352 tons of oil cake and meal, costing in plant-food.....		7,611,632 84

Making a loss to our soil in one year of \$37,570,015 01 in these four items only of exports.

He then goes into an examination of the loss to our crops from insects consequent upon the wholesale destruction of our forests,

which force these insects that formerly fed on the forests to seek food from our crops. The figures produced here are simply astounding, and they are reliable, also. His conclusion is that our annual loss from insect depredation upon agricultural products is over \$400,000,000. How is our condition to be improved? Mr. Powell gives the only possible answer; namely, by improving the knowledge of the people and teaching them how to grapple with the difficulties that the farmer has to encounter. It will no longer do to tell a farmer who loses a fine cow that it had "hollow-horn." He must be taught the methods of finding out that his cow had tuberculosis, or Texas fever, that he may kill that cow before she communicates the disease to the rest of his herd. Mr. Powell's discussion of the importance of technical knowledge to the farmer, and the way to give it to him, is invaluable. Altogether, we renew our suggestion that some one of our members of Congress put this paper in the way of being freely distributed to all the farmers in the United States.—*Richmond Times*.

BOUGHT AT AUCTION.

COME, Courtney, lend me your ears for half an hour, for I am in a pickle," exclaimed Fred Sawyer to his friend. "Come up to my quarters. I have something to show you, and—no joking—I need your advice."

"If you take it, it will be the first time," laughed good-natured Courtney. "Lead on, and don't lose any time in relieving this suspense. I'm not fond of riddles, you know."

"Why, yesterday I dropped into the sales-room at a London station. You know, they sell off the uncalled-for luggage at intervals, and a sale was just going on. A number of the boys were there, and we each commenced to bid for a trunk. I selected rather a small one, and—here we are! Come right in and view the burden of my woes."

He led the way into a pleasant apartment, and pointed to a small leather trunk which stood in the middle of the room.

"Open it, if you want to," he said. "I've had enough of the confounded thing. It's full of woman's stuff, and what do you suppose I can do with it? I haven't an aunt or a cousin in the wide world."

"Keep it until you get married, Fred. These seem to be good clothes," said Courtney, peeping into the box and lifting dainty garments with a half reverent touch, in spite of his laughing face.

"Humph! The idea of such advice from you! Why, old boy, I shall not marry for ten years—five, anyway—and I'm not going to risk keeping these things here and being taken for a lady burglar. Mrs. McGaffrey would find them in spite of everything—small murder in the air and hunt around for the skull-bones. No, I'll dump the trunk into the river, that's what I'll do."

"Pshaw! You're too sensible for that. These things cost money—lots of it, I imagine—and you paid something for them in the bargain. You might sell them to the second-hand—no, I've a better scheme than that. Why not go through the trunk systematically, find out the owner's name and address—there are surely letters or something—and write to her, offering her the whole thing for a reasonable sum?"

"Do an act of charity, and yet turn an honest penny. Any one would know you are Scotch. But I must go back to the store, and—Here! You have all the time there is; suppose you go through it for me. All I ask is that you will keep Mrs. McGaffrey out. Fare-dien!" And off he went.

Courtney laughingly locked the door, but the smiles soon left his face as he proceeded with his task. He wondered if the little battered trunk had been lost in some of the dreadful catastrophes he had read of. He imagined the owner killed, and her body as well as luggage unidentified in the horrible excitement.

They were girlish things—dainty veils and ribbons, gingham, silks and snowy linen. He lingered over a small, worn slipper, and felt a thrill akin to that awakened in Cinderella's prince.

"No clew yet," he murmured. "Perhaps there are letters in this box."

Its catch was bent, but he wrenched it open and out flew—his own photograph!

He sat down plump in a box of laces and stared. On the other side were his initials, and a date he had been trying for three years to forget, "June 2, 1890."

"Nell Burr's trunk!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my little girl, what has happened to you? Maybe some one—No, here are your initials on this belt-buckle, and your gloves were No. 6, and this slipper would just fit your dear little foot."

The young man grew excited and rapturous over each article. Presently he lifted a package of letters from one corner.

"My own—and they express the greatest happiness life ever brought me. They are like the leaves that flutter down in the November rain. I wonder why she kept them. How many there are!"

Unfastening the cord, he turned the letters over and found many of the envelopes scribbled upon by a familiar hand. There were items jotted down to be remembered in answering, and scraps of poetry which had not long since reached his eye and been ever since cherished in his memory. Upon the last one—for they were all numbered—was written

in ink this girlish confession, "Al Courtney, I love you, but will never marry any one so inconstant."

Resting his head on the empty tray in silence, he exclaimed:

"I was a fool—a consummate fool—and now perhaps she is dead."

A noise aroused him, and in a bewildered way he surveyed the garments strewn on every side, and gazed mournfully at the beautiful hat, through which he had run one foot, and the boxes of laces he had unconsciously used for a cushion. Fred would be coming in a few minutes. He began repacking the things with ruthless haste, and stowing the letters in his own pockets, was lying lazily on the couch reading the paper when his chum entered.

"Well," he cried, "what mystery did you unearth?"

"No mystery at all," was the deliberate answer, "but the 'stuff,' as you call it, is worth something, and would be a regular goldmine to a girl. I've a notion to buy it from you and present it to my sisters. What will you take?"

"Oh, come! You are just doing that to help me out. I know your benevolent old heart. No, I'll follow your first advice, and hunt up the owner. It would be quite romantic; and besides, you hinted that I might make a shilling or two by it. You found her name and address there, didn't you?"

"Yes," Al reluctantly answered. "I found her name and address, but it is hardly likely you could find her after so many years. You know they keep luggage a long time before it is sold."

"I'm not sure about that," said Fred. "I've thought about it all the morning, and the idea grows on me. It will be rare fun to try it, anyway. What did you say the name was?"

"But no doubt this girl was killed—luggage is seldom lost except by some such accident, and—maybe she is an old woman."

Fred laughed immoderately.

"Just as if that would make an act of charity less meritorious. Old women don't usually wear white lace hats, though. You must have found something precious in there—jewelry or something—which makes you anxious to martyrize yourself. It's mine, however, and I'm not as anxious to part with it as I was—not till I've looked through it, anyway."

As he turned the key, Al remembered that his photograph was lying in a conspicuous box, and exclaimed:

"Wait until after dinner, then. I am half starved!"

"Perhaps it would be better," was the answer, and they passed out together.

When fairly down-stairs, Al said he had forgotten his handkerchief, and flew back three steps at a time to get it. Securing the picture and placing it in an inside pocket, he said to himself:

"Surely there is nothing else to give me away. But I must wheedle him out of the trunk."

After dinner Fred "went through" the contents of the trunk, making boyish remarks concerning each article as he threw it aside. Al inwardly winced at these remarks, and could scarcely restrain himself from knocking him over on the spot.

"What makes you so crusty?" queried Fred, suddenly, as one of his choicest jokes was met by a gruff "H'm!" "There's no fun in you, and why you want this stuff beats me. Your sisters would turn up their noses at second-hand clothing, if it is pretty. But it isn't worth fussing over, so take it along. No doubt it would prove a white elephant on my hands sooner or later."

Not until the trunk was safely in his room could Al breathe freely. Even then it was no easy matter to keep it out of his sisters' sight. They made both a pet and a confidant of their one brother, and had a fashion of dropping into his room at all hours to tell him of their schemes and woes. He had pushed the trunk under a mahogany table in the corner, the old-fashioned cover of which reached almost to the floor.

When he told them he was going away for a little business "trip," they beset him with questions and petitions to be taken with him, finally declaring they would clean house while he was gone, and "sort out his trash."

So behold him, in the dead of night, carrying the "white elephant" up the narrow attic stairs, humping his head on every rafter, and getting cobwebs in his mustache. He covered it with old clothing, pushed a big box in front of it, and then crept down-stairs, feeling as guilty as if he had been concealing some crime. At breakfast the girls both talked at once about the burglar who tried to get in, and how they pounded on Al's door and could not even get an answer.

At noon he was off, and as the train whirled onward he became possessed with fears. She might not be at Hastings; she might not care for him after these three years; she might even be married or dead.

Arriving at his destination, at last, he only stopped to leave his bag at a hotel, and walked rapidly to a familiar house in the suburbs. Ringing the bell, he inquired for Miss Burr in a matter-of-fact way, as if he had seen her the day before. He watched the girl's face as she spoke, and saw no trace of surprise. She simply said:

"Miss Burr may not be able to see you, but come in and I will ask."

Presently he was shown into a small, snug

room, where, on a couch, lay the one girl he had ever loved. He meant to explain at once the cause of his foolish going and eager coming, all of which he had framed into frank, beautiful sentences, but somehow they forsook him, and he fell back on the common-place. She received him with quiet words of welcome, and then said:

"Pardon my position, but I am such an invalid that it is a trial to sit up."

"An invalid!" he echoed, faintly.

"Yes," she answered. "Did you not hear of my accident several months ago? On coming home from a visit I stopped for a day or so in a London hotel. The building caught fire a few hours after I entered it. The horror of the scene is so stamped—branded would be a more appropriate word—on my memory, that I cannot bear to talk of it. I lost everything except the ulster which was wrapped about me, and would have lost my life but for the brave fireman who broke my fall. Oh, no, I am not seriously injured," she continued, in answer to his half-spoken question, "though I have been ill ever since. It was such a shock, you know."

By deft questioning he succeeded in making her say:

"Yes, I lost my trunk. It was left at the station (I expected to go on in a day or two), and the deposit-ticket was destroyed with my pocket-book. Railway people are necessarily particular about identifying luggage, and for weeks I was too ill to even remember it. Besides, I had only gone for a short outing, and it held nothing of much value, except some keepsakes that were dear to me."

A deep flush stole over her face at these words. He watched it for one delicious moment, and then gathered her up in his arms, exclaiming:

"I will bring them back if you will pay the reward I want."

Then—or rather, after he had tortured her impatience mercilessly—he told her of Fred's "bargain" bought at auction. She begged for it, coaxed, pleaded, all in vain. He declared she could only have the little leather trunk as a wedding present. And a very happy wedding party it was, too.

POCKETS REQUISITE FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Of all the numerous reasons which have been given by men for denying suffrage to women, their lack of pockets is the latest, even though it is not a whit more rational than some of the others. It would seem that women had endured enough from the need of pockets, or at least the retiring disposition of the solitary one allowed them, without having the absence of this useful receptacle thrown at them as an element against their great ambition to vote. But there is no accounting for what men may do to keep up the appearance of superiority over the gentler sex. It is said that pockets have a very "profound effect" on a man's character, that they give him a certain sort of confidence in himself which he could never acquire without their aid, and it is certainly true that they afford him no end of excuses for neglecting to mail his wife's letters, and help him to express a variety of emotions, without words, by thrusting his hands into their depths. He has never known the overwhelming embarrassment of a groping struggle after one pocket lurking somewhere in the voluminous folds of a dress-skirt, or he would grant the right of suffrage by way of recompense; but the woman who is capable of voting is ingenious enough to supply herself with the required number of pockets to give her the self-reliance necessary to a political career, and soothe her agitated feelings when silence is the only safe method of expression.

TINY OXEN.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimen of the species never exceeding thirty inches in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, which is living, and is believed to be somewhere near ten years of age, is only twenty-two inches high, and weighs but 109½ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a two-hundred-pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty to seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run, and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhist countries for more than a thousand years.—*Tit-Bits*.

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Our Household.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

"The world is with me," says the fool,
And forgets the world's connections;
The slave of one is the other's tool,
And is forced in their directions.
The partnership does exist for gain
By deception, pleasure and revel,
And ruin follows the firm's dire train:
The world, the flesh and the devil.

The world beguiles the weak and vain,
To keep them in line with the masses.
It cannot bear what it cannot stain
And what its standard passes.
Alas! its dupes their bonds don't know,
For the world is skilled to flatter;
But its acts are mean and its aims are low,
For its bound is the sphere of matter.

The flesh is meaner and baser still,
And, when man yields unto it,
It kills the soul, it thwarts the will,
It ruins those who woo it.
It brings man to an utter fall,
For he offers to its desires
His better self, his God, his all,
Burnt in its impure fires.

The devil beholds man's downward grade
With devilish satisfaction;
What world and flesh of him have made
Is but the devil's action.
And he will reap what they did sow
When man has reached his level;
When world and flesh have gone below,
Then triumphs still the devil.

—E. F. L. Gauss, in *New World*.

HOT-WEATHER BREAKFASTS.

DURING the hot, enervating days of summer, when one feels languid and worn, lack of appetite in the morning is a common occurrence, and it is frequently troublesome to provide something that will tempt the palate. If one feels a desire for nothing but a cupful of coffee, and that pretty strong, it should not be served at all; but in place drink a glassful of rich lemonade, either hot or cold, as will be most relished. This will always stimulate a lagging appetite, and is also wholesome. Every person would be in better health to substitute lemonade for tea or coffee during the hot weather.

Few persons serve pickles for breakfast, yet an acid is very acceptable in warm weather, and sliced cucumbers make an acceptable addition to a summer breakfast. To prepare them, pare and slice as thinly as possible (and they can be sliced as thin as a sheet of paper), and salt rather more than would seem to be necessary. Do this the first thing in the morning, and

Ripe tomatoes, pared, and sliced in thin, regular slices, nearly covered with vinegar and sugar, as for cucumbers, and set on ice for a half hour, are also a breakfast appetizer that if served in a glass dish, with a few sprigs of parsley around the edge, will be as attractive to the eye as to the palate. Some cooks add a little finely chopped onion to sliced tomatoes, and consider it an addition.

A rich, red slice of cold, juicy watermelon is a delightful first course, or appetite stimulator, for breakfast that should not be forgotten, as it rarely, if ever, fails to perform the task expected of it; and more than once have persons come to the breakfast-table declaring they could eat nothing, yet having been tempted by the sight of a luscious melon to make a beginning, have partaken of a hearty meal before leaving the table. Muskmelon or canteloup may be occasionally substituted by way of a change.

The utmost care should be taken in the arrangement of the breakfast-table to have it present a neat, attractive appearance, that we may, if possible, reach the appetite through the sense of sight. Fresh flowers form an attraction whose value should not be underestimated.

Eggs poached in milk and served on toast, with a sprig of parsley on each slice, is a pretty as well as palatable dish. Break the eggs into scalding-hot milk, having enough to nearly cover them; let them remain until the white is firm, and dip out onto the center of a square of toast, adding enough of the scalding milk to moisten the toast. Salt and pepper the egg, and send to the table on small plates.

Baked or steamed eggs are very delicate. Butter small side or individual dishes, break the eggs into these, salt and pepper them, and set dishes in the oven until the white becomes firm, or set them in a steamer over boiling water and steam a few minutes. Serve in the dishes in which they are cooked.

Toast faggots are nice to serve with these. To make them, cut stale bread into strips an inch wide and four or five inches long, and toast in the oven. Place a napkin on a plate, and pile the toast on this in log-cabin style.

CLARA SENSIBEAUGH EVERTS.

HANDSOME COSTUMES.

These two stylish costumes can be gotten up in any of the handsome suitings offered in all our stores, or can be of silk. Where the revers are used, these can be of Dresden silk, or of white silk braided in gold,



let them stand until the meal is ready; then carefully drain off all the water that arises, and rinse in cold water—ice-cold, if possible—add enough sharp vinegar to almost cover, in which has been dissolved sugar in the proportion of a heaping tablespoonful to a teacupful of vinegar.

having the vest of cascaded lace. Lace enters into the construction of so many toilets this season. Large neck-bows of soft materials, as mull, mousseline-de-soie, tulle and lace, are much worn. In spite of the hot weather, high-neck dressing is much in favor.

NOTHING BUT MEAT AND POTATOES.

"What do you cook nowadays?"

"Oh! it's such a scarce time of the year that meat and potatoes are about all a body can get."

That old hackneyed dialogue which is exchanged every spring by housewives who depend mainly upon the production of the farm for table supplies will, I suppose, still hold its own until some revolution which will turn things topsy-turvy comes about.

In the most of families potatoes are the favorite vegetable, and while much is being said in abuse of this tuber, we still consider it a very valuable food; but one tires of too much of a good thing. But is it really true that when spring arrives there is nothing but meat and potatoes? The possibilities comprehend much more, and if forethought be taken a year ahead, the larder need not be so meager.

When putting up tomatoes in the fall, calculate how many cans you will need. Suppose you want them on an average of once a week; it's very easy to estimate the number of weeks until tomatoes will be found in the garden again. A gallon of dried corn will be sufficient for many a meal. Both tomatoes and corn are very nice scalloped as oysters are. Beans are so very wholesome and nutritious that a liberal supply, both of Lima and navy, should be on hand. Parsnips and vegetable-oysters help to make a change, and are much relished when spring comes. Turnips, squashes and sweet potatoes can usually be kept until early spring, although they are at their best earlier—in the winter months. Cabbages, which may be served in such a variety of ways, also do much to break the monotony of the menu.

It is a good way to plan one's dinners at least two or three days ahead. Usually, two vegetables for dinner are about all one who has all the steps to take can arrange for; but take care not to have the same thing over day after day. One can readily see that a good garden will furnish a pleasing variety of vegetables, and that there is really little need of the wail, "Nothing but meat and potatoes."

MARY D. SIBLEY.

KEEPING CHEESE MOIST.

There is a great amount of cheese wasted from improper care after cutting, through the drying up of the fresh-cut sides or edges. After a piece of the desired size is cut from a whole cheese, or part of a large cheese, cover the fresh-cut side with a piece of white writing or parchment paper that has been rubbed over thoroughly with butter, the buttered side next the cheese. It will adhere nicely, keep the cheese air-tight and moist, and can easily be pulled back to cut another slice, and just as easily smoothed down to cover the next cutting.

The piece taken from the large cheese can be wrapped in the same manner, and kept from drying up, if there is more than it is desired to place on the table at one meal. Many people refrain from buying cheese because "it dries up so." Please try keeping it wrapped in buttered paper, and see if there is any more trouble for any reasonable length of time. Pieces that are cut for the table and get dry are nice toasted. Place on a long fork and hold over hot coals until the pieces crack open and look creamy, or foam up. Some people think this a delicious dish for lunch, with doughnuts, pies or crackers.

GYPSY.

A "PICK-UP."

A very useful novelty is a "pick-up," made of blue linen prettily embroidered across one corner and lined with white. It is a square intended to be spread over the lap while handling some dainty piece of work that must be kept clean.

In the middle is a convenient pocket for holding scissors, silks and other materials. When necessary to put away the work, it is just dropped upon the lap, and one after another of the corners turned over it, the embroidered one last, and there it is, safe from dust, and not liable to get scattered,

and the silks protected so that they do not get roughened.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

WALKING-SUIT.

This, if made of crepe lined thinly with silk, can be a very cool dress to use for traveling or ordinary wearing.



The vest is made of lace cascaded over silk of some color, with falls of lace at the hands. The hat is of white chip, trimmed with rouleau of Dresden ribbon and black ostrich-tips.

A VEIL-BOX.

A pretty, simple receptacle for veils is made of a square of celluloid twelve inches on each side. Paint some simple blossoms on the corners, turn the four corners into the center and fasten them. Next lace the edges (which have been previously punctured) loosely with silk cord or baby ribbon half way to the center, or where the corners are fastened. After tying the cords in little bows, unfasten the corners and bend them back as far as the lacing will permit. The celluloid comes in rolls of very thin sheets in all colors, and also watered and transparent.

OTT.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

This is a simply made dress, very short-waisted, double-breasted, and having a large, white collar and cuffs. It can be



used entirely as a coat or overdress for something lighter underneath. The large picture hat is always becoming to a child.

If during the past sixty years and longer Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant has been bringing relief to the thousands who have used it for Bronchitis, Asthma, &c., would it not be wisdom for you to give it a trial now? It has cured others, why not you? The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sarsaparilla.

SALAD DRESSING.

Sydney Smith's salad dressing still holds a well-deserved place in English cookery. It became popular because of the rhyme in which the witty preacher embodied the recipe:

Two boiled potatoes passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon;
Distrust a condiment which bites too soon,
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucrea crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And, lastly, on the flavored compound toss
A magic teaspoonful of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! A herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

TRIED RECIPES.

WE give the following recipes for hot-weather use, which are all perfectly reliable:

HAM SALAD.—Chop fine the remains of a boiled ham; add the heart and inside leaves of a head of lettuce. Pour over it a dressing made as follows:

- 1 tablespoonful of salt,
- 1 tablespoonful of butter,
- 1 teaspoonful of pepper,
- 1 teaspoonful of sugar,
- 1 teaspoonful of mustard,
- ½ pint of vinegar,
- The yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten.

Boil till it creams. When cold, pour over the ham and lettuce and mix well. Lastly stir in a cupful of sweet cream.

GREEN CORN OMELET.—Boil a dozen ears of sweet corn, cut it off the cob, season it with salt and pepper, and stir into it five

the raw egg to a froth, and stir in; then add the vinegar last. Mix this well with the celery, and serve at once, or the vinegar will spoil the celery.

SPANISH CREAM.—

- 1 quart of milk,
- ½ boxful of gelatin,
- 4 eggs, beaten separately,
- 4 level teaspoonfuls of vanilla,
- 1 cupful of sugar.

Soak the gelatin in the milk for half an hour. Then put it on the fire in a double boiler; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, and when the milk is boiling, stir the eggs in and cook until it begins to thicken. Beat the whites of eggs very light, and stir into the mixture when it is taken off the fire; flavor, and pour into the mold to cook. Beat the whites well into the custard.

For Sunday dinner this can be prepared on Saturday, and placed in the ice-box or cellar to set for the next day.

APPLE JELLY.—Take some ripe apples, fine-flavored and juicy—either Bellflower or Rambo are the best—pare, and cut them in quarters; put them into water as you cut them, or they will turn black. When all are cut, put them into a preserving-kettle and pour over them a little water; let them cook until they are quite soft, then strain through a flannel bag; boil the juice with an equal weight of sugar until it will jelly (you can test it by placing a little on a plate), and pour it, while hot, into the jelly-molds or jars. Golden Pippin apples make the finest jelly. If wanted for immediate use only, you can use less sugar.

RED OR BLACK RASPBERRY JAM.—To use one third currants to two thirds raspberries is better than the currants alone. Mash the fruit well and let it boil twenty minutes; weigh the quantity; allow two to three pounds for the kettle to weigh, and to every pound of fruit use three quarters of a pound of sugar. After this is put in let it boil till, by taking some out on a plate to try it, no juice gathers about it. Then it is ready to put away, as you would jelly, in glasses, or stone jars are nice.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Out in front of the house, at the foot of an obstinate little hill, is our well—the well from which we get our general supply of water for household use. It is a good well, and the water is excellent; but daily somebody had to carry at least a half dozen pailfuls of it up that hill, around the house, up the back porch steps into the kitchen. I am not an old woman yet, by any means, and for aught I know I shall spend the remainder of my days at this house, and I have every reason to suspect that well will be here as long as I am.

Put away some place—not in an old stocking or a sugar-bowl—was a hard-earned sum of money, saved to buy a most coveted piece of furniture which is almost a necessity, but which can be dispensed with for a year at least.

Distances were measured, estimates taken, a letter to a mechanical company forwarded. The answer came back, "We will pipe the water into your kitchen for—" Just as many dollars as it would take to buy the long-desired sideboard!

MARY MARKLEY.

BLACKING FOR BROWN BOOTS.

The simplest, quickest and most effective manner to blacken brown boots is to take a raw potato, cut it in halves and rub the blacking in well, polish, and the result will be so satisfactory as to make it difficult to say whether the boots had not always been black. This recipe is the only one known and used in the army, where the boots are principally brown when issued to the soldiers.

A WORD ABOUT DRESSES.

One dress made of good material, and put into the hands of a competent dress-maker, is much more satisfactory than a half dozen selected from cheap stuff and illy made. It is such a satisfaction to know one is well gowned; not necessarily in an elegant costume, made so as to show the caprices of fashion, but in a well-fitting, stylishly made, general-purpose dress.

To be sure, with summer material so wonderfully reasonable, there is no excuse for sweltering in a heavy wool gown these summer days, for shirt-waists can be

bought for a trifle, and thin dresses can often be made at home. But for the wool dresses, there is more satisfaction all along the line for the every-day woman who cannot make dressing a fad, to center one's pocket-book on one good dress, then to wear it whenever she reasonably can, thus getting all the good there is out of it while it remains in style. M. D. S.

SANDWICH OR HOT-BUN BASKET FOR GARDEN-PARTIES.

Take a shallow, coarse basket and wind the edges with ribbons. Make the outside cover of white felt embroidered in green



silks, and trimmed with apple-green ribbons. This keeps the buns hot while they are being carried about.

A DAINY WAY TO SERVE CABBAGE.

Cut out the heart-stem and core of a medium-sized cabbage, and remove the outer leaves. Plunge the head into an abundance of boiling water for four minutes, and take it up very carefully, so as not to break it. Let it cool. Prepare a forcemeat, using a pound of sausage with a quarter of a pound of lean veal ground to a pulp and seasoned to taste. Stuff the inside of the head, and tie it up carefully, so that the stuffing will not come out. Put into a pan with a small carrot, a small onion and a cupful of stock. Let it simmer in the oven or on top of the stove, well covered. Baste occasionally, and serve with rich brown sauce. M. E. SMITH.

MOTHERS, WILL IT PAY?

I was forcibly struck the other day by the truth of a remark made by a man who at the time was under serious difficulty over the crop that had sprung up from the wild oats he had sown when a boy. A little friend of his was pouting over some

made with an eye to the future as well as to the present. There should be a principle involved. Let our children see that it is our duty to punish them sometimes, never a pleasure. In our desire that their young lives be full of joy and gladness, will it be wise to refrain from imparting to them a knowledge of the sterner realities of life? Will it pay to allow them to be untaught? We must teach them so judiciously the difference between the trend upward and the trend downward, that of their own accord they will eschew those pleasures of a doubtful nature.

We cannot guard our girls and boys too closely. Many a fair flower languishes

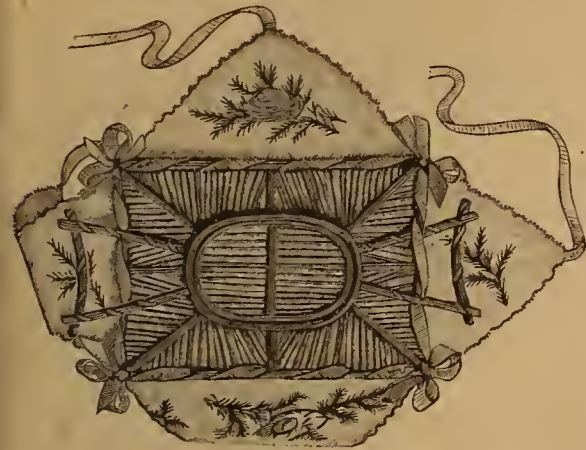
and dies before its time. It will not pay to close our eyes to the sins around, thinking our boys and girls proof against these influences. Above all things, teach the girls to be natural. Do not allow them to get into those simpering, giggling, foolish ways that so many young misses appear to think smart, and yet do not cause them to feel that you desire to put "old heads on young shoulders." Far from it. Let young people be young people still, but the while not forgetting that there is far more real happiness in being pure and true than can be found along any other line.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

LACE CENTERPIECE.

This beautiful centerpiece is a combination of lace and embroidery. The edge should be worked with white Roman floss, catching the edge of the lace in buttonhole-stitch, the other edge of the lace in long-and-short buttonhole; the leaves and tendrils of shades of green, and the little arrow-heads of pale pink.

This design is twenty-two inches square, and when purchased in stores or bazaars, costs fifty cents. We will send this center-



well-beaten eggs. Take a tablespoonful of it and roll it in bread-crumbs; then fry brown.

APPLE OMELET.—Stew eight large apples very soft, mash them fine, and season with a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and nutmeg or cinnamon to suit the taste. When the apples are cold, add four well-beaten eggs. Bake slowly for twenty minutes, and eat while warm.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select large tomatoes of even size, and scoop out a small place in the top and fill with a stuffing made as follows: Fry a small onion, chopped fine, in a tablespoonful of butter; when nearly done, add some bread-crumbs, moistened with a little milk or water, and season with pepper and salt. Put a little bit of butter on each, and then bake.

Another dressing is made as follows: Chop cold meat or fowl of any kind very fine, with a very small piece of bacon added; fry an onion, chopped fine, in a tablespoonful of butter, and when nearly done, add the meat, some bread-crumbs, pepper and salt; cook a minute; mix well, add the yolk of an egg and fill the tomatoes; place in a baking-dish, sprinkle bread-crumbs over them, with some small bits of butter, and bake. Use either as a garnish or as a dish by itself.

CELERY SALAD.—

- 1 hard-boiled egg,
- 1 raw egg,
- 1 tablespoonful of olive-oil,
- 1 teaspoonful of white sugar,
- ½ teaspoonful of salt,
- ½ teaspoonful of pepper,
- 4 tablespoonfuls of vinegar,
- 1 teaspoonful of made mustard,
- 4 large bunches of celery.

Cut the celery into half-inch pieces. Rub the cooked egg to a smooth paste, add the salt, sugar, pepper, mustard and oil. Beat

piece, stamped on an excellent quality of linen (Premium No. 590), to any address, postage paid, for twenty-five cents; or with FARM AND FIRESIDE one year, fifty cents.



"WHERE IS MY BALL?"

"Why, son, if it was a snake it would bite you." That is what we heard when we were boys. Now the question is, where is my fortune? Well, it may be most anywhere, but one thing is certain, that first prize of one thousand dollars in cash for the answer to the question, "Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?" is somebody's fortune. Read particulars on page 19.

Our Household.

ON THE CELLAR DOOR.

We fellows held a meeting, and Tommy had the floor;
Ned Parks was in the chair, sir, on Charley's cellar door.
We'd voted for a lot of things and ruled some others in,
When Tommy's mother sent for him, which made no end of din.

'Twas in the middle of his speech, but Tommy had to go,
For if your mother sends for you, you haven't half a show.
The thing that we complained of was that neither just nor kind
Is the way a fellow's mother veers, and dares to "change her mind."

Old Tommy said his mother said that he might spend the day
A-playing by that cellar door; then would not let him stay,
But thought of errands he must run, and broke our meeting square
In two just at the height of fun, and I tell you 'twasn't fair.

Grown people have such funny ways. If we should change our mind
When we had made a promise, why, they wouldn't be so blind;
They'd call it fibbing, if you please, or something worse than that,
A small black word of letters three; I've heard them plain and pat.

But we left our ruined meeting and went to playing ball,
And kicked it well, with might and main, there by Tom's mother's wall;
For we couldn't hear to stand around the dreary cellar door
When Tommy's mother changed her mind just when he had the floor.
—Margaret Sangster, in *Harper's Round Table*.

AN EVENING SONG.

Now slips the tired day within the breast
Of tender night,
Leaving her farewell pledges of a morrow's birth
As jeweled lamps to sentinel the earth
And guard her rest.

Now o'er the shadowing world is folded down
A star-gemmed veil,
Upborne by herald messengers of sleep,
Who to their task in silent gladness creep
O'er field and town.

Now wakes above the stars the lullaby
Of brooding peace,
Caught by Æolian lyres on silver strings
Of twisted moonbeams, till the dim world rings
In mystic harmony.

Now glides on tiptoe o'er each crested wave
Of echoing light
The goddess who her sway thro' dreamland holds,
And all creation to her pleasure molds
Or gay, or grave.

And now the willing heart wings a blithe way
Straight unto home!
While cradling all his children on Hope's arm
Around the universe, Love weaves his charin
To wait the day.
—Violet A. Simpson.

HOME TOPICS.

DAINTY BREAKFAST-DISH.—These hot summer mornings the appetite tires of heavy food, and needs dainty, pretty dishes to tempt it.
Heat a quart of rich milk to boiling, season it with salt, and pour it over two beaten eggs, stirring the mixture all the time; then pour it over slices of golden-

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Break six eggs into a bowl, reserving the whites of two; add two thirds of a cupful of milk and one fourth of a spoonful of salt; beat all together two minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs reserved to a stiff froth, and set them in a cool place. Put a spoonful of butter into a smooth frying-pan, and as soon as it is melted and spread over the bottom of the pan, pour in the eggs. Do not have the fire hot enough to scorch, and stir the eggs as they cook. Just before you remove the pan from the fire, stir the stiff whites in lightly, and serve immediately.

TABLE-LINEN.—Occasionally it is rumored that doilies, tray-cloths, etc., are going out of fashion; and perhaps they may for special occasions, but they are too pretty, and their labor-saving qualities too well appreciated, for them to be discarded from the every-day home table. One table-cloth, protected by these linens from stains and splashes, will do duty for a week, if care is taken to fold it in its original creases when it is removed from the table. These doilies, carving-cloths, etc., are far easier washed and ironed than a large table-cloth, and by



their use at least half the wear on the table-cloth is saved. This every housekeeper knows is no small item in domestic economy, for nearly all the wear on table-linen is in the laundry. As regards the daintiness of the table, what a difference between the old-fashioned straw or crocheted mats that used to be seen, and the pretty squares of linen with their dainty needlework that adorn the tables of to-day.

MAIDA McL.

TUBEROSES.

Last year I had such good success with tuberoses that it seemed best to follow the same mode of treatment again. About the last of May (really it was the thirtieth) the tuberoses were taken from their winter quarters and the bulbs all broken apart. I dug a trench in a sunny, sandy place in the yard about one foot deep, filled to the depth of about eight inches with fresh manure from cow-stable, covered with good garden-soil about three inches deep, set on the bulbs, largest ones about eight or ten inches apart, and filled between with small one-year bulbs, which, of course, will not bloom this year, but have a good chance to grow for the next season. Cover the bulbs with earth, taking care to not cover the point, or crown.

Give plenty of water. My bulbs showed greensprouts in two weeks from planting,

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

Keep the refrigerator clean. Use hot water, a cake of Ivory Soap (it leaves no odor) and a clean scrubbing brush; scrub the sides, corners, racks, outlet pipe and drip cup; rinse with cold water and wipe dry.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

box into the house at the approach of cold weather, and keep the plants blooming a little longer.

Give plenty of water and a sunny location, and you will be amply repaid for your trouble, if you have kept your bulbs in a warm place through the winter. I believe the florists claim that the flower-germ is killed at a temperature of 55 degrees, and if the bulbs are exposed to a lower temperature than that they will never bloom, be the plants ever so thrifty.

Once get started in the right way of caring for tuberoses, and their culture is comparatively easy. Any flowering plant must be cared for to give the best results, and these are no exception. GYPSY.

HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.

FOR BRUISES AND BURNS.—For bruises, rub on sweet-oil, and then spirits of turpentine. All discoloration will then disappear. For burns,

sweet-oil and lime-water, shaken well together, is both cooling and healing; also, immediate application of cold water, if continued long enough, is less painful and more beneficial than hot, as so many argue. I have known of a severe case of burn healing without a scar with these applications, and bathing often with pure soap.

FOR THE FACE.

8 ounces of English earth,
2 ounces of bay-rum,
1 ounce of glycerin,
¼ ounce of pulverized borax,
1 dram of spirits of camphor,
1 quart of magnesia-water.

This is a very pleasant, cooling lotion for summer use.

HEARTBURN.—A small teaspoonful of salt dissolved in one half wine-glassful of water will give relief. M. E. SMITH.

TRAVELERS' LUXURIES.

A case for carrying wraps and umbrellas and a change of underclothing and a shirt-waist will be found very convenient in traveling.

This is made of heavy grass-linen, embroidered in cross-stitch, if decoration is desired, or simple braid trimming. A pocket upon one side for a few toilet articles is a great convenience. Cord and

TOILET HINTS.

If the hair is falling out, and the scalp is in an unhealthy condition, a solution of one pint of bay-rum, twenty ounces of quinine and one teaspoonful of salt, applied frequently, will prevent the hair falling out, and restore the scalp to a healthy condition.

A woman with an ugly hand has no right to call attention to it by wearing rings. Let her first make her hand a pleasing object, to which she may with impunity invite the public gaze. A box of almond-meal, pure cream, pure soap, warm water, a soft brush, a file, a polisher and a pair of nail-scissors are the implements she will need to effect the transformation. Cold water is ruinous.

For tired eyes, witch-hazel and rose-water are excellent washes. To be successful, however, it should be applied with a cloth dipped into the liquid and laid upon the eyes when going to sleep or nap.

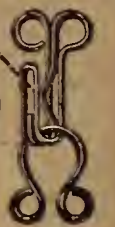
For midsummer freckling, apply a lotion of refined linseed-oil, glycerin and rose-water. It is very cooling, not greasy, and is said to be infallible and harmless. ORT.

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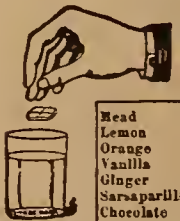
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brown, well-buttered toast, and set the dish in a hot oven until the custard sets. Some people like this as a sweet dish; in that case add sugar to the custard, and any flavoring desired, before pouring it over the toast.

and how they grew! I had roses, too, in September, and they were nearly gone before frost came.

I think this year that I shall fill a deep box as I would a trench and put in a few blooming bulbs, and then I can move the

tassels draw up the ends, and the whole is confined with a shawl-strap.

Another great luxury is to have one's own pillow; this can be carried in a linen cover, embroidered in large patterns, and having a handle of the linen.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—We want it distinctly understood that Farm and Fireside does not mix in politics or take sides with any party. We offer the "Life of McKinley" to accommodate readers who may want it, and for the same reason we expect to offer books on the lives of the men nominated for president and vice-president by the other parties. What is set forth in the advertisement below are the claims of the authors of the book, and Republicans, and is neither denied nor indorsed by Farm and Fireside, as politics is not our business.

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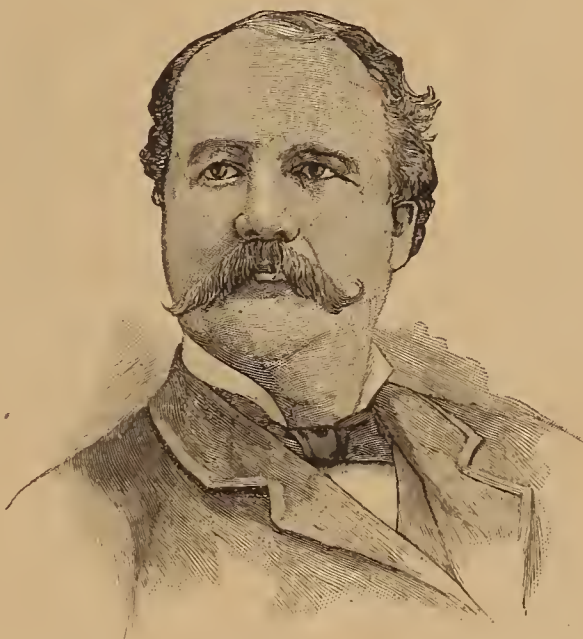
Republicans say that "Never before has there been such a tidal-wave of enthusiasm for any nominee of the Republican party for the presidency as for the 'Napoleon of Protection.' There is no doubt that, in the eyes of the people, he is the *foremost American of the day*. He entered the army when a mere boy, and soon gained national fame for his intrepid valor in battle; took a commanding rank as a lawyer; became distinguished in Congress—the champion of protection; and was elected governor of Ohio by the largest majority on record."



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The Hon. Murat Halstead has been for *upward of forty years one of the most conspicuous journalists of the country upon national issues and statecraft*. He has reported the proceedings of *every Republican presidential convention* since 1860. His ability and intimate knowledge of affairs *guarantee* this work to be *far superior to any other book likely to be issued*.

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Our Sunday Afternoon.

IS IT TIME TO DANCE?

The Bridegroom has tarried long away,
And his widowed spouse is left
To weep and bewail her Lord's delay.
For she feels herself bereft.
And is it a time to dance?

Oh! is it a time to tread their ground?
To chorus their revel song?
To drown with laughter the signal sound
Which the night gale bears along?
Oh! is it a time to dance?

She has stood aloof on her high tower
To listen, and to prepare
For her Lord, and now, at this late hour,
Shall the Bride make merry there?
Oh! is it a time to dance?

He hath set her on that lofty post
To unfurl, and wave on high,
A banner of peace to all the host
Who are mustered there to die.
And is it a time to dance?

Hath her watch been long? He draweth near,
With his chosen valiant men,
If she hush her mirth, and bend her ear,
She may know his step, and then—
It will be a time to dance!

—H. Mary Teulon, in *Rainbow*.

THE BLIND SEEING.

A FEW days ago I was walking through the National Museum, and met my old friend Mr. Hitz, with two young women, one of whom turned out to be Miss Helen Keller. I had often heard of Miss Keller, and of the interest which Mr. Graham Bell had taken in her case. Perhaps you have heard that she has been blind and deaf and dumb from infancy. She was accompanied by her teacher, who was leading her about the museum and telling her of the wonderful things.

One of the keepers came along, and Mr. Hitz asked him to open some of the glass cases, which he kindly did. Now, the wonderful part of this scene was the ingenious way in which the teacher communicated to Miss Helen her thoughts by playing on her finger-tips with her own. For instance, "What would you like to see?"

"I should like to see something that I can feel," she answered.

Mind you, Miss Helen answered with her lips and with her vocal organs, for the teacher had instructed her in the new art of speaking, since it is well known that most dumb persons could speak if they could hear. The keeper placed in her hands one of the little carved "totem-posts" from Alaska. Feeling it from top to bottom, she quickly asked:

"What animal is this?"

"That is a bear."

"What bird is this?"

"That is a crow."

"What animal is this?"

"That is a beaver."

"What do they mean?"

"They are the symbols or heraldic signs of the families to which the chief's wives belonged."

"Did he have three wives?"

"Yes."

Then Miss Helen observed, sotto voce, "That is curious, but then Solomon had many more than that."

The keeper next led the blind girl to a sitting figure of Osiris and allowed her to stand on a box, so that she could pass her hands over the whole statue, which she did with the greatest deliberation. Waiting awhile, she addressed the small audience from her pulpit of wood, after this fashion, her left hand with finger-tips up-lifted resting in the hand of the instructor.

"This is the figure of a man sitting down holding in his hand something that I cannot make out. I know it is a man because he wears a beard, but it is very much conventionalized."

I was greatly surprised at this last word, which she pronounced thus, conventionalized, and used it correctly, because, as you know, the beard on early Egyptian statues are carved in a square block. Helen next asked to see a mummy, and the keeper opened the case. The girl reached forth her hands, trembling from head to foot, and as they passed over the face of the figure, she gave a shudder. I thought she would relinquish her inquiry, but no, she never ceased until the wrapped form of the dead was searched from head to foot. Then she asked:

"How old is this?"

"About twenty-five hundred years."

"Oh, yes," she said, "older than Cleopatra, but not so old as Solomon."

It was most interesting to witness the examination of textiles, basketry, carvings, and of the mounted animals. But I declare the teacher charmed me more than the pupil. They spent several hours in seeing the museum, as Miss Helen termed it, and sure enough, while those cunning fingers were giving out and receiving information, the blauk eyeballs stared into the cases as though determined to see. What do you think of the skill and patience that will open the eye of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf, and teach the dumb to speak? And, again, there were twenty thousand persons passed through that building on the day of which I am speaking. I looked into many of their faces, characterized by vacant stares, and wondered whether the same amount of patient instruction would not have evoked an equal amount of intelligence. At any rate, I will not soon forget the hour spent with the blind girl in seeing a museum.

WHAT WE OWE SOCIETY.

For example, in declining an invitation that we would not under any circumstances accept, are we privileged to say that we deeply regret that a previous engagement prevents the pleasure, etc. When we have been greatly bored, and have so expressed ourselves to various persons in the company, should we say to the host and hostess, even if it be the custom, that we are indebted to them for a very delightful evening? Is it quite the thing, if we have asked our companion who that very plain woman may be, and are presented to her, a few minutes later, by Mr. Jones as his wife, to declare that we had been wondering who that very pretty woman was? Does our conscience feel easy when we remember that after being compelled to listen to a sonata, very ill performed, which we pronounced execrable, we have deliberately walked up to the performer and praised him in superlatives? Is our equanimity not disturbed a whit when we say to our friend, "Don't introduce me to that cad!" and the next minute, while shaking his hand, repeat the formula, "Charmed to meet you?"

These and numberless other hypocracies and falsehoods are almost the current coin of social speech. Consequently, they are not considered what they really are, and he who objects to them is regarded as over-scrupulous, severely puritanic. What would you have us say? Some one may ask. Tell the brutal truth, and be unpardonably rude? If it be urged that rudeness is preferable to lack of veracity, it may be claimed that such fictions really deceive nobody; that society does not expect any one to be truthful, and that no harm is done. If so, the admission is sufficiently damaging to society to give color to what cynics say of it. It is indeed a miserable sham, a mere dance of death, a mass of corruption under a polished surface!

Society is nothing of the kind here, whatever it may have become at some of the courts of the Old World. Here we need not say what we do not believe; nor need we contradict what we have just spoken in order to be polite. Politeness consists in suppressing ill-natured comments, in the first place, not in asserting the contrary afterward. It is possible to be reasonably sincere even in society, if we will strictly carry out our unwritten compact to be agreeable—at least to try. And in the furtherance of this object amiability will be a great help.—*Harper's Bazar*.

LOOKING FOR THAT BLESSED HOPE.

"For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ." Phil. iii. 20.

In the professing Christian world of today we do not see any anxiety about the second coming of Christ. There is a universal indifference to it. One is reminded of the statement in the parallel, "Whilst the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." Very few care about the approach of the bridegroom; very few believe in it. When spoken to about it, their language is practically that of the scoffers of whom Peter wrote, "Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Ah! but the day comes when this apathy shall be rudely dispelled. "As a snare shall it come upon all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth," said Jesus. How is it that men are so blinded to the most obvi-

ous doctrine of the New Testament? Because, under the guidance of a false theory, they look upon death as the eternal settlement of every man for weal and woe, whereas death settles nothing. It consigns us to darkness and silence, to await the coming of Christ. This is the great settling-time "when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ." Blessed are all they who are prepared for its arrival. Happy are they who "look for his appearing," thrice happy they who "love it;" for it is only to such that he is to "appear the second time unto salvation." O reader! repent thee of thy worldly follies. Give heed to the message that speaks to thee out of the Bible. Learn the truth from its neglected pages, and casting thine errors and thy thoughtlessness behind thee, give obedience to the heavenly requirements, and then wait with hope for the coming of the Son of Man, that thou mayest be his when he maketh up his jewels.

LITTLE FAULTS.

Oftentimes it is the little faults, little carelessnesses in conduct, little blemishes in character, the "no-harms," that make even fairly good people almost useless, so far as their influence goes. There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light on the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps; they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by, because the light had been obscured by the insects.

You get the lesson? The lamp may be burning brightly in your soul or in mine, but little faults—pride, ugly tempers, selfishness, half-heartedness, bad habits of tongue, carelessness about paying debts or keeping promises, a hundred other such things—may so cloud our lives as to obscure the shining out of Christ in our souls. Perhaps already some soul has been lost because your lamp does not shine out with clear light. I counsel you, Christian young people, to be good, beautiful in your character, faithful in all duties, careful not in the smallest ways to dim the luster of the Christ-light within you.—*Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.*

THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN.

Apart from any question of right, would it be for the best interests of civilization to grant women a wider sphere of activity? The trend and current of the social evolution is surely in the direction of larger liberty for all, in the degree that they are able to use it. It is in the direction of the removal of barriers and needless restraints. Every attempt at such removal in the past has been greeted by loud prophecies of disaster. The aroused watch-dogs of church and state have started in full cry upon the track of the innovator with angry yelpings of alarm. But that was what might have been expected, and should frighten no one. We all inherit a residuum of antediluvian sentiments which remain suspended in our minds like mud in water, and interfere with the clearness of our thinking. It is only when it has had time to settle, and we recognize it for what it is, that we gain full command of our intellects. Now, I do not pretend as yet to have full command of mine; but for all that I seem to have a few star-gleams of intuition which manage to struggle through the turbid medium of antiquated feeling.—*H. H. Boyesen, in Lip-pincott's*.

DOING.

Doing, not dreaming, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will not amount to anything, unless the thought be followed by a determined will to execute. Not the faithful talker, but the faithful toiler, leaves the broad mark of work accomplished. "Not he that saith Lord, Lord, but he that doeth my Father's will." Not the son that promised, but he that went, was the one who received the reward. "This one thing I do," not "This one thing I think," made a Paul. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." Going about continually doing good was the example left by Christ; and the promise is given, "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life." —*Parish Visitor*.

THE BLUES.

A Graphic Description of the Dreadful Feeling.

What Is Meant by This Form of Acute Misery—Where Doctors Make Mistakes.

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She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached, and back also; has slept poorly; been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart has beat very fast; then that bearing-down feeling. Her doctor says, "cheer up, you have dyspepsia; you'll be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right." She grows worse day by day, till all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake.

She has lost faith in him; hope vanishes; then comes the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES. Her doctor, if he knew, should have told her and cured her, but he did not, and she was allowed to suffer. By chance she came across one of Mrs. Pinkham's books, and in it she found her very symptoms described and an explanation of what they meant. Then she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice, feeling that she was telling her troubles to a woman. Speedy relief followed, and vigorous health returned.

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Lucerne.—D. M. S., Wampum, Pa., and others. Lucerne is the same as alfalfa. Before the time of sowing next spring, watch the columns of this paper for articles on alfalfa.

Rhubarb Wine.—A. A. H., Scottsburg, Ind. To each gallon of juice expressed from the stalks of rhubarb add one gallon of soft water and seven pounds of brown sugar. Fill a keg or barrel, leave the bung out, and keep it filled with sweetened water as it works off, until clear. Then bung tight, or bottle.

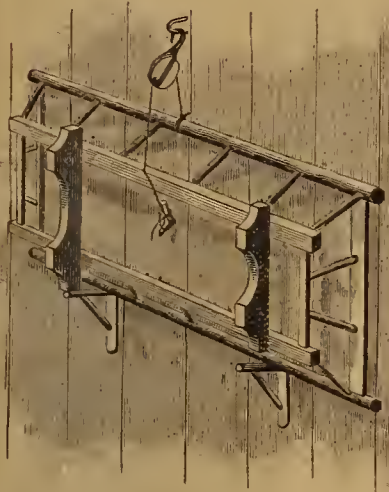
Milkweed.—E. R. F., Grand Island, Neb., writes: "Please tell me how to rid land of milkweed."

REPLY:—Milkweed, or silkweed, is a perennial. Cut off all plants below the surface of the ground before they go to seed. Thorough cultivation in hoed crops, as corn and potatoes, will rid the land of them. Heavy cropping in clover, oats, etc., will choke them out.

Nut-trees.—W. H., Emporium, Pa., writes: "Where can I get nut-trees to plant, such as chestnuts and walnuts? Can I get a good work on the culture of nuts?"

REPLY:—Nearly all large nursery concerns have nut-trees for sale. Some, like R. Douglass & Son, Waukegan, Ill., make a specialty of forest-trees. You may be able to get the new work published by the Department of Agriculture, by sending thirty cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. The edition is limited.

Hoist for Hay-rack.—T. M., Royallon, Minn. The accompanying cut, which explains



itself, shows how to construct a device for unloading a wagon-bed or hay-rack.

Preservative.—M. M. E., Elizabeth, Ind., writes: "I have a two-ounce package of compound extract of Salix prepared for preserving fruits and vegetables. That is all I know about it. Will you please tell me how to use it? And is it a good way to preserve fruit?"

REPLY:—We do not know what the compound you have is composed of; but we do know that a compound sold under the same name for preserving fruit is a rank fraud. Ask your druggist what "compound extract of Salix" is. Salix is willow. If the stuff you have contains salicylic acid (made from carbolic acid), it may preserve fruit, but it is dangerous for you to use it. Except in small and proper doses, salicylic acid is a poisonous drug. Better throw the stuff away.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Paresis.—W. A. W., Seventysix, Mo. What you describe is paresis, or chronic weakness, in the loins or hind quarters. It usually results from inflammatory processes in the posterior part of the spinal chord or its membranes, and is incurable after it has become chronic, because the morbid changes produced are permanent.

Trouble with Churning.—P. P., Gainesville, Ga. Your cow is not ailing at all; the trouble complained of is caused by the milk and cream being kept in too warm a place before churning. If you have no cool place where you can keep the milk, add cold water to the cream when you are churning.

Ringbone.—J. H. B., Samaria, W. Va. In one of the November numbers of FARM AND FIRESIDE you will again, the same as last year, find an article on the treatment of spavin and ringbone. We are now in the fly season, and as long as that lasts a treatment of these diseases is of no use, therefore wait until then.

Several Questions.—R. B. J., Darien, Mo. Concerning your first question I do not know what you mean. As to the second one, Persian insect-powder will kill fleas on a dog. As to your third one, I wish to ask what you mean by the term "adenitis." Do you perhaps mean distemper of horses, a disease for which in ancient times that term, among others long ago discarded, has been used? If so, I have to say that distemper, as a rule, affects horses but once.

Pumiced Hoofs.—L. M., Polk, Iowa. Your horse that was founded two years ago now suffers from a degeneration of the hoofs, known by the name of pumiced hoofs. It is impossible to restore the same to a normal condition, but if you have a good horseshoer, who will shoe your horse with a pair of good bar-shoes very concave inside of the nail-holes, so as to relieve the morbid sole from any pressure, your horse will go tolerably well, except on hard paved streets and on rough ground.

Castration.—S. W. B., Bucklin, Mo. No educated veterinarian uses, or has used for the last fifteen or twenty years, an ecraseur for castrating colts, because even the best one is for that purpose a very impractical instrument. One of the best methods is yet the old-fashioned one with clamps, because if well performed it is a safe method. The method you speak of, tying the cord with a string, is not at all a safe one, is often followed by accidents, even by tetanus, and has not been practised by any veterinarian for fifty years.

Cutaneous Eruption.—G. H. McG., Clearwater, Neb. The nodular swellings in the skin of your mare are caused by an inflammation and infiltration of the tissue surrounding the sebaceous glands. In some horses such an eruption appears every summer, to disappear as soon as colder weather sets in. The eruption, as a rule, lasts about five or six weeks, and then disappears. If, as you say, your mare has no work during the summer except nursing her colt, you may leave the eruption alone, because by fall it will disappear without treatment.

Gastro-intestinal Catarrh.—M. B., Rosby's Rock, W. Va. The indigestion of your horse, it seems, is caused by a chronic (catarrhal) inflammation of the stomach and intestines. By way of treatment very little can be accomplished. Good care, sound food easy of digestion, very moderate exercise, pure water to drink, fresh air to breathe, and a good, dry stable will do more good than medicines. If the latter are to be given, they may consist in small doses of salt, given every day or a pinch with every meal, and if diarrhea is present, astringents and even small doses of opium will be indicated. Most cases are incurable.

Urticaria.—F. D. W., Perkins, Ohio, writes: "I have a hog that seems to be well and hearty, but its skin turns red and becomes covered with purple spots, as though it had been bruised. The skin is covered with scruff like wheat-bran."

REPLY:—What you describe is a case of urticaria. Give a good dose of calomel (as much as one dram, if the hog is a very large one) mixed with a boiled potato, for voluntary consumption, do not feed too high, and see to it that the hog has a shady, dry, clean and cool place, where the same can find protection against heat and too much sunshine. Your hog, I suppose, is a white one.

Hemaglobinemia.—G. C. B., Valley Falls, Kansas. What you describe is a case of hemaglobinemia, also called azoturia, hemaglobinuria, lumbago gravis, and several other names. It is a very dangerous disease, which especially attacks horses that are in good condition, accustomed to work every day, have been kept idle in the stable a few days, and are then put to work, just exactly as it happened in your case. You are fortunate in so far as your horses did not die, but are yet alive. It seems you unhitched just in time. I would advise you to keep your horses in pasture a few weeks longer until they have perfectly recovered, when it will be tolerably safe to put them gradually to work again. They have not been poisoned, except by the products of waste that accumulated in the organism when they were kept idle in the stable, being unaccustomed to idleness. If such a case should again happen, unhitch immediately as soon as you observe that anything is wrong, and let the horses rest wherever they may be, and nothing serious will result. When horses used to being worked every day, and for some reason or another have to be kept idle a few days, they either should receive less food or should be allowed voluntary exercise.

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See page 19 for particulars.

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One answer to the voting contest can be sent with each subscription. See page 19.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.



SAMANTHA'S HUSBAND.

Our Miscellany.

THE Savings Bank Association of New York represents 1,700,000 depositors and \$700,000,000 of savings.

SPIDERS always come out of their holes shortly before a rain, being advised by their instinct that insects then fly low and are most easily taken.

THE largest sheep-owner in the world is said to be S. McCaughey, of the Coonong station, at Jerilderie, New South Wales. He has 3,000,000 acres of land, and last season sheared 1,000,000 sheep.

COAL-MINING is paying one party of miners in the Yukon country better than gold-mining paid them. A find of excellent coal was made recently in the Forty-Mile creek district, and with wood at \$12 and \$14 a cord, the coal-mine is an excellent pay-streak.

CERTAIN scientists say that Mars is like Holland. Its inhabitants appear to have drained the whole of its surface as a measure of protection against encroaching waters, which threaten an invasion when summer's heat melts the polar ice and snow.

So thoroughly practical are Roentgen rays considered by the medical department of the war office of the British government that sets of Roentgen apparatus have been ordered sent up the Nile, to be used by the army surgeons in locating bullets in soldiers and determining the extent of bone fractures.

INTERESTING catacombs with well-preserved mural paintings have been discovered at Kertch, in the Crimea, the ancient Panticapaeum. Although the vaulting shows that they must have been built after the Christian era, the subjects of the paintings are pagan, representing Pluto, Demeter and Hermes.

SHORT hours for working-men is a phrase that means different things in different countries. In the German parliament the ministers have just been defending themselves for cutting bakers' hours of labor down to twelve. In Britain, Canada and the United States some are striving to have eight hours as the limit.

THE mountains of the moon are immensely larger in proportion than those of the earth. The moon is but one forty-ninth the size of the earth, but its mountain peaks are nearly as high. Twenty-two are higher than Mont Blanc, which is within a few feet of three miles high. The highest is a little more than four miles and a half.

THE use of iron in architecture is not so new as people are accustomed to think. At Delhi is a forged iron column sixty feet high. It is sixteen inches in diameter at the base and twelve inches at the top. Its weight is estimated at about seventeen tons. From records extant it is reasonably certain that it was in existence 900 years B. C.

SHEEP delight in the short grass and peculiar herbage of hill pastures and bare downs, and the mutton produced in such pastures and by the breeds most suitable to them is of superior quality to that of the large, fat sheep fed on richer soil. The multitude of tiny shells so often found on every foot of down turf is also very efficacious in fattening and nourishing the animal.

THE Swiss government is considering a law to compel all persons whose earnings do not exceed \$600 a year to insure themselves against accidents and sickness. The insurance fund will be raised by contributions of 52 per cent by the employers, 20 per cent by the employees and 22 per cent by the state. Private insurance companies will be permitted to continue business on the same terms as the government, and will also receive a government subsidy.

A NEW insect has invaded Anderson, Ind., that is being sought for eagerly by farmers. It battles with potato-bugs, and is effectual in driving the pests from the potato-vines. It first made its appearance in gardens in Johnstown, but is now being transplanted into gardens all over the city and county. It is a diamond-shaped insect, with a long beak. It makes a business of spearing the potato-bugs and living off their blood. It does no harm to the vines. It is green in color.

LAST year thirty-seven towns in Connecticut began the work of macadamizing their roads, and this year it is estimated that more than eighty towns will be engaged upon such improvements. The towns begin in a small way, the average length of road reconstructed last year in each town being from one half to three quarters of a mile. The state, the county and the town each pay one third the cost of the work, and the state's appropriation is \$75,000, while three state commissioners supervise the work. The proof of the popular satisfaction with the system is the increase this year in the number of towns adopting it.

MR. DICKSON, the British consul at Jerusalem, says that many visitors to Egypt visit the Holy Land also, the result being that money is brought into the country and employment is given to a numerous class of the population who otherwise would remain idle. Hotel-keepers, dragomans, guides, shop-keepers, stable-owners, carriage-drivers, muleteers, etc., all look forward to the tourist season as a means of acquiring a livelihood, and should any unforeseen circumstances occur to hinder the usual influx of travelers—as, for example,

the recent imposition of quarantine on arrivals from Egypt—it is looked upon as something little short of a disaster by the inhabitants of Jerusalem and Jaffa. As an instance of the effect which the annual arrival of tourists had had upon the progress of the country, it may be mentioned that twenty years ago there existed only one decent hotel in Jerusalem, whereas now there are at least six good hotels in the city, two being first-class, besides several boarding-houses and hospices for the accommodation of pilgrims.

RESOURCES OF THE STATES.

Oregon's salmon-fisheries produce about 600,000 cases a year, and its wool-clip exceeds 16,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of forests, and the annual gold yield exceeds \$1,000,000.

Delaware has 9,000 farms, valued at \$37,000,000. It exports every year 7,000,000 quarts of strawberries and 55,000,000 baskets of peaches.

Missouri grows 219,000,000 bushels of corn, 36,000,000 of oats, 20,000,000 of wheat, and 13,000,000 pounds of tobacco. The lead product has exceeded 100,000,000 pounds in a year.

Massachusetts has over 100,000 persons engaged in the fisheries. The making of boots and shoes gives employment to 62,000; cotton goods, 58,000; building, 50,000; clothing, 33,000.

Michigan produces one fifth of the iron of this country, mining 9,000,000 tons a year. The copper-mines are the richest in the world, having produced over \$200,000,000 worth of metal.

Rhode Island has 2,200 factories, employing 38,000 men, 22,000 women and 4,400 children. The combined capital of the mills is \$76,000,000, and the annual output \$104,000,000.

The state of Washington has salmon-fisheries worth \$1,500,000 a year, and catches 10,000 fur-seals. It exports \$8,000,000 worth of lumber and coal, and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Kentucky is the foremost state in the production of hemp, and has been known to produce 35,000 tons in a year. It produces nearly two thirds of the American tobacco crop, growing in 1889 280,000,000 pounds.

South Carolina farm products exceed \$50,000,000 in value annually, \$14,000,000 being cotton. About 70,000,000 pounds of rice are raised. Gold is mined in paying quantities at sixty places in the state.

Indiana produces 130,000,000 bushels of corn, 40,000,000 of wheat, 46,000,000 of oats, and over 1,000,000 tons of timothy. It has 10,000,000 fruit-trees, bearing 36,000,000 bushels of apples and 4,000,000 bushels of peaches.

Arkansas has 100,000 farms, which produce 600,000 bales of cotton, 900,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 42,000,000 bushels of corn and 2,000,000 bushels of wheat. From the Arkansas forests are cut over \$20,000,000 worth of lumber every year.

Ohio raises 100,000,000 bushels of corn, 37,000,000 of wheat, 37,000,000 of oats, 12,000,000 of potatoes, 35,000,000 pounds of tobacco and 3,000,000 tons of hay. The vineyards produce 2,500,000 gallons of wine and 30,000,000 pounds of grapes.

Illinois produces \$270,000,000 of farm products every year. The grain product reaches \$145,000,000; live stock, \$50,000,000; dairy products, \$27,000,000; hay and potatoes, \$26,000,000. The farm property is valued at more than \$1,000,000,000.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE FLOWER BONNET.

Many milliners will tell you that bonnets are nowhere, hats having hustled them entirely out of fashion; but this is certainly a grave mistake. Some of the smartest women of the day are wearing flower bonnets, and many are keeping to the old Princess shape. The foundation need not necessarily be entirely flowers, green straw asserting its influence. Many of these floral bonnets have a large, erect bunch of orchids or iris placed immediately in front; and one of the favorite blooms for the bonnet is pink clover, and most pretty it is. The fashions which come to us from the peasant bead-gears of Holland are frequently represented by roses placed to stand directly out on either side of the face, and many of the beautiful flowers which constitute bonnets appear to be beld in place by diamonds.

A LA "NEW WOMAN."

The aide-de-camp rushed unceremoniously into the tent of the commanding general, started to salute, but wound up in her excitement by feeling to find if her cap was on straight. "The enemy are advancing in force," she said. The general looked up calmly. "Tell them I am not at home," said she.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE FENCE QUESTION.

Now that harvest season is near at hand the farmer should find time to consider the fence question and decide what he wants to build in this line during the fall. We wish to call special attention to the KEYSTONE woven wire fence, manufactured by the Keystone Woven Wire Fence Company, at Peoria, Ill. There are many wire fences on the market, but we would suggest to those of our readers wanting a real good fence that they write to the above firm for catalogue and prices before purchasing.

TITBITS.

Deacon Frisby (impressively)—"Young man, I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Young man—"Well, if your doorkeeper is anywhere near as important as our janitor, I haven't a bit of doubt but what you would."—*Puck.*

The condemned man was standing on the scaffold, and the sheriff was adjusting the black cap, when a loud cry was heard without, and a swift scorch on a blue-green bicycle came rolling up, waving in the air a reprieve. The sheriff removed the rope, and the relieved prisoner, glancing critically at the scorcher who had saved him, asked, "What make is that wheel?"—*Minneapolis Journal.*

First American correspondent—"Funny thing happened at headquarters this morning. Weyler borrowed an umbrella when the rain-storm came on and broke two of its ribs trying to put it up."

Second American correspondent—"Gimme full particulars, quick! Here, I'll write the head-lines. 'Unparalleled Atrocity! Butcher Weyler Breaks the Ribs of His Latest Victim!' Go on with story."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE AWFUL PUN.

"Rivers, was that filled cheese we had at the free-lunch counter a little while ago?"

"I think it was."

"It was abominable stuff. Why don't they runnet out of the country?"

"I suppose they will, Brooks, as soon as they can make out a case against it."

And in the silence that followed nothing was heard except the monotonous sound of burglars breaking into the various houses in the neighborhood and carrying away rich booty.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

A NEW PENALTY.

"There's a judge out West who beats the Dutch for fiendish punishment."

"What sort of sentence does he inflict?"

"Well, one poor wretch was convicted of killing five people, and this cruel judge sentenced him to an afternoon's imprisonment in a millinery-store on opening day."—*Life.*

SARCASM.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"

HER MISFORTUNE, NOT HER FAULT.

New woman—"Marriage, indeed! I never saw a man that I could marry!"

Old woman—"Well, the men are particular, that's a fact."—*Town Topics.*

A FRIENDLY OPPORTUNITY.

A Georgia undertaker has adopted a novel method of advertising his business. His advertisement reads: "Funerals on the instalment plan. Two dollars a week will bury your best friend."—*Woonsocket Reporter.*

SO TRUE.

The colored sexton of St. Peter's church has a very stylish mulatto wife. Asking for a bigger salary, he gave as a reason, "It's mighty hard to keep a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary."

BUSINESS COMBINED WITH SENTIMENT.

Maud—"So we are both to be married the first week in June?"

Mildred—"How lovely! We can swap our duplicate presents."—*Odds and Ends.*

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Lawyer—"I now offer in evidence a photograph of the broken heart of the plaintiff, taken by the Roentgen process."

Judge—"Admitted. Let it be marked 'Exhibit X.'"—*Puck.*

WON AND LOST.

"I went to two receptions last night, and lost my nmhrella at the last."

"It's wonder you didn't lose it at the first one."

"That's where I got it."

A FRENCH DUEL.

"Are you going to the office?"

"No, I'm going to fight a duel."

"Well, when you return please to stop in at my dressmaker's and tell her to send up my bodice."—*L'Illustre de Poche.*

INFORMATION.

Hiram (reading the paper)—"Do you know what they mean by a Stradervar'us?"

Silas—"Yes. A Stradervar'us is the Latin name for a fiddle."

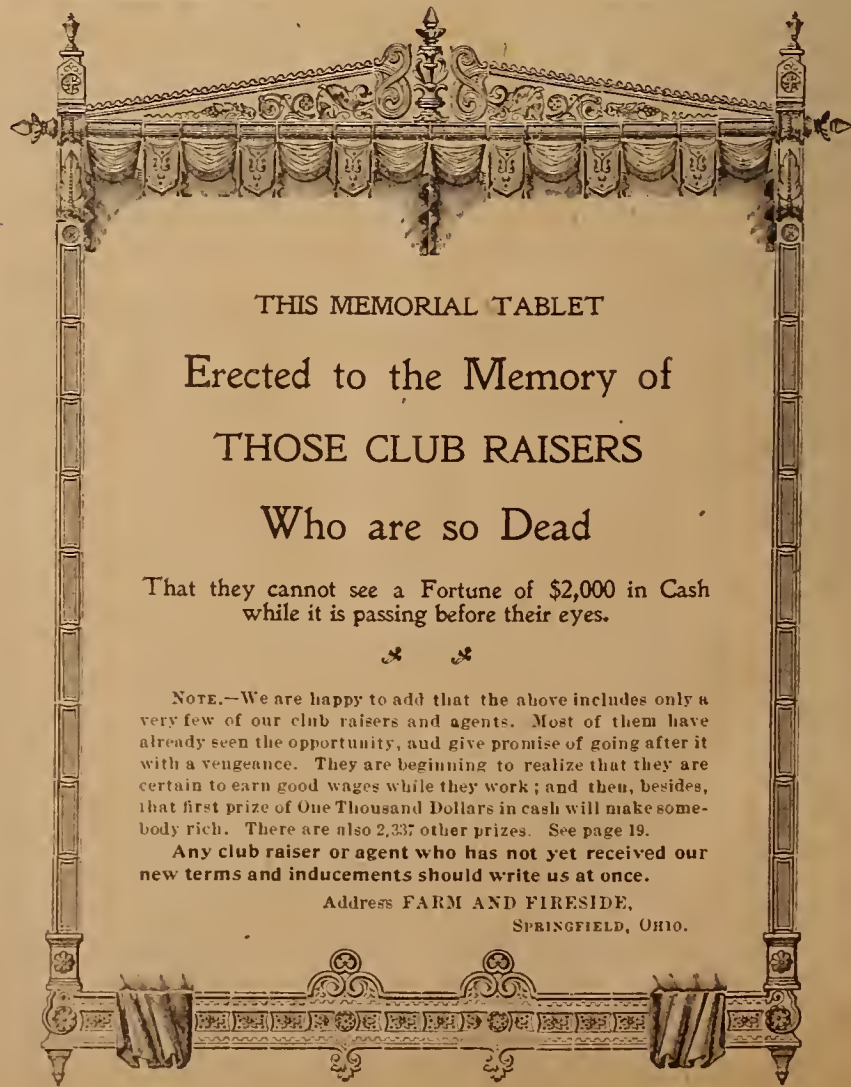
A SUPERBLY APPOINTED TRAIN.

Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North-Western Limited," which leaves Chicago at 6:30 P. M. daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or mind invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information apply to agents of connecting line, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

FREE CURE

PERUVIANA is a sure cure for Kidney & Urinary Diseases, Rheumatism &

Discovered by that distinguished explorer, Mr. E. D. Mansfield, on a trip through far away PERU. Endorsed by the leading medical authorities of America and Europe as a sure and permanent cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Brick Dust Deposits, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, Pain in the Back, etc. Descriptive pamphlet sent free to all. There has never been discovered such a wonderful curative as PERUVIANA, and to convince you of its wonderful effects, we will send you sufficient for a few days' use, by mail, FREE, if you are a sufferer. A trial costs you nothing. Address, Peruviana Herbal Remedy Co., 2d National Bank Building, Cincinnati, O.



THIS MEMORIAL TABLET

Erected to the Memory of THOSE CLUB RAISERS

Who are so Dead

That they cannot see a Fortune of \$2,000 in Cash while it is passing before their eyes.

NOTE.—We are happy to add that the above includes only a very few of our club raisers and agents. Most of them have already seen the opportunity, and give promise of going after it with a vengeance. They are beginning to realize that they are certain to earn good wages while they work; and then, besides, that first prize of One Thousand Dollars in cash will make somebody rich. There are also 2,337 other prizes. See page 19.

Any club raiser or agent who has not yet received our new terms and inducements should write us at once.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Selections.

BUSINESS TACT NECESSARY.

In order to properly manage a house a woman must have a love for it, and also a fair education and business tact. A woman who possesses these qualifications cannot possibly fail in house management.

When does a woman fail to do all she possibly can for those she loves or what she loves? If the object of her love happens to be a man, she does all in her power to urge him on to greater efforts until he meets with success; but thrice happy is he who has a wife who loves both him and his home, for he lives in a paradise on earth. But I do not think love can accomplish this alone, unless the woman is in possession of a fair education, for education refines and elevates her mind, tastes and ideas. Now for business tact: A merchant to be successful in business must cater to the wants of his customers and fill all orders promptly and satisfactorily; but he has this advantage, he receives his orders and knows exactly what is wanted. A woman who is engaged in the same management business is expected to please without orders. And right there the business tact comes in. If she has more than one in family, it means so many more demands on her brain to invent dishes to please their various appetites, for what pleases one does not always please the other; and when all are pleased, show me a cause that has a better effect than a family sitting down to an enjoyable meal, with pleasant surroundings and the loving smile of wife and mother to brighten everyone up. Of course, while love alone would cause a woman to be extravagant, education brings refinement and business tact, prudence and economy. A woman such as I have tried to describe, who is unfortunate enough to be united to a man who cannot appreciate her home management, must certainly lose more or less of those qualities, for if any woman needs encouragement, she does. How pleasant it must be for her after the day is over to hear her husband express his satisfaction and enjoyment of his home.

WEARING FLANNEL.

Flannel should be worn during the summer months as well as the winter. Many persons think that on the approach of the hot weather they should at once discard all flannel garments. But this is a great mistake. The common woolen flannel should be worn. One color has no advantage over another. To wash the flannel, put into a tub, pour some strong, boiling soap-suds on it, leave it till the hand can bear the water, then pour it off and add clean water, boiling hot; let this stand, also, as before. Pour off and add more boiling clean water, and when cool enough, merely squeeze the garments with the hands—no wringing or rubbing. Stretch it immediately on a line in the hot sun, or before a hot fire, and as the water settles at the most dependent part of the garment, press it out with the hand, and be careful to stretch the fabric as soon as the water is squeezed out, aiming as much as possible to keep the flannel hot until it is dry. If woolen garments are treated literally as above, they will remain pliable and soft until worn out.

FLY-PROTECTORS.

In reply to a question on the subject, *Hoard's Dairyman* gives the following recipes for fly-protectors:

The only fly-remedy we have given personal trial was compounded from the formula given last year by Mr. H. S. Materson, as follows:

Train-oil, three quarts; crude petroleum, one quart; carbolic acid, one ounce.

Apply with sponge, and one application suffices for from five to seven days.

We believe that common axle-grease thinned with a little kerosene and tintured with carbolic acid as above would prove effective.

Professor Weed, of the Mississippi station, has found a mixture of two parts crude cotton-seed oil and one part pine-tar effective.

My own experience with the preventive suggested by Professor Weed, substituting fish-oil for the crude cotton-seed oil, is not very favorable. It lasts too short a time. I believe that crude coal-oil, with pine-tar and a little carbolic acid, would be better.

COMPARISON AS TO COST OF LIVING NORTH AND SOUTH.

CONSUMPTION OF WHEAT FLOUR INDICATES PROSPERITY; OF CORN-BREAD, POVERTY
—IRISH POTATOES—LIVING NORTH AND SOUTH.

The cost of living and farming in Florida and in the North, respectively, and the comparative profits of farming in the two places, form an interesting subject of discussion, especially to the intending immigrant. In the line of machinery, the Florida farmer will require a heavy breaking-plow, a lighter one-horse plow, a cutaway harrow, a cultivator, a hand-cultivator, wagon, harness, an assortment of hoes, spade, ax, seed-drill, and, in case of a thrifty farmer, a mowing-machine and a hay-rake. All these tools come from factories outside of Florida, and will cost the grower, assuming that he will purchase them all and bring none with him, probably \$25 more than they would cost in the North.

ARTICLES OF DAILY CONSUMPTION.

An erroneous idea prevails as to the number of such articles that must be imported from the North in order to enable the well-to-do farmer and his family to live in generous comfort with a full larder, such as they had been accustomed to in their Northern homes. Apples and potatoes, milk, cream, butter and cheese, white and brown bread, buckwheat cakes and oatmeal, beefsteak, mutton, sausage, ham and eggs, cabbage, tomatoes, squashes, beans, green corn—but why extend the catalogue of the savory things that grace the board of the solid Western farmer, whose "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both?"

FOOD CROPS IN FLORIDA.

The question now arises, which of these articles can be grown to advantage in Florida, and which of them had the farmer better procure from outside sources? The fact is well known that every article named above, with the exception of winter apples, can be and has been grown in this state. Even wheat fills out its heads well, and the grains are plump and heavy. But whether any farmer, at least on the peninsula proper, would be repaid in the attempt to grow wheat enough to furnish his bread-stuffs is very doubtful. As to oats and corn, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the ordinary farmer—possibly not the large orange-grower—can produce these in sufficient quantity to feed his family; and oats are really a more valuable grain for this climate than wheat. Oatmeal is nourishing to the muscle and the brain, and is in nowise heating or fattening. It is just the nourishment required in this warm and somewhat debilitating climate.

PRICES NORTH AND SOUTH.

What, then, is the summing up? That the Florida farmer is really compelled to import from the North only his flour, apples, cheese, and perhaps a part of his salt pork, with certain groceries, including most canned goods, though this ought not so to be. Vegetables, stock feed, hay, rice, ice, vinegar, wine, cigars, tobacco, syrup and sugar and several other articles ought never to pass the Florida border coming southward, at least for consumption in this state. The additional and the reduced expense of rural living here is about as follows: Flour costs about a dollar a barrel more; canned goods, about three cents a can more; butter costs here, on an average, about fifteen cents a pound more than the best grade of country butter in the state of New York; cheese, about six cents more; hams, about four cents more; apples in the North, say forty cents a bushel, here, forty cents a peck, though farmers seldom indulge in fresh apples; coffee, tea, spices, etc., very little more; syrup, sweet potatoes, rice, fresh fish and beef, less; mutton, more, though that, again, is seldom found on farmers' tables. Most Southern farmers are prejudiced against mutton.

HOUSES.

We will mention simply one instance of our personal knowledge. A well-to-do Illinois farmer (who still owns his Northern farm) erected a frame house of five rooms, a story and a half, ceiled throughout, stained inside, painted outside, room enough for a family of five, for the sum of \$329. He worked on it himself, doing a small amount of the rough carpenter-work, but the saving he effected thereby was not over \$40 or \$50. A portable saw-mill in that vicinity furnishes undressed lumber at the mill for \$6.50 per thousand feet.—*Florida Citizen*.

Send for the illustrated edition of the *FARM AND FIRESIDE*, containing sixteen pages of well-authenticated testimony regarding the farming lands in the Tallahassee country, controlled and offered for sale by the Clark Syndicate Companies, at 315 Dearborn street, Chicago.

LOOKING SOUTHWARD.

During the present harvest season at the North, when every farmer and those about him are working early and late to secure the crops, and a sufficient amount of fodder to feed out to their stock during the coming six months of inclement weather, with a by far too frequently slight income to show for their labor and money invested in the business, often during these hours of incessant labor these toilers wish for a home in a more genial clime, where stock need not be housed or fed coarse fodder only a few weeks each year; where nearly all the grain and fodder produced is available for market purposes, or may be fed to stock at almost any season of the year, with the assurance that no matter what season of the year it may be, only a very small per cent of food is required to maintain the animal heat, even a warm shelter being not required.

The good housewife also shares in this laudable desire for a home in a more equable clime—a country where the little tots can play in the open air nearly every day in the year, with no danger of an October cold lasting until April; with a fifty per cent greater chance that they will grow to manhood and womanhood in the South than in the North, with less than half the amount of doctor bills charged up in each individual case. The other pets of the ladies (bulbs and plants) require but a slight outdoor protection in a semi-tropical clime, and absolutely no fire inside to protect or carry them through the winter. The canary and other song-birds are quite at home in a warm climate, and are thankful, or at least more liberal with their songs.

There are the invalids, those that are confined to their rooms, to whom a day's sunshine means so much, and the long days of summer are grateful; but soon the cold winds of autumn begin to blow, followed by sleet and snow, and there are no more outings until summer comes again—only caged up like an animal, watching with dread the frequent sudden changes of atmosphere.

Then there are the tens of thousands of semi-invalids, those that are able to labor but little, those who feel so much better in summer, and have a perfect dread of winter and its many unfavorable phases; such people could no doubt prolong their lives many years, by seeking a warmer clime. Thus you could for hours refer to actual cases that would prove beneficial, not only to individuals, but families, in both health and financial points of view.

During years past you may have thought of this matter of a Southern home, perhaps have even talked about it with the family or neighbors, but at this time why not get down to business, and investigate critically the most favored sections? For health, elevation, productive soil, diversity of crops of both grain and fruit produce, for the growing of live stock and poultry, and last, but not least, the cheapness of this hard-wood cleared land and good roads, this old settled but until now primitively cultivated land about Tallahassee cannot be surpassed in any section of the South. Don't wait until the snow flies, but investigate this section at once. The better plan is to visit the country in person. However, if any information on any point is desired enlarged upon, will answer all inquiries from those who inclose a stamp for reply.

(Signed) L. D. SNOOK.

Tallahassee, Fla., June 25, 1896.

BURKS FALLS, ONT., June 8, 1896.
TO THE CLARK SYNDICATE,
Tallahassee, Florida.

Gentlemen:—Having arrived safe home from a month's visit to Florida, I must say I find the trip a wonderfully pleasant recollection, and I was most favorably impressed with the appearance of the country around Tallahassee, and with the advantages for farming, which are, in my opinion, superior to those afforded by any other part of Florida; and that, I think, is saying a great deal. The descriptive pamphlets and photogravures I saw before leaving home did not do justice to the scenery and natural advantages, conveying but a faint idea of the reality, which must be seen to be understood.

I found the climate very enjoyable, even at your warmest season, and coming straight from the North, so many hundreds of miles, as I did.

Any person seeking for an opening, either to invest means or to secure a home, I will certainly advise to turn his attention to the region of which Tallahassee is the center, affording, as it does, so many advantages for the profitable culture of corn, oats, tobacco, cotton, pears, peaches, and all kinds of farm produce, without the use of expensive fertilizers.

Florida is truly the land of no winters, where flowers are in bloom twelve months in the year. Fruit of nearly every kind grows to perfection. The gardener can raise all kinds of vegetables, and can make a fortune shipping them in winter to the Northern markets. Some of the land that I saw offered for sale by your Syndicate would remind one of some of the finest Shires in Old England, and were selling when I was in your country at prices that I considered very reasonable.

I would like to be able to express my appreciation of the kindness of Messrs. S. D. Chittenden, F. M. Swearingen, and other prominent men, who have the interest of that country at heart, and spared no pains to enable us visiting strangers to get a perfectly square and satisfactory look at the country as it is.

I was much struck with the appearance of life and prosperity in Tallahassee. There are no empty houses and stores to denote stagnation or decay, as in some places.

I recall with keen pleasure several charming drives on avenues leading from Tallahassee through the old plantations. My companion, Mr. Drew, agrees with me that we were fortunate in having the experience of a stay at Lanark Inn on the Gulf (the Carrabelle, Tallahassee and Georgia Railway). The memory of the beautiful hotel and its surrounding grove of magnolias lingers with us; also the hospitable treatment of all we met.

I trust ere long I shall have the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of all the kind people I met in Tallahassee.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) E. O. TAYLOR.

The *Interlachen Southern Ruralist* says: "Summer is the time to visit Florida. Fears of the climate are groundless. We know one man who came to Florida in July almost dead with hay-fever. He has hardly been out of the state since, and he has not had any fever since. We often wish that those people who see Florida only in winter could see it in May and June, when the trees and shrubs are in full foliage, the oleander is in bloom, and the mocking-birds by the thousand are singing different tunes, but without discordant note."

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

Round-trip excursions to Tallahassee, Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati have been arranged for the following dates: July 20th and 21st, August 3d and 4th and 17th and 18th, September 1st and 15th and October 6th and 20th. The tickets are good for thirty days, and the fare from Chicago is \$29.80, and from Cincinnati, \$22.80.

We leave Chicago either by the "Big Four" or the "Monon" routes, and from Cincinnati we leave over the "Queen and Crescent."

We pass by daylight through the beautiful blue-grass region, and make almost an entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to Florida, giving one a most excellent opportunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincinnati and join our excursion, go to your nearest ticket agent and get through rates from him on the special excursion days. Then, if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our own railroad lines while you are visiting Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, and the fare for the round trip (first-class) is \$49.50. This price includes meals and berth on board steamer to Jacksonville, Florida, and from there it is only a short ride to Tallahassee.

For all information regarding excursions to the Tallahassee country, address
CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

Smiles.

THOSE DREADFUL GIRLS.

The poster girls have scarlet eyes
And yellow cheeks and purple hair,
With brownish ears and greenish lips,
In tints outre beyond compare.

The poster girls are gaunt and queer,
With ghost-like waists and ghoulish feet—
Such ghastly hands and arms—oh, dear!
What do the poster maidens eat?

—Chicago Record.

WHY THEY SIGH.

When'er the ladies chance to see—
No matter where or when—
A baby boy, in greatest glee
They kiss him there and then.
At church or on the crowded street,
At funeral or feast,
With kisses they the child will greet
A dozen times at least.
Ah! if these many kisses could
Be given grown-up men,
Methinks they'd cease to sigh, "Oh, would
I were a boy again!"

DISCOURAGED HER BRANCHING OUT.

WILLIAM," said Mrs. Naggles, impressively, "I have decided to branch out into the world."
"Haven't I succeeded in making home happy for you?" inquired her husband.

"I have talents that require a wider scope than that which the domestic circle affords."

"Still there are a great many disappointments in lecturing," he ventured.

"I have a cause and a confidence which insure success," she calmly answered.

Her husband sat in silence for a minute, heaved a sigh, and said:

"All right, Maria. But there is one thing I can tell you for certain."

"What is that?"

"You'll never get the public to sit up till one or two o'clock in the morning to listen to you, as I do."—Odds and Ends.

IF IT WERE GOOD.

In the course of one of his winter visits to Florida, Andrew Carnegie attended a service in a negro church at a place where his fame as a millionaire and philanthropist was not known by the colored people. When the contribution-plate came around, Mr. Carnegie dropped a five-dollar bill upon it. After the contents of the plate had been counted, the clergyman arose and announced:

"Bretheren and sistereen, the collection this evening seems to figure up six dollars and forty-four cents; and if the five-dollar bill contributed by the gentleman from the North is genuine, the repairs on the sanctuary will begin immediately."—Youth's Companion.

HARROWING.

"After all these years—"

His features glowed with an unwonted heat, and his chest heaved with emotion.

"I have at last—"

A sense of his new position almost overwhelmed him with an insane desire to fly to some vast solitude and commune with nature.

"Struck the popular cord."

And with whiskers singeing beneath the fiery eye of the farmer's wife, Ivan Appetite, the tramp, let fall a drop of perspiration upon the ax-handle, observed it and fainted.—Truth.

A PUZZLED DARKY.

It was during the late war that a negro was discovered, by a squad of Union cavalry, on his knees in the corner of the field. He was in the attitude for prayer, but he was not praying.

"What's the matter, old man?" inquired one of the men.

"Well, yo' see, boss, I's moughty puzzled. I swar toe goodness I dunno whether toe pray toe de Lawd or toe Gin'l Sherman."—Judge.

IN CERTAIN CASES.

"Isn't that sort of work very confining?" asked the visitor who had been permitted to go into the room where the bank-note engravers were at work.

"Sometimes it is, ma'am," answered the pale-faced artist whom she had addressed. "I am personally acquainted with a man who did a job of this kind once without orders, and he was confined seven years for it, ma'am."

HUNTING FOR A FORTUNE WITH A GUN

Is time wasted, when two thousand dollars cash is offered for answers to the question, "Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?" Somebody is going to get that money, and it will be the body who is smart enough to try for it. Nothing tried, nothing done. The sooner you send your answer, the more likely you are to get a big prize. See particulars on page 19.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."—Judge.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

"I don't like such expressions as 'the glad hand,' 'the marble heart,' and the like," said Mrs. Cawker to her husband.

"Well," replied Mr. Cawker, "wherein do they differ from such time-honored phrases as 'the cold shoulder,' 'the hot tongue,' and 'the stony stare?'"

REVISED.

"I knew it wouldn't do for you to take Dick to ball-games."

"Why not?"

"His prayer last night was: 'Forgive us our errors, remember our assists, bring us to the home plate, and help those who have to slide.'"—Life.

HARD LINES INDEED.

"He is a mighty unlucky man."

"In what way?"

"Well, he married to get out of a boarding-house."

"Yes?"

"And now his wife runs one to support him."

A BOY TO BE PROUD OF.

Mrs. Dolan—"My boy Dinny is gettin' to be a great Sunday-school worker, bless the heart av um."

Mrs. Nolan—"Indade?"

"Yis. He has worked t'ree av thim fer free excursions already."

A COMPETENT BOY.

"I had a fight yesterday with the boy next door."

"Yes; his father called at my office to-day about it."

"I hope you came out as well as I did."—Life.

PERSISTENT.

"That bill-collector is still down-stairs, sir."

"Didn't I tell you to say to him that I died quite suddenly half an hour ago?"

"Yes, sir; but he says he would like a few moments' conversation with the corpse."—Life.

IT IS A DISEASE.

Mr. Banks—"I see that it has been discovered that paper money carries the germs of disease."

Mrs. Banks—"Ah! then that is the reason so many bank cashiers go to Canada for their health."

CAN'T GET OVER IT.

"They say Bimely is a terribly superstitious fellow," began the first man.

"Superstitions?" echoed the other man; "I should say so! He's owed me thirteen dollars for more than four years."—Rockland Tribune.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Pert—"Mrs. Kean is the cleverest woman in our set."

Mrs. Dull—"So?"

Mrs. Pert—"She can make every man she talks with think that he is clever."

A HEAVY STRAIN.

Mrs. Forafiat—"This being so poor is terrible, isn't it?"

Mrs. Topflora—"Indeed it is. If we could only afford it, I would have nervous prostration to-morrow."

ACCURACY.

Editor—"You say in this story that in 1882 Mr. Hanks was promoted to his present position."

Spacery—"Well, what of it?"

Editor—"The man is dead."—Judge.

HOW A. W. JAMES MADE MONEY.

I saw that Dish Washers were advertised by several firms. I sent and got one and sold a good many to my neighbors and made some money, but I saw that Bert Dawson, Columbus, Ohio, had just gotten out a new Dish Washer called the Queen which was the latest patented machine in the market and had all the improvements, by which a person could wash dishes, vegetables, silverware and clothing in one minute. I got the agency and sold five the first day and my profits were \$15, and I shall easily make \$90 before the month is out as everybody wants the newest and best Dish Washer there is going, and it is easy to sell what people want. These hard times anyone who wants to make a little money honestly can do as I have done. Mr. Dawson referred me to the Cardington Bank, Mt. Gilend Bank and Quaker City Bank, so I knew he was perfectly responsible. Anyone can get circulars about the Queen by writing to Mr. Dawson as above. A. W. James.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

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÷ MODENE ÷

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.



Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUCKERS OUT THE ROOTS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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Miscellaneous.

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All day amid the thoroughfares
That echo to the rush of trade,
The low, sweet tunes of old-time airs,
All old, old songs, are softly played.
Throughout the long and cheerless day
Their rhythm falls in monotone,
Half silenced in the crowded way
By passing feet and wheels on stone.
He seems to watch with sightless eyes
The surging throngs upon the street;
Nor heeds he aught of roar or cries,
But listens to the passing feet
That come and go throughout the day—
The young, the old, the weak, the brave,
His time-worn tunes upon the way
Are fitting marches to the grave.

TO CLEAN LACES.

To clean white silk laces, soak in skimmed milk over night, souse in warm soap-suds, carefully rinse, then pull out and pin down while damp. Laces can be whitened by standing in soap-suds in the sun. They should never be rubbed, but soused up and down and very gently squeezed between the hands until they are only damp, not dry. Black lace may be cleaned with borax-water. Use a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of warm water. It is the drying of black lace near a fire that is apt to turn it rusty. Gold and silver laces may be cleaned with stale bread-crumbs mixed with powder blue. For a half loaf of bread take one fourth of a pound of the powder blue. Sprinkle thickly over the lace and let it stand some time. Brush off, and rub lightly with a piece of velvet.—*Table Talk.*

HARD ON THE BACHELOR.

Many stories are being told of the late Eugene Field; this one is from the *Literary Digest*: He was very fond of children. He loved to "chum" with them, to tell them horrible stories that would keep them awake at night, and to put them up to "devilment" that would drive their mothers crazy. On one occasion he invited a bachelor reporter to Christmas dinner at his house. He seated him at table between the two youngest Fields, and with the utmost sincerity said to the children: "Now, boys, I want to eat my Christmas turkey in peace, and I don't want you to bother me. When you want anything you must not reach. Ask Mr. Blank for it and he will get it for you; and when your hands get smeared with gravy, don't wipe them on your mother's clean napkins, but wipe them on Blank's coat-sleeves. He won't care, and that's what he's here for." And the boys obeyed instructions literally.

We will send any ONE of the following premiums, and this paper one year, for 60 cents:

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In order to test the judgment of our subscribers and club raisers on the results of the presidential election, we offer prizes to the amount of Three Thousand Dollars for answers to

THE QUESTION

Who will be the next President, and how many electoral votes will he receive?

THE PRIZES

- 1 FIRST CASH PRIZE to the person who sends the correct answer, - - \$1,000.00
- 1 Second Cash Prize to the person who first sends the next nearest to the correct answer, 300.00
- 1 Third Cash Prize to the person who sends the next best answer, - - - 100.00
- 10 Cash Prizes of Ten Dollars each for the ten next best answers, - - - 100.00
- 50 Cash Prizes of Three Dollars each for the fifty next best answers, - - - 150.00
- 75 Cash Prizes of Two Dollars each for the seventy-five next best answers, - - 150.00
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If at any time before election day two or more persons send the correct answer, then the first prize of one thousand dollars will be equally divided among those sending the correct answer.

If two or more persons send the next nearest to the correct answer, then all of the second prize of three hundred dollars will be awarded to the person who first sends the next nearest to the correct answer; and the one of these answers that is stamped with the next earliest date will be considered the next best answer, and all of the third prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded to the person sending it. This same plan will be followed in awarding all of the remaining prizes.

We will stamp each answer with the day and hour it is received in our office. No more than one prize will be awarded to any one person.

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HOW TO SEND YOUR ANSWER.

Put your answer on a separate piece of paper about three inches wide and five inches long. Suppose you think Smith will be the next president, and that he will receive 400 electoral votes; then fill out your answer after this style:

SMITH, 400 VOTES.

Answer of James Johnson,
Beaver,
Brown County, Idaho.

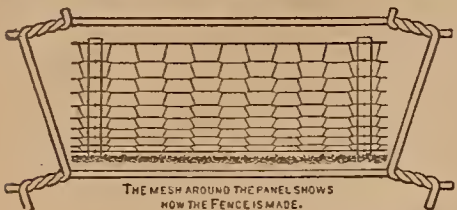
The table below is given to assist you in making up your answer. There are 447 electoral votes, divided among the states as follows:

Alabama.....	11	Kansas.....	10	Nevada.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Kentucky.....	13	New Hampshire.....	4	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Louisiana.....	8	New Jersey.....	10	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6	New York.....	36	Vermont.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	Maryland.....	8	North Carolina.....	11	Virginia.....	12
Delaware.....	3	Massachusetts.....	15	North Dakota.....	3	Washington.....	4
Florida.....	4	Michigan.....	14	Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	6
Georgia.....	13	Minnesota.....	9	Oregon.....	4	Wisconsin.....	12
Idaho.....	3	Mississippi.....	9	Pennsylvania.....	32	Wyoming.....	3
Illinois.....	24	Missouri.....	17	Rhode Island.....	4		
Indiana.....	15	Montana.....	3	South Carolina.....	9	Total.....	447
Iowa.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	South Dakota.....	4		

Set down your estimate of the electoral votes that each state will give the man you think will be the next President, add up, and you will have an answer. The sooner you send an answer, the more likely you are to get a large prize.

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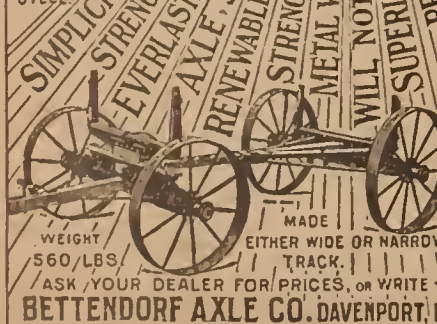
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Mention this paper when you write.

Humor.

FEMININE CONSISTENCY.

"Of course, dear, I think he's just awful. He smiles and stares at me so. But, really, he dresses just lovely; That makes such a difference, you know."

I'm perfectly sure I abhor him. He's so impudent, bold and all that, But his manners are perfectly charming; He's prince-like in raising his hat.

His attentions are really annoying, I do wish that he would desist, But his eyes are so handsome and pleading, They're really quite hard to resist.

I fear he will force an acquaintance, I'm quite at a loss what to do; I wish I could learn what his name is; I'd give the whole world if I knew."

TITBITS.

Mrs. Scrapeleigh (during the fight)—"Now, have I made myself plain?"
Mr. Scrapeleigh—"No; you were born that way."

Young doctor—"Which do you consider the best-paying specialty?"
Old doctor—"People who only think they are sick."

When the government runs the railroad lines and women the affairs of state, the trains that went at 5 o'clock she'll mark down to 4:58. —Indianapolis Journal.

Tired Tatters—"Yes, sir, pard, it pays to be honest."
Weary Wrangles—"I know now why ye'r so durn poor."—Louisville Truth.

"Your wife gave us a splendid lecture on cooking last evening. Why weren't you there?"
"I was at home with a terrible case of dyspepsia."—Detroit Free Press.

M'Tavish—"Hoo faur is't to London?"
Cockney—"Ten miles as the crow flies."
M'Tavish—"Hoot, toot, mon! I'm no gaun to flee; I'm gaun to wauk. Hoo many miles is't as the crow wauks?"—Spare Moments.

First goat—"Why, Nanette, what's the matter?"
Second goat—"Appendicitis, William."
First goat—"Stovepipe?"
Second goat—"No; art posters."—New York Press.

Sue Brett—"How did you like Horace's acting?"
Ella Cution—"I can't say that I liked it. In that death scene I thought he died very poor."

"Well, you know, most actors do die that way."—Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher of a class in civil government—"Of how many bodies is Congress composed?"
"Two."

"What are these bodies called?"
"The House of Representatives and (hesitating) the House of Correction."—Denver Times.

George—"Whew! What can be the matter? Telegram says 'come home immediately.'"
George (rushing into his suburban home one hour later)—"Tell me, quick, my dear! What is it?"

Young wife—"The baby said, 'Mama.'"—Brooklyn Life.

The rooster would be a much more popular bird if he could only be induced to feel that there is no real vital necessity for his reporting his whereabouts between midnight and 3 A. M. We know that he is at home, in the bosom of his family. So are we, but we don't get up in the night to brag about it.

"May I be at liberty to quote you as endorsing the sentiment that the voice of the people is the voice of God?" asked the interviewer.

"I would not like to commit myself to that sentiment until after the convention," answered the candidate. —Indianapolis Journal.

The Rev. Samuel E. Pearson, of Portland, Me., was a witness in a divorce case the other day.

"Mr. Pearson," asked the judge, "were you on this bench in my place, and acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?"

"Most certainly, your honor," replied the minister.

"But how do you reconcile this statement with the injunction, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder?'"

"Your honor, I am satisfied that the Lord never joined this couple," replied the clergyman. —Argonaut.

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The times have nothing to do with the sale of this Stove and Self-Heating Flat Iron, combined. It is a brand new thing. In the past month I have made \$137.50 and all expenses, and have attended to my house work besides. To see it, is to sell it. If I was any good as Canvasser, I could make three times the money. Any person can do as well as I have done. I thought it proper to inform people of this, through your paper. Write for a Catalogue to the Stove and Self-Heating Iron Company, Station A, Columbus, Ohio. After your trial publish your results for others' benefit.

Mrs. Wm. B.

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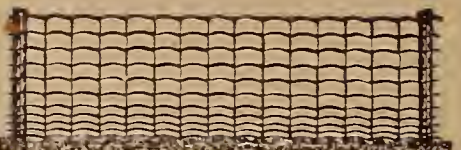
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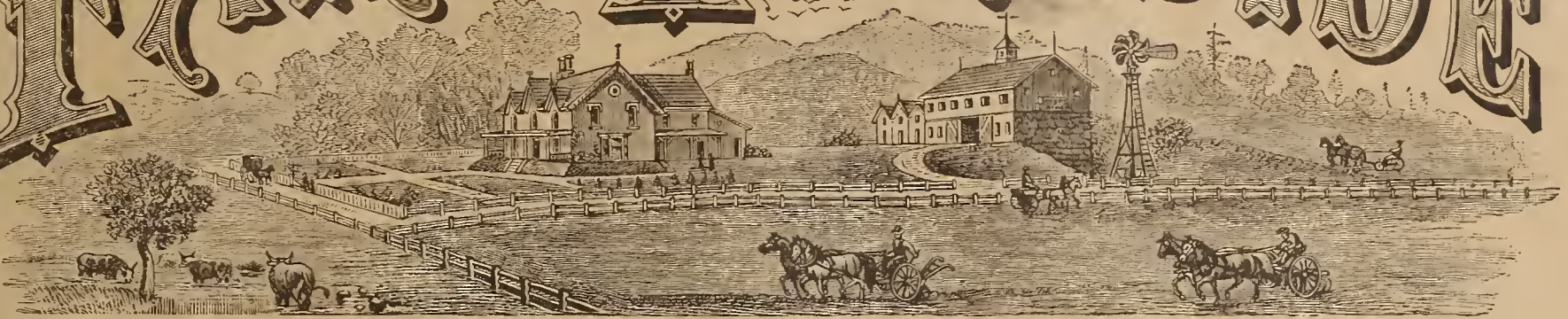
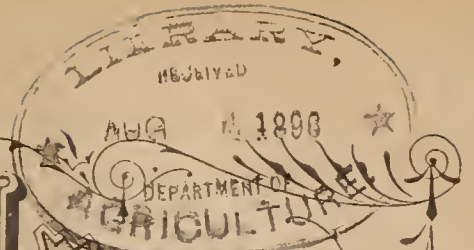
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FARM & FIRESIDE



EASTERN EDITION

Entered at the Post-office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class mail matter.

VOL. XIX. NO. 21.

AUGUST 1, 1896.

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AGRICULTURE.

In all America no other agricultural paper has credit for so large a circulation as is accorded to the FARM AND FIRESIDE, published semi-monthly, at Springfield, Ohio, and the publishers of the American Newspaper Directory will guarantee the accuracy of the circulation rating accorded to this paper by a reward of one hundred dollars, payable to the first person who successfully assails it.—From *Printers' Ink*, May 6, 1896.

The Chicago Democratic national convention was the most notable one in the history of the party since 1860. It marks an era in politics. The convention was under the control of new party leaders from start to finish. The most important resolutions in the platform adopted are new, and new men were chosen as standard-bearers.

The great contest in the convention was over the money question. A strong minority fought hard, but the free-silver men gained every point contested. They made no concessions, adopted the platform demanded by the most radical, and then selected a presidential nominee suited to the platform.

Condensed in briefest form, the platform demands the free, unlimited, independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; opposes the issue of bonds in time of peace for the purpose of maintaining the redemption of legal tenders in gold; denounces national bank note circulation; holds that tariff duties should be levied for purposes of revenue, be adjusted to operate equally, and be limited to the needs of the government; opposes agitation for further changes in tariff laws, except to make up deficits in revenue; declares in favor of an income tax; suggests reorganization of the Supreme Court; favors preventing the importation of foreign pauper labor; favors arbitration of differences between employers and employees engaged in interstate commerce; demands larger governmental control over railways; denounces the appropriations of recent Republican congresses; denounces interference by federal authorities in local affairs; objects to government by injunction; recognizes just pension claims; favors admission of the territories into the Union; favors improvement of important internal waterways; indorses the Monroe doctrine; extends sympathy to Cuban patriots; opposes life tenure in public service; favors civil-service system; and opposes third term for presidential office.

Two propositions on the silver question over which the great contest raged were presented to the convention. The one adopted by a vote of 626 to 303 reads:

"We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal-tender money by private contract."

The one rejected reads:

"We declare our belief that the experiment on the part of the United States alone of free silver coinage and a change in the existing standard of value, independently of the action of other great nations, would not only imperil our finances, but would retard or entirely prevent the establishment of international bimetalism, to which the efforts of the government should be steadily directed. It would place this country at once upon a silver basis, impair contracts, disturb business, diminish the purchasing power of the wages of labor and inflict irreparable evils upon our nation's commerce and industry. Until international co-operation among leading nations for the coinage of silver can be secured, we favor the rigid maintenance of the existing gold standard as essential to the preservation of our national credit, the redemption of our public pledges and the keeping inviolate of our country's honor. We insist that all our paper currency shall be kept at a parity with gold."

These two declarations are radically different, and they set forth, more or less clearly, one of the great political issues now before the American people. One favors maintaining the existing gold standard which has prevailed in the United States since 1834, and keeping every dollar of our silver and paper currency at par with the gold dollar. The other declaration, in naked truth, is for

silver monometallism and a silver standard, which would reduce the purchasing power of every dollar of our silver and paper currency, except gold certificates, by nearly one half.

Senator Teller and six associates who bolted the Republican convention have issued an address, urging silver Republicans to support Bryan, in which they say:

"The Democrats who believe in the gold standard are announcing their intention to support McKinley, or proposing to put a third candidate in the field for the avowed purpose of aiding Mr. McKinley's election. A great number of leading and influential Democratic journals have declared that they will support the Republican nominees. It is evident that there is to be a union of forces on the part of the advocates and supporters of the gold standard to elect Mr. McKinley, and a Congress favorable to him, which will support the financial policy outlined in the Republican platform."

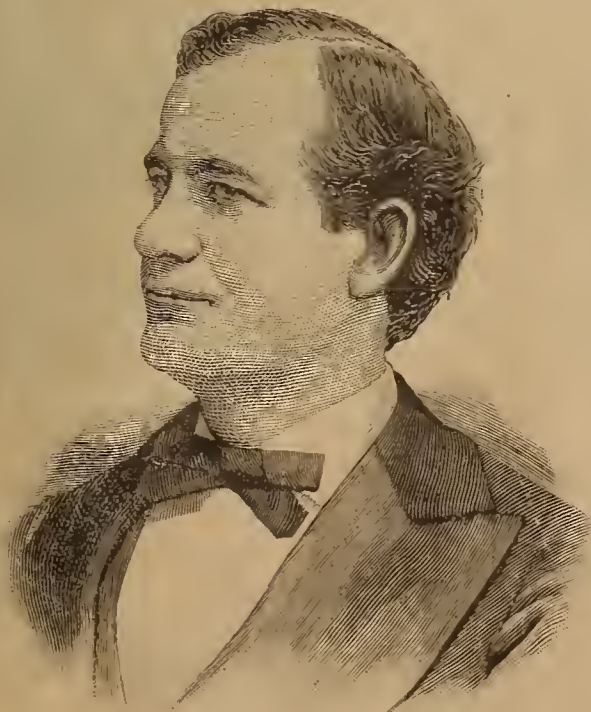
It is evident that party lines are being re-formed for a great battle of the standards.

From a circular recently issued by the Department of Agriculture, on imports and exports for the past three years, we have taken the following figures:

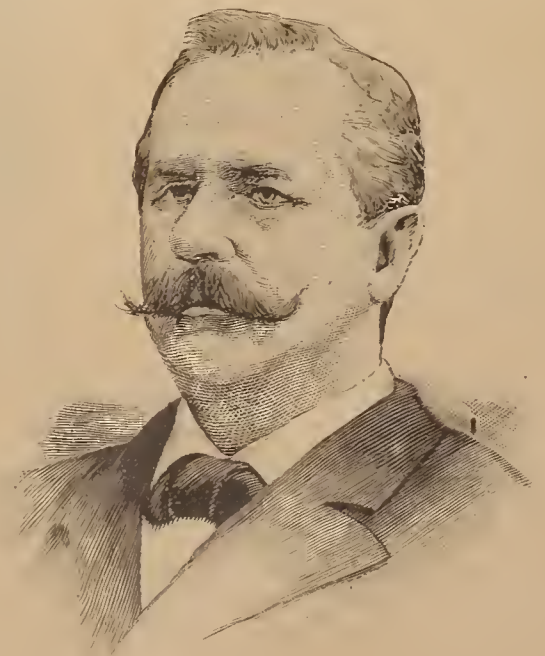
EXPORTS.	Years ending June 30.			
	1892.	1893.	1894.	1895.
Total.....	\$1,015,732,011	\$831,030,785	\$869,204,937	\$793,397,890
Agricultural.....	799,328,232	615,382,986	628,363,058	553,215,317
Nonagricultural.....	216,403,779	215,647,799	240,841,879	240,182,573
IMPORTS.	866,400,922	651,994,622	731,957,876

The large exports for 1892 were due to a failure of the wheat crop in Europe and an immense crop in the United States.

The value of the agricultural exports was about \$75,000,000 less in 1895 than in 1894. Against this the



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA,
Democratic Nominee for President.



ARTHUR SEWALL, OF MAINE,
Democratic Nominee for Vice-president.

and the portraits of the Democratic nominees, William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, and Arthur Sewall, of Maine.

The public and private character of each one of these four men is above reproach, and the political campaign should be free from personalities. On another page of this number are advertised interesting biographies that give in full the career of each one of the candidates.

value of the imports increased nearly \$77,000,000, by far the larger part of which was agricultural imports. Imports of raw wool increased \$19,500,000, and manufactures of wool increased \$17,500,000; hides and skins increased \$3,200,000; leather increased \$2,400,000, and leather gloves, \$2,100,000; seeds increased \$4,100,000; cotton increased \$1,700,000, and cotton manufactures \$10,900,000.

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Postage-stamps will be received in payment for subscriptions in sums less than one dollar, if for every 25 cents in stamps you add one-cent stamp extra, because we must sell postage-stamps at a loss.

The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid. Thus: Jan97, means that the subscription is paid up to January 1, 1897; 15Feb97, to February 15, 1897; and so on.

When money is received, the date will be changed within four weeks, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

FARM AND FIRESIDE,

Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Forests and Farms. The accompanying three illustrations, shown as models at the Atlanta exposition, have been reproduced from the 1895 Year-book of the United States Department of Agriculture. The illustrations are designed to show the evil effects of the action of water on rolling land denuded of forests, the methods by which the lost ground may be restored, and the way the farm will look when forest, pasture and field are properly located and treated.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Dewberries. Personally, I like the dewberry as a table fruit, even more so, perhaps, than I do the cultivated blackberries. But I have never fallen in love with the former as a garden fruit. Its sprawling habit of growth is not to my taste. This may be more of a prejudice than a real objection. We have to learn how to handle fruits which are rather new as objects of cultivation, and afterward we often find them worthy of a place in our gardens and fruit-patches. Professor Bailey has just issued a bulletin of "Fruit Brevities," and in it he also ventilates this very same question; namely, whether dewberries are worth growing. The prejudices against the raspberry and the blackberry, he says, are only recently outgrown. Here and there a person has studied the dewberry, and has found it to be a valuable addition to the market fruits of early summer.

Almost a score of different varieties of dewberries have been introduced, and yet there is really only one which has gained a wide prominence and popularity; namely, the Lucretia. It is the only one, too, which has been well tested in this part of the country. The great question is how to train any of these fruits. Trellises and racks of various kinds have been devised. At Ithaca, New York, three methods have been tried. In one portion of the plantation the plants are allowed to lie upon the ground without mulch, and the canes are cut off when three or four feet long. Another portion is trained upon a common grape-trellis of three wires, the canes being tied to the wires in the spring of the bearing year by means of wool twine. In the third portion the vines lie upon a flat rack standing eighteen inches above the ground, and made of light slats laid crosswise the row, and resting upon bents at the sides.

There has been no gain in productiveness or earliness upon the trellised or racked plants; the only advantages have come from the greater ease of picking and cultivating, and the less amount of room occupied. Of course, these advantages are material.

Staking the Lucretia. In a general way, however, Professor Bailey prefers tying the canes to stakes. Three or four canes may be allowed to grow from each plant, and these are tied to the stakes with wool twine or willow thongs, two or three times during the season, as they grow. The canes may be left on the stakes all winter, although it is better, particularly in exposed localities, to lay them down late in fall. Whilst the year-old canes are bearing fruit, the new ones are growing on the ground. As soon as the fruit is removed, the old canes are cut out and the new ones are tied up for the remainder of the season. To prevent the breaking of these young canes by the early cultivating, it is necessary to turn them lengthwise the row with a fork. If they become very strong, and if the land gets weedy, it may be advisable to tie up these young canes along with the old ones before the fruit is picked. On the other hand, if the land is clean, so that much cultivation or hoeing is unnecessary, the new canes may be allowed to lie on the ground throughout the entire season. I confess that Professor Bailey's illustration of his rows of Lucretia, as here shown, tempts me to make renewed trials with the plant on these lines. The one great merit of the dewberry is the earliness of the fruit, being ten days and often two weeks earlier than the standard varieties of blackberries.

A Silo Summary. The New York agricultural experiment station, at Geneva, has just issued a bulletin on "Silage and Silos," by Mr. N. P. Wheeler. He gives a general summary, as follows:

"The silo affords a most economical means of assuring succulent food in winter, and efficient and palatable food to supplement or supplant the dry pastures of summer.

"Maize, or Indian corn, is probably the most valuable plant for ensiling.

"As a succulent food for milk-cows corn

the herd the more cheaply can silage be supplied to each animal."

With a general shortage of hay staring us in the face again, this subject becomes an important one. We must try to find means of saving every bit of fodder stuff and putting it to best use this year.

Potatoes are thrown out by the wagon-load into the fields and back yards to be plowed under or to rot. At the same time the



LUCRETIA DEWBERRIES TRAINED TO STAKES.

people who thus try to get rid of them buy their starch in small quantities at highest retail prices, little thinking of the lot of starch thus going to waste. Potatoes contain a large percentage of starch, and this latter is easily gotten out. A home process is about as follows: Wash, peel and grate the potatoes. Place a sieve with very fine meshes over a clean wash-tub, and put the grated pulp into the sieve, adding clean water as needed to wash out all starch. The latter sinks to the bottom

incomes. This is true of the families of those who live on what is earned in the mills and manufactories. The amount of canned fruits consumed by them, when the manufactories are running, greatly exceeds the amounts consumed by the wealthier classes.

Ripe fruits, whether canned or evaporated, are now being substituted largely for meat for table use, and are now coming to be universally regarded as the natural corrective for a disordered digestion, especially when used at the beginning of or during meals. A genuine luxury within the means of all is a dish of ripe fruit lightly sugared, and its best accompaniment that of oatmeal properly cooked. It constitutes the beginning of a morning meal that cannot be surpassed, however wealthy the partaker of it may be.

The demand for evaporated fruit is constantly increasing. One reason for this is that when dried by the latest methods, it is vastly superior to that dried in the sun or about the kitchen stove. The evaporated fruit sells at about one half the price per pound that the canned fruit commands, yet one pound of the latter, if soaked in water a few hours, and then cooked for a short time, makes fully six times as much excellent sauce as one pound of the canned product.

The preservation of fruits that cannot be profitably marketed in their fresh state has led to the building of improved dry-houses, capable of drying large quantities of perishable fruit in a superior manner. Although the present market prices are quite low, yet they are much more satisfactory than those obtained from the growing of grain or other field crops.

In the cotton-growing states, where the seasons are long, and danger from frost is rarely to be feared, the business of growing and preparing fruits for table use, that we have heretofore imported to the amount of millions of dollars annually, is likely to assume vast proportions in the near future.

Until quite recently the evaporating process was effected by fire heat in suitable flues. Steam coils beneath the trays have now been found to answer a better purpose. Mr. L. R. Rogers, of Albion, N. Y., has



FIG. 1.—HOW THE FARM IS DESTROYED.

Clearing of hilltops, excessive thinning of wooded hillsides, followed by the burning of litter, underbrush and young growth, and the compacting of the soil by the tramping of animals, induces rapid surface drainage, and this causes erosion, gullying and washing away of the soil.

The surface-water rushing unimpeded over bare slopes and compacted soils, washes away the soil, cuts gullies in fields on hillsides, and washes down silt, sand and gravel, and spreads them over fields and meadows; thus the fertile portions of the farm are injured by the encroachment from the unfertile.

silage is cheaper and generally more efficient than roots.

"Corn silage has proved equal in feeding value to the best dried corn fodder.

"The largest-growing variety of corn that is reasonably sure to ripen before frost is the best one to grow for silage.

"Corn should be put into the silo after the grain is glazed, before there is much drying of the leaves or stalk. Clover should be cut when in bloom.

"The essential points in building silos are: To have the walls tight enough to exclude air from the contents.

"To have the walls not only strong, but rigid.

"To have sufficient depth—thirty feet or more, if possible.

"There should be not more than about five square feet of feeding surface in the silo for each cow.

"The larger the silo the cheaper the storage for each ton of silage. The larger

of the wash-tub, when the water can be carefully poured off. Clean water is then added and stirred thoroughly with the starch. When the latter has again settled to the bottom, the water is once more poured off. This washing and pouring off must be repeated until the starch is perfectly white, and the water above it entirely clear. Pour off all the water; then take the starch out with a spoon, and dry it at once on clean sheets in the sun, or in an oven. Put in clean paper or cloth sacks, and hang up in a cool, dry, airy room.

T. GREINER.

UTILIZING FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

The preservation of luscious fruits during the bearing season, either by canning or evaporating or other suitable methods, has now become a matter of much importance to both consumer and producer.

The daily use of fruit has now become quite common, even by families of limited

taken out the old style of flues, and has substituted steam-heat, with highly satisfactory results. The product of his evaporator ranges from 4,500 to 5,000 pounds of dried fruit in twenty-four consecutive hours.

It is evident that the wasteful methods of other days, in allowing fruit to go to waste whenever the market is overstocked, must be done away with. All fruits or vegetables that can be converted into salable products should be. There are a number of methods of converting the indispensable apple into choice salable forms, such as jellies, marmalades, butters, evaporated fruit, etc., to say nothing of peaches, pears, cherries, plums and the great variety of small fruits. The time has come to save, and to put into attractive, quick-selling packages the fruit products that have too long been only partially utilized.

J. W., JR.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

INSECT LIFE.—The insect world is a mammoth affair, of which most farmers take little notice. When the chinch-bug or army-worm or plant-louse makes serious inroads upon a crop, attention is temporarily attracted to it; but ordinarily insect life is ignored, in great measure, and our crops are produced without any consciousness on our part of the warfare being waged between our insect foes and friends. Not infrequently is a crop menaced by the presence of some serious pest, and the foe is routed by some insect friend of the farmer without his knowledge. The habits of these little fellows are wonderfully interesting, and a knowledge of them has practical value for the farmer. Most men are poor observers of nature, and the fault lies in part with our system of education. Every farmer boy should learn to watch insect life closely, both for the economic value of the knowledge thus obtained, and the pleasure to be gotten from study of the myriad of little creatures that surround us.

PLANT-LICE.—Plant-lice infest many of our cultivated crops, sucking the sap of stem or leaf or root. The corn-root louse has become a serious source of damage in some corn-producing districts. Another kind of lice feeds upon melon-vines, and is difficult to exterminate. The relationship existing between these lice and ants is one of the curious things of nature. The lice have two little "horns" set upon their backs or sides, called "honey-tubes," from which a sweetish substance is exuded that greatly pleases the taste of ants. It results that the ants have learned to care for the lice, housing the eggs in their burrows during the winter, and placing the newly hatched lice in the spring upon such vegetation as they prefer. The presence of the latter is often first revealed by the activity of the ants. When the little brown ant is seen running up and down the trunk of an apple-tree, it is safe to guess that a colony of lice infests the tree. A closer examination will reveal ants running over certain leaves, passing from one louse to another, stroking its sides and then feeding from the "honey-tubes."

ANTS AS NURSES.—The writer has often watched the performance of ants with the lice that feed above ground upon leaves,

there, as it happens, but are finally gathered by the ants for the winter in little heaps and stored in their galleries. If a nest is disturbed, the ants will commonly seize the aphid eggs—often several at a grasp—and carry them away. In winter they are taken to the deepest parts of the nests, as if for some partial protection against frost; but on bright days in spring they are brought up, sometimes within half an inch or less of the surface, sometimes even scattered about in the sunshine, and carried back again at night—a practice probably to be understood as a means of hastening their hatching. I have repeatedly seen these ants in confinement with a

The fact is that many pernicious weeds are kept within bounds by insect enemies and fungous diseases, much to our advantage. Just now there is much interest in the fungus that attacks chinch-bugs. Our experiment stations have been sending this fungus to farmers, who have used it in fields infested with bugs, with gratifying results. It is not very effective in dry weather, some moisture being required to cause the disease to take hold upon the bugs. Bad outbreaks of chinch-bugs have occurred in some sections this year, and the rainy weather has favored the spread of the disease. I found that it required about seven days to get the disease fully

pores of the flesh, and animal heat cannot escape readily, hence a "sheepy" flavor to the mutton.

FINDING A TURKEY'S NEST.—An old lady has a hen turkey which hid her nest so completely that searching several hours a day for a week did not reveal the hiding-place. The woman was anxious to save the eggs from prowling skunks. She shut the fowl up at night. The next day, about noon, she tied a small piece of fresh meat to the bird's leg and let it go. When it had been gone for half an hour she put her dog on the track. Soon he was heard barking in a piece of woods. The turkey



FIG. 3.—HOW THE FARM IS RETAINED.

On the ideal farm there is no waste land, every foot of ground being used for the purpose for which it is best adapted. The farm is divided into cultivated fields, pasture and woodland, a proper proportion of ground being devoted to each. Roads are made with a view to convenience and grade, and stock is fenced into the pasture—not out of the fields. Damage caused by water is to be repaired at once.

Hilltops, steep hillsides and rocky places are kept under forest. A fringe of wood stretches along river-banks, and long slopes are broken up with small groves or timber belts. Wood is cut systematically and judiciously, so that it will reproduce. Where natural reproduction fails, replanting is resorted to. The pasture is located on a gentle slope where the soil is too thin for field crops.

little mass of aphid eggs, turn the eggs about one by one with their mandibles, licking each carefully at the same time, as if to clean the surface. These anxious cares are, of course, explained by the use the ants make of the root-lice."

CARNIVOROUS INSECTS.—There are many insects that feed exclusively upon other insects, and not a few of them are good friends of the farmer. I have observed several kinds feeding upon the larvae of the Colorado potato-beetle. The ladybird beetle and its young are gross feeders on other insects, and assist greatly in keeping plant-lice in check. Last spring I noticed

started, and then the surface of the ground was soon dotted with dead bugs that rapidly changed into masses of fungus, which send out spores to infect other bugs. Our entomologists have a great work to do for the farmer, but their success depends upon our co-operation.

DAVID.

PICKED POINTS.

ANGORA GOATS.—Only last spring holders of Angora goats sprung a boom of these animals upon a too confiding public. The most active boomers were domiciled in Michigan, Georgia and the Southwest. They declared that the fleeces brought eighty cents a pound in the East. A Texas

was found in a hollow place in a large tree, about six feet from the ground. As the bird had provided against skunk depredations herself, the woman did not molest the eggs.

BALANCED RATIONS.—Now that live stock is generally out at pasture, calls upon the veterinary columns of agricultural papers for aid have almost ceased. The reason is obvious. Grass of itself is a balanced ration. When stock get that they are all right. This indicates that they were improperly fed during the winter, and this caused their ailments. Some papers make it a point to compound rations for subscribers when requested. This will help one man with one list of feeds, but neither he nor others with other lists. It is a slow process to educate feeders up to be able to compound rations for themselves. "First Principles of Agriculture," by Professor Voorhees—a book of 212 pages, costing seventy-two cents—will instruct one how.

GREAT DANGER OF OPEN WOUNDS.—The atmosphere is full of malignant microbes of disease ready to enter any open wound, and each to produce a disease of its own kind, as malaria, fevers, lockjaw, etc. In the southwestern portion of Long Island both the atmosphere and the ground seem to be permeated with the bacilli of lockjaw, which generally proves fatal. A little girl there last week had a scratch on her hand, and was playing in the ground. Her hand began to swell, and finally she died in great pain, of lockjaw. Cases of this disease are frequent there. There is great danger everywhere in permitting a raw surface to be exposed; such should be covered at once, and be made air-tight. Blood-poisoning—that terror to patient and physician—is the result of entrance into the circulation directly of microbes of disease ferment. Poultries or compresses of cloth will not shut out the disease germs; safety lies only in entirely excluding the atmosphere, and doing it the moment the wound is made. Common adhesive plaster will do this. It can be had at druggists', and is very cheap. I would about as soon be without food in the house as that. When traveling, it is an accompaniment as much as a clean kerchief or dikey. When one is wounded sufficiently to "draw blood," the best thing he can do is to hold his hand on the spot, and proceed at once to his adhesive plaster and cover the wound with it. This is not "farming," but it is protecting the farmer, as well as others, from deadly enemies.

DR. GALEN WILSON.



FIG. 2.—HOW THE FARM IS REGAINED.

To prevent erosion, gullying and washing, keep hilltops and steep hillsides under forest; change surface drainage into underground drainage; check the rush of water by brush and stone dams, terracing, contour plowing and ditching; renew organic matter in the soil by green manuring and mulching, and give thorough cultivation.

The rush of water must be checked by means of dense forest growth on the tops and steepest sides of hills—places where floods acquire their momentum. At such points gullies should be filled with brush and stone work, runs filled up with brush, and the soil so treated that water can pass through it and flow off underground.

but concerning the corn-root louse, or aphid, as it is called, the following statement, by the state entomologist of Illinois, is most interesting. He says: "Seven kinds of ants have been found by us fulfilling the relation of host, guardian and nurse to the corn-root aphid. As one explores ants' nests in November, when the root-louse eggs are being laid, he is struck with the relative independence of the oviparous adults, which are allowed to wander unattended through the burrows of their hosts as far as a foot or more from the corn-root. These eggs, which are yellow when first deposited, but soon become shining black, and turn green just before hatching, are at first scattered here and

large numbers of brownish mites on the potato-vines, destroying the eggs of the Colorado beetle. This work was done so thoroughly that few eggs were permitted to hatch, and although the old beetles were very numerous early in the season, there were few of their young to fight with Paris green. Our insect enemies are not much more numerous than our little friends, and a warfare is constantly being waged that should interest us.

VALUABLE FUNGUS DISEASES.—We are so accustomed to note the ravages of fungous diseases upon vegetation that we assume that all are harmful to agriculture.

man wrote to New York and inquired the value of mohair. The commission-house replied that there was absolutely no market for it this season.

WOOLLY FLAVOR OF MUTTON.—Farmers are eating more mutton this summer than usual, but few know how to dress a carcass to prevent a disagreeable woolly flavor. Take the pelt off as rapidly as possible, and do not permit the wool to touch the flesh. Hang up and remove all internal organs at once and spread the flanks. Wait until nearly cool before washing down and out. To apply cold or hot water when the carcass is warm has a tendency to close the

Our Farm.

FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

PLANTING TREES.—In regard to my remarks on the "Stringfellow" method of trimming trees closely at both ends, really to a mere stub-like cutting, Mr. Stringfellow writes to the FARM AND FIRESIDE that the professors I named, and others, are now experimenting with trees so treated. I am glad to hear it. That is the way—and the only one—to find out. We must try things if we want to get at the real facts. I have planted a lot of trees, both trimmed closely and after the usual fashion, this spring. There can be little doubt that good trees can be made by cutting them closely before planting, especially in a climate where it is easy to grow almost any kind of tree from cuttings. I greatly doubt, however, whether the Stringfellow method is the best plan for us here at the North. At any rate, under ordinary circumstances, and with good stock to plant, I would prefer to plant trees that are just moderately trimmed at both ends. It is an old, safe and approved plan, and only when further experiments show conclusively that closer trimming is best will we adopt the Stringfellow method more generally.

Whatever the value of this newer style of planting trees may be for us here, Mr. Stringfellow deserves credit for bringing it out. We need more people like him, who, leaving old ruts, try to work out a new and better road for themselves and others. It is this independent thinking and acting on new lines that leads us on to progress. I hope that with the approach of another tree-planting season (and further south this is fall) many growers will conclude to make some trials of their own with the various methods of setting trees. Then they can find out for themselves what method is best suited to their wants.

THE POTATO CROP.—My impression is that the potato crop this year will be short. In this vicinity, at least, late potatoes will be a comparatively scarce article. People have not planted as freely as they used to, and a large portion of what has been planted did not come up. The ground, at the usual season of planting late potatoes, was so dry and hot here that a large share of the seed planted simply rotted in the ground. At least it has failed to grow, and the plants that did come up are lacking in vitality. This really was a season for planting whole potatoes. Wherever I used whole seed, as with my own seedlings, the stand is perfect. Wherever the seed was cut, there are miss hills in plenty. My advice was to use plenty of seed, when seed is as cheap as it was this spring. Unfortunately, I could not always plant whole potatoes, even this year. Some of my Carman's were so large—and the seed so valuable—that we had to cut it (or thought we had to). If we had planted it uncut—even where the tubers weighed a pound—we would be better off to-day. Our area in potatoes would be much smaller, but we would have good plants and no miss hills. As it is, I am going to make more of a failure in potatoes this year than I have ever made before. On the whole, I think our commercial potato-growers will only have a repetition of former experiences. A season of unusual abundance of potatoes, and unusually low prices, is quite sure to be followed by a season of unusual scarcity and unusually high prices. Extremes are always apt to meet. Last year we had a combination of excessively heavy planting and unusually heavy yields. Such a combination may not occur again in many years.

SALT FOR CABBAGES.—It has often been recommended to throw a small handful of salt into each cabbage-head in order to make them head all the better. There is some foundation for this advice. Quite often the cabbage-worms ruin the heads if left undisturbed. A little salt scattered over the plant, or a solution sprayed on forcibly, will soon rid the cabbages of worms, and thus help to make good heads. Of course, we can secure the same result by other means, also; as, for instance, by dusting with hutch, or tobacco-dust, or by spraying with tobacco-water, etc.

T. GREINER.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

OUR NATIVE PERSIMMON.

The persimmon, or date-plum, is found growing wild in most of the southern states, where it produces fruit in the greatest abundance. It is especially adapted to the soil and climate of the southern half of Indiana, but will ripen its fruit as far north as the Great Lakes.

The fruit has a very disagreeable, astringent quality when green, or but partly ripe, but this disappears in most varieties when the fruit becomes fully ripe. The date of ripening varies from the first of August to December. The old notion of early botanists that this fruit must all be subjected to the action of frost before it becomes edible is now known to be false, as many varieties ripen their fruit in August and September, long before the appearance of frost. In fact, these early-ripening varieties are preferable because of their greater market value, since they present the best appearance, and have sold for from six to eight dollars per bushel in the large cities.

The fruits vary greatly as to the number of seeds which they contain. Most of the old wild varieties are full of large seeds, which is a most undesirable quality, but in many of the newer varieties only two or three seeds are found in a single fruit, and some are practically seedless. The fruit differs also in quality; some varieties are as sweet as dates, while others never become edible, being so exceedingly puckery, or astringent, that neither sun nor frost has any appreciable effect on them.

The persimmon is readily propagated from seeds, which should be procured in the fall or early winter, and planted in the same manner as peach-pits. The young seedlings will often attain a height of over two feet the first season. These seedlings, especially from cultivated varieties, cannot be depended upon to reproduce themselves. In fact, this fruit varies greatly in the wild state. Twenty trees raised from the seeds of one parent tree may produce twenty distinct varieties; we must therefore resort to budding or grafting the young stocks with buds or scions from the variety which we desire to propagate.

Both budding and grafting should be done in the spring. Fall budding has proved a failure on account of the flow of sap, which prevents the adherence of the bud to the stock; but the operation may be readily performed in the spring as soon as the bark will slip freely. Old trees may be top-worked in the spring.

The persimmon is more difficult to transplant successfully than almost any other kind of fruit-tree. The tree has a long center, or tap, root, and if too much of this root is cut off in transplanting, the tree will be most sure to die. The safest plan is to secure quite young trees, one or two years from the graft being preferable. Older trees may be successfully planted if they have been transplanted once or twice while growing in the nursery. The soil where the trees are to be transplanted should be thoroughly pulverized with a subsoil-plow to a depth of at least eight inches below the bottom roots, so that an abundance of moisture may be supplied to the young growing roots during the first season.

Transplanting is most successfully done in autumn, as the tree then becomes adjusted to its place by spring, and the roots, if properly pruned before planting, will be nicely calloused and ready to throw out their fibrous rootlets as soon as the warm days of spring appear. It is similar to the peach and plum in its choice of soil and location, but it will grow well on almost any kind of soil, from rich bottom land to poor, thin soil of the hilltops. A warm soil, however, well exposed to the sun, is best adapted to the persimmon.

The persimmon may be greatly improved by cultivation. It is especially necessary that the trees be well cultivated for the first few years after planting, until they become adapted to their new surroundings. The trees will stand a great deal of neglect when once well started, but should not be subjected to such treatment if one expects to secure the best results. In the wild state the trees will thrive on very thin land and under seemingly discouraging circumstances, and still bear fruit of very good quality, but the largest and best fruit is only produced when the trees are kept in a perfectly healthy condition by cultivation.

VARIETIES.

Until recently there were no well-defined varieties under cultivation. We have

found, however, many well-marked varieties growing wild. They differ in quality as much as our cultivated apples. Some are very astringent, others are insipid and worthless, while still others are sweet and delicious. Almost every tree is a variety of itself, as the persimmon, like the apple, does not reproduce itself from seed with certainty. In the wild state it is sometimes found growing in clusters of ten or a dozen trees, and all apparently of the same variety; but these probably came from the roots of the original, or parent, tree.

The fruit differs in size from that of a small wild plum to that of the large cultivated kinds, an inch and a half to two inches in diameter. They also vary greatly in form—some are globular, others either conical or oblong, those of the globular form predominating. There are more than a half dozen named kinds now introduced, and many of them are evidently of much value for cultivation and marketing.—*Bulletin of the Indiana Experiment Station.*

PROTECTING FRUIT FROM BIRDS.

In testing varieties of new fruits, it is very important that they be allowed to remain on the plants or trees until they are thoroughly ripe, in order to secure reliable data as to their good or bad qualities. But of late years this has become almost an impossibility, owing to the ravages of the English sparrows and robins. These birds have become so numerous in our experiment grounds that they completely strip the early varieties of cherries before ripening. The past season we had several varieties of the Russian cherries which were fruiting for the first time, and wishing to test the practicability of covering trees as a protection from birds, we procured several hundred square yards of bird-netting, and a part of the trees were covered with this just before the fruit began to ripen.

Three trees of the Bessarabian variety were standing together in the same row, all well loaded with early fruit. Two of these were covered with the netting and the third left exposed.

When the fruit on the covered trees was ready to pick, the exposed tree was completely stripped of every cherry, thus showing what the result would have been to the others had they not been protected. The question has often been asked, Will it pay?

As already stated, the trees were young, having been set but six years. Each tree bore a half bushel or more of fine fruit this year, which sold for eight to ten cents a quart. The trees were of the round-headed type, about ten feet high, so that the labor involved in covering was comparatively slight. The amount of netting required for each tree was about seventy-five square yards, which cost four cents



RASPBERRY-CANE AFFECTED WITH ANTHRACNOSE (CANE-RUST).

per square yard. As soon, however, as the fruit from these early trees was gathered, the netting was transferred to later varieties, and the same process repeated. So that when the experiment was completed, the account stood as follows:

To 75 yards netting at 4 cents.....	\$3.00
By 16 quarts of cherries at 10 cents.....	\$1.60
" 18 " " " " 8 "	1.44

It will be seen that in this experiment the accounts nearly balanced at the end of the first year. With careful handling, this netting will last ten years or more; so that the question, Will it pay to use it? will depend largely upon circumstances. Judging from our own experience the past season, where, in testing varieties of fruits, it becomes absolutely necessary that the fruit should remain on the tree until fully ripe, there seems to be no question about the expediency of covering the trees.—*Indiana Experiment Station.*

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Safe to Use Hellebore.—E. W., Salem, Ohio. You need not be afraid to use your currants two weeks after putting on white hellebore or Paris green, or even twelve hours afterward, providing you have a severe shower meantime. The amount of poison on the fruit is very small if it is properly applied, and the sun and rain soon remove it.

Safe to Spray.—E. W., Owatonna, Minn., writes: "Do you consider currants sprayed with white hellebore in water a mouth or more ago perfectly safe to market?"

REPLY:—Yes. I generally consider it perfectly safe to use white hellebore or Paris green on currants or gooseberries, provided there is as much as two weeks' time before they will be used.

Pear-blight.—H. K. A., Caswells, Tenn. Your pear-trees are affected with what is known as blight. There is no remedy. The best treatment is to cut off and burn the infected portions as soon as the injury is seen. Some varieties are sure to blight to death, others blight a little, while still others scarcely blight at all. Protection consists in selecting proper varieties. There is no practical remedy.

Cane-rust—Borers.—J. S., Ariel, Pa. It seems to me that your black raspberries must be troubled with cane-rust, or anthracnose. In this disease the suckers generally grow well, but the bearing canes often die off soon after the fruit is set. For remedy, see article elsewhere in this issue.—Your plum-tree is probably injured in the trunk or root, most likely by borers. An examination will show where.

Renewing Strawberry-beds.—C. H. K., Canoe Camp, Pa. You cannot enlarge old strawberry-beds satisfactorily with plants, but the old bed should be mowed off close to the ground as soon as the fruit is gathered, the leaves, etc., burned, paths made for the cultivator and the rows thoroughly cultivated. Treated in this way you will get better results the second than the first year. If you want to increase your plantings of the strawberry, it would be best for you to get plants from a young bed in August or next spring. Burning the leaves of the old bed destroys insects and fungous diseases.

Leaf-roller.—W. B., Ada, Mich. The insect infesting your strawberry-leaves is known as the strawberry-leaf roller. If Paris green is applied to the leaves ahead of the worms, it is an effectual remedy, but if you wait until the worms have rolled up in the leaves, you cannot get at them with the poison. The old bed should have been mowed off close to the ground, and the leaves, etc., burned as soon as the crop was gathered, which will kill many of the worms and other insects as well as the rust. If there are but few leaf-rollers, the worms are easily gathered by hand, but one must be quick about it or the worm will slip out of the leaf and get away. If Paris green is applied regularly for several weeks, it is a good remedy.

Plant-lice.—J. F. W., York, Pa. The currant and cherry leaves are injured by lice, which work on the under side of the foliage, causing it to curl together. Strong tobacco-water or kerosene emulsion are good remedies, and work all right if applied early, but after the leaves are curled up tight, you cannot reach the lice; and in that case the only remedy is to gather and burn the injured foliage, and spray what is left. In the case of currants, however, the injury is seldom serious enough to pay for going to this trouble, but I should practise it if my cherry-grafts were affected. Next year you should spray with kerosene emulsion or tobacco-water as soon as the leaves are fully expanded, as you will be pretty sure to have the same trouble again at that time.

Anthracnose, or Cane-rust.—D. K., Montour, Wis. Anthracnose must be prevented, since it cannot be cured. The treatment for infested patches should be to remove all plants as soon as they become weakened either from anthracnose or age; next thin out the young canes and burn those that are diseased; third, cut out and burn the old canes as soon as the fruit is off. If a patch is very badly diseased, either pull it out or start anew, or mow off the bushes in the fall, burn all the brush, and the following spring keep all the new growth covered with Bordeaux mixture. Thus, by sacrificing a year, it is possible to get ahead of the disease. In new plantations it is best to spray the new growth as soon as it is six inches high, and give three or four sprayings in the early part of the season. The difficulty of doing this on bearing plants comes from the fact that the foliage on the old canes is liable to injury by Bordeaux mixture, while it does not at all injure the leaves of the young canes. In my own practice I spray twice in the spring on old patches, and try to avoid growing those kinds that seem very liable to this disease. We use Bordeaux mixture made of five pounds of lime, five pounds of sulphate of copper and fifty gallons of water.

Cures

Absolute, perfect, permanent cures, even after other medicines have utterly failed, have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the first place among medicines and the largest sales in the world.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Our Farm.

ECHOES FROM THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE object of this association, which has just held its thirty-fifth annual meeting in the city of Buffalo, is "to elevate the character and advance the interests of the profession of teaching, and to promote the cause of popular education in the United States." Few who have attended the meetings of this organization can doubt that it is successfully accomplishing its object. The following notes, not in the exact words of the speakers, but giving the substance, will give the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE some idea of who was there and what was said:

Superintendent Skinner, of New York, welcomed the members and visitors to a state which spends annually one third of all its money raised by taxation on its public schools, and last year expended \$22,000,000 on education. There are 36,000 faithful, hard-working teachers in New York, and they are training our youth in the way they should go, and instilling them with high ideals of good citizenship and civic honor. He paid a glowing tribute to the women teachers of the state, and aroused great enthusiasm when he declared that every woman who does a man's work in the school-room should be paid a man's wages.

Superintendent Sabiu, of Iowa, in an address on Horace Mann, said he was born, like Lincoln, of the common people, and stands forth as the grand central figure of his time, who first espoused the cause of the common school. To educate the people was the cause to which he gave his whole soul, and labored with all his strength. Such a man needs no monument; he built his life into the lives of the people, and his memory must abide forever. He possessed the true spirit of teaching in his patience, endurance, self-sacrifice and self-consecration. In all Horace Mann's writings he emphasizes the thought that as we strengthen the intellect we must also quicken the conscience. An intellectual class with no love of man in their hearts, and an ignorant, depressed class with no fear of God before their eyes, form a dangerous state in society.

Dr. Nicholas M. Butler, of New York City, in his address on "Democracy and Education," said: "The state is the completion of the life of the individual, and without it he would not wholly live. To inculcate that doctrine should be the aim of all education, and to live up to it should be the ideal of the nation's educated men. If education and training unfit men for political life, then there is something wrong either with our political life or with our education. The teachers of the country should address themselves to this question with determination and zeal. The teaching of civil government is good; the inculcation of patriotism is good; the flag upon the school-house is good. But all these lie upon the surface; the real question involved is an ethical one. It reaches deep down to the very foundations of morality; it is illuminated by history. Public education has other aims to fulfill than the extension of scientific knowledge or the development of literary culture. It must prepare for intelligent citizenship. That democracy alone will be triumphant which has both intelligence and character. To develop both among the whole people is the task of education in a democracy."

From a paper by Prof. Brander Matthews, the writer and novelist, entitled "Literature and American Literature," we take the following abstract: "The earliest Americans had other duties than the writing of books; they had to lay deep the broad foundations of this mighty nation. It was more than two hundred years after the establishment of the first trading-post on the island of Manhattan before Washington Irving published the 'Sketch Book,' the first work of American authorship to win a wide popularity beyond the borders of our own country. We may say that American literature is now but little older than the threescore years and ten allotted as the span of a man's natural life. We had had authors, it is true, in the eighteenth century, and at least two of these, Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, hold high rank; but it was not until toward the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century that we began really to have a literature. It is scarcely an overstatement to say that there are men alive to-day who are as old as American

literature. But in the past three quarters of a century American literature has taken root firmly, and blossomed forth abundantly, and spread itself abroad sturdily. Emerson followed Edwards and Franklin. Hawthorne and Poe followed Irving and Cooper. Bryant proved that nature here in America was fit for the purposes of art; and he was followed by Longfellow and Lowell, by Whittier and Holmes."

In the kindergarten section the following were among the many thoughts presented: The purpose of the story is to quicken into activity that love and sympathy which is life, and which is one with all life, nature, humanity and God. Stories, judiciously selected, should be used by teachers and parents, because they bring into the children's lives sweetness, brightness and the appreciation of the beautiful. Monthly mothers' meetings in connection with the primary and secondary school departments, like those now held by kindergartens, should be held. Too often the child is led by the right hand at school, and by the wrong hand at home. One can only wonder that he escapes with any original life at all—except original sin. Kindergartens should work for open-air playgrounds in cities, for vacation-schools, and for general singing choruses for all children who are shut out from most of the healthful pleasures of life.

In the section on industrial education the need of manual training for girls was urged. Girls should be taught dexterity of hands in all things that go toward the making of the home, and be prepared to assume the duties of wife and motherhood. The fruit of education is character, and upon the girls of to-day depend the homes of the future. The average girl is of little worth in the practical affairs of life, and all the accomplishment she may possibly possess cannot atone for her inability to do her duty to society and the world at large. Cooking, sewing, floriculture and similar arts should be taught in schools of manual training. True education for a girl means giving her the best preparation possible for her life-work, that the fullest measure of happiness in all directions may be as her heritage. WILLIAM R. LAZENBY.

BEST TIME TO CUT UNDERBRUSH AND TIMBER.

But few subjects are of more importance where the average farm is mostly in timber than that of knowing when the best time occurs for cutting bushes to prevent subsequent sprouting.

It may be set down as a fact that August is the best month in which to destroy sassafras and many other persistent sprouts. The practice has become a universal one, and with hardly an exception it is agreed that the best time to cut any plant or shrub, to check sprouting, is when the principal growth for the season has been made. This period is in mid-summer. If the bushes are cut off earlier in the season, the roots will send forth vigorous new shoots. If a bush or tree is cut after it has made its principal growth, and while the stem and leaves are fresh and full of sap, the vital force of the root will rarely be sufficient to start a new growth, or at least anything like a vigorous growth. If cut in August, the second growth will have a somewhat stunted appearance.

In order to make a sure job of underbrushing for fall seeding or woods pasture, turn in a flock of sheep, and they will eat off the tender sprouts as rapidly as they appear. Much time and labor will be saved the spring following, if the early fall growth is broken off where the tender growth has pushed out from the base of the green stumps or roots which have not been grubbed out of the clearing.

The most effective plan, therefore, is to cut in August, pasture with sheep, and destruction is certain and sure.

WHEN TO CUT TIMBER.—When one desires to destroy the willow, cottonwood, locust or any of the fast-growing, suckering trees, cut them in August. Leave the trees, when felled, untouched as to bark and branches. Let them season with the leaves on, and the timber will not only last longer, but the stumps and roots will throw up comparatively few sprouts. Willow-trees can be easily killed without cutting them down, by cutting the bark around the tree in August; then strip the bark down to the ground, being careful not to break it off.

If broken off at the ground, or if small strips of bark be left on the body of the tree, it will continue to grow.

Experiments made in Germany, under direction of Stockhardt, show that "the greatest proportion of water in wood was found in the months of December and January; in the bark in March to May, while the minimum of water in the wood occurred in May, June and July." This evidence from a purely scientific standpoint fully accords with the experience of all practical farmers that late in July and during August the least proportion of water is found in the wood of the trees which grow in the temperate climates.

It is for this reason that August is the best time to cut timber for posts, rails or stakes. Even hickory rails made from trees cut in August will remain unattacked by worms, and last for years. The durability of many other kinds of woods is increased fully fifty per cent by being prepared for use in midsummer. This will pay, notwithstanding the slight increase in the cost of labor in preparing the timber for use.

W. M. K.
Near Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN LANDS.

Were I looking for a farm for a home, this frigid North would not detain me a week. I would "pack up my traps" and start for southern "hunting-grounds." Here one has to work six months of the year, and then eat and feed out the most of it the next six. The cold winters are severe on young people; but the older ones suffer intensely, and must keep within doors most of the time. In the South they can be out in the pure air of heaven the year round, except stormy days, and enjoy themselves. The farmer need not cease work a day, only for storms. But little feed has to be grown for live stock. In most cases cattle and sheep pick their living all the year, on the ranges. Probably not one fifteenth of the land is fenced. All the rest is free range.

A correspondent in Florida does not own a foot of land, and yet has seven hundred sheep. Were it possible to leave business here, I would go South and purchase land enough for a home and to grow some things for use, get a flock of native ewes (because they are acclimated), and then breed up. I would graze them on the range, and winters feed them some cottouseed, which they like, and it agrees with them. It can be purchased there at fifteen cents a bushel. Wool, lambs and mutton would bring in the profit. There would still be another profit, that of the enhanced value of the animals by breeding up.

But any branch of farming there, if wisely conducted, would pay as well as anywhere, and some things very much better. Butter is thirty cents a pound and good hay in the cities about twenty dollars a ton. There are thousands upon thousands of farms, large and small, for sale cheap, from tide-water, Virginia, around to the Mississippi river.

DR. GALEN WILSON.

PEAR ON AN APPLE-TREE.

Under date of July 7th, the *Commercial Tribune* published the following special from Shelbyville, Indiana: "Mr. Tilton Wheeler, who lives three miles east of this city, has a curiosity in his orchard that is worth going miles to see. A few days ago Mr. Wheeler was examining the apples carefully, when his eye was attracted by something peculiar. He pulled down the limb, when to his amazement he found a pear growing on the limb of an apple-tree. On the same limb, both above and below the pear, were apples, which entirely removes the first explanation that will be offered for the freak; namely, that the apple-tree has a pear-limb grafted upon it. The pear is not ripe, but the apples are, and the pear is to be left until matured. Some twenty feet from the apple-tree grows a pear-tree, which was in bloom about the same time, and the explanation of the strange phenomenon is that the bloom of the pear found a proper mate in the bloom of the apple, and the result was a pear."

FRUIT REPORT.

FROM MICHIGAN.—E. S. Law, Muskegon county, writes: "The crop of small fruits was good. Strawberries were a full crop; raspberries, gooseberries and currants

were a fair yield; cherries were a full yield, never better. Everything seems to be two weeks ahead of conditions one year ago. Apples promise well; plums, about seventy-five per cent; pears will be light everywhere. As things look now, the peach crop will be enormous. Grapes promise well, and if no drawbacks come, the yield will be immense. In the line of farm crops, corn is looking well, potatoes have done well, but are suffering for lack of rain. Hay was light in this vicinity, and so far as heard from, the same conditions prevail in adjoining counties.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM FLORIDA.—There is more intelligent bee culture in western Florida than in nearly every other section of the country that has such small areas suitable for it. The country here that is suitable is, as a rule, malarious, being on the borders of the swamp, the high pine lands having few flowers that yield honey in sufficient quantity to be profitable. The palmetto is an excellent honey-yielding plant, but the practice of burning off the woods in the early spring by the cattlemen prevents honey being taken from it. In this section of western Florida, bordering the great swamps on the Apalachicola river and the Dead lakes, there are over six thousand colonies of bees in Langstroth hives, one firm alone having 1,400 colonies. This firm shipped in 1893-4 forty-seven tons of honey. The drawback to this section for beekeeping is that as the rainy season sets in early in June, and often continues until the middle of August, our honey flow ceases at the commencement of that season, and with the exception of one single species of flower, which blooms in August and September, ends the flow for the year; and as a consequence brood-rearing ends, bees die out, and to stimulate the queens to lay, feeding artificial pollen has nearly always to be resorted to in August. Calhoun county claims to be the banner beekeeping county in western Florida. The finest locations in western Florida are, I think, to be found in Liberty county, from Bristol to Fort Gadsden.

Wewahitchka, Fla.

E. B. M.



Women in the far East are educated to a life of pure sensuality. Wrong, of course, but the other extreme is nearly as bad. Continually hampering away on the idea that anything connected with the reproduction of the human species is of necessity bad and degrading has had, in civilized countries, the effect of keeping women in ignorance and of developing a false modesty that has been prolific of weakness and disease. Four out of every five women in America are not perfect women in the sense of being perfectly healthy. They are not perfectly equipped for the performance of the duties of wifehood and motherhood. Their training has made them feel that it is better to suffer in silence than to tell of their trouble and be cured.

The doctors are much to blame for this, because when treating the diseases peculiarly feminine they invariably insist on examination and local treatment. That these things are generally absolutely unnecessary has been proven by the wonderful success of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for all forms of female weakness and disease. It purifies, strengthens and regulates the organs distinctively feminine, restoring them to a state of perfect health, and in so doing cures four-fifths of all the illness of women, for almost all womanly illnesses spring from this one cause.

Any woman who wants to know just how to use the "Favorite Prescription," and just what methods will be surely successful in her case, may have the desired information, free of cost if she will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the only known cure for constipation, biliousness, heart-burn, and attendant ills. There are many temporary reliefs from these troubles, but only one cure. The "Pellets" do not gripe or cause any other unpleasantness. Druggists sell them—25 cents.

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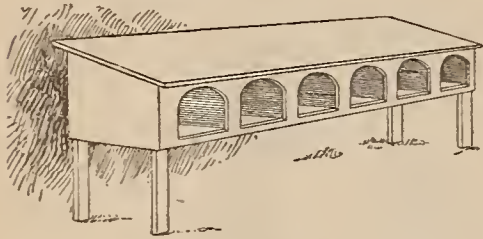
It is not a very agreeable job to enter a poultry-house that is badly infested with lice, and undertake to clean them out. They make up in numbers for the size of each individual, and when the work is finished there remains unpleasant recollections in the shape of a few that have been transferred from the poultry-house to the proprietor. The best plan to pursue is to begin early in the season, before warm weather approaches, and give the poultry-house a thorough cleaning, following with a liberal spraying of kerosene emulsion. In a majority of cases the bodies of the hens will also be covered with lice.

If the poultry-house is kept clear of vermin, the hens will soon free their bodies of the pests by dusting themselves, but it will be an advantage to apply a small quantity of melted lard on their heads in order to destroy the large gray lice, which are not easily removed by dusting. It is useless to resort to dipping them, as any remedy used in that respect will only be temporary.

If the poultry-house is sprayed once a month, and air-slaked lime freely scattered over the floor and roosts, with a dust bath provided for the hens, there will be but little annoyance from lice, if the work is commenced early in the season and continued during the summer; but if lice are permitted to multiply until they swarm into every crack and crevice, the spraying must be done every other day, until not a single one of the pest remains.

NESTS FOR EGG-EATERS.

The only way to prevent hens from eating eggs in the nests is to have the nests covered with a top only sufficient to permit each hen to go on the nest, with barely room enough to stand up. The nests should be about eight or ten inches



from the floor, so as to prevent the hens from reaching the eggs from the front. When they are on the nests they cannot eat the eggs, and as they cannot reach them from the floor, they will be unable to indulge in their luxury. The design is not novel, but gives an idea of how to arrange the nests as a precaution against egg-eaters.

THE BEST BREED FOR MARKET FOWLS.

Fowls that are plump and have plenty of meat on their breasts will always sell well in market. The carcass, however, depends on the breed. To know which should be preferred, it may be stated that breeds that are the most active and fly the highest have the most meat on the breast. This is easily explained, as the ability to fly implies great muscle power, and the muscles are mainly on the breast. The Games, Dorkings and even Leghorns are plump on the breast, and they can fly over a high fence. Brahmas cannot fly, and they have but little breast-meat. The Langshans and Cochins are apparently of the same stock, but when a fowl of both breeds is dressed for market, Langshans will be found much superior, as they have a larger proportion of meat on the breast.

EGGS FOR HOME USE.

A complete egg contains about 63 per cent of water. The shell, skin, etc., contain about 13½ per cent, the solids, other than the shell, contain 23 per cent. Of the edible portion of an egg, about 74 per cent is water and 26 per cent solids. The solids consist of 15 per cent protein, 10½ per cent fat, and a fraction less than one half per cent of mineral matter. Eggs vary in composition, but the above is about the average. Looking at the egg as an article of food, it has a large percentage of solid matter, and its relative proportions of protein and fat are not far apart. There is sufficient mineral matter to produce all the

bones of a chick, and this mineral matter is composed of several substances. There is nothing produced on a farm that can approach the egg in completeness as human food, especially when a more nitrogenous ration is required with the fat pork and potato diet, so prevalent on some farms. More eggs should be used at home, instead of being sold, and they should be more plentiful, their value being a sufficient inducement for farmers to make their production a specialty.

IDLENESS AND VARIETY OF FOOD.

It has been claimed that the cause of feather-pulling is a lack of substance required by the fowl. This is true according to the circumstances, but feather-pulling is usually due to idleness and the forming of bad habits. When fowls are confined, however, and fed exclusively on grain, they often lack many substances which are essential. Feathers contain sulphur, and at times it is required by the fowls in larger proportions than is supplied in the food, and it should be given them, but the use of sulphur in the food is a matter requiring judgment. If it is allowed during damp weather it may cause rheumatism, having the same effect on the system as minerals, but during dry weather it may be used more safely, a teaspoonful of sulphur in a quart of ground food for twenty hens, twice a week, being sufficient. Ground bone, meat, clover and small seeds also largely assist in balancing the ration. The rule should be to reduce the grain ration in proportion as other materials are allowed, so as not to give too much. Solutions of copper, as carbolic acid and such, which are often given as tonics, do more harm than good, and should never be used unless in cases of emergency. Red pepper in summer is something excellent, but it should only be used occasionally, and not regularly.

MOLTING HENS.

At any time during the summer there is a possibility of the old hens commencing to molt. They are occasionally sent to market before they cease laying. It is a mistake to do so, as the hens that are the first to molt are the ones that are ready to lay when winter sets in. It requires three months for a hen to molt. She must throw off her old feathers and renew them. In doing so, she does not lay because she cannot stand the drain of providing feathers and eggs at the same time. Give the molting hen but little grain, allowing meat, bone and clover. An occasional mess of ground grain, mixed with a little sulphur and linseed-meal, will be beneficial.

FEEDING BEFORE MARKETING.

In some cities there is a strict law in regard to selling fowls dressed, but with full crops, yet many farmers will feed their fowls up to the time of killing and dressing for market, in many cases incurring the risk of confiscation, or compelling the commission merchants to sell at a sacrifice. No fowls should be fed within thirty-six hours of being killed. If this is done, they will keep in better condition and bring much higher prices. In some cities in the South all poultry must be drawn, the heads and feet cut off, and the carcasses slightly salted. Such requirements are not necessary in a cold climate, but the law is explicit in regard to empty crops.

MOVABLE ROOSTS.

To fasten a roost or nest in a poultry-house so that it cannot be moved is to have lice at all seasons. It is impossible to thoroughly clean out the house unless everything is movable, and can be carried outside. When the work has been done inside, a sponge dipped into kerosene and squeezed, so as to simply dampen the article removed, and a lighted match applied, will end all pests in less than a minute, without damaging the articles, which may then receive a light coating of kerosene, and be returned to the house.

The Clark Syndicate Companies have recently published an illustrated edition of the FARM AND FIRESIDE, containing interesting information and letters from those who have visited the companies' lands in Western Florida, and who have purchased farms in the Tallahassee country.

Send to the Clark Syndicate Companies, 315 Dearborn Street, Chicago, for a copy of this and further particulars about the beautiful Tallahassee hill country.

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INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Capons.—J. G. G., Augusta, Ga., writes: "When should chicks be caponized if they are to bring the highest prices, and which breed is most suitable for producing capons?"

REPLY:—The cross of Dorking male and Brahma or Cochins is considered the best, and the chicks should be caponized as early in the season as possible, in order to give them plenty of time to grow to large size.

Hatching Late Pullets.—J. E. B., Weston, W. Va., writes: "Is it too late to hatch pullets to lay in November, and during the winter, if Leghorns are used?"

REPLY:—It is too late to hatch young pullets of any breed to have them lay in winter, but such pullets will be among the first to begin in the spring.

Lice.—M. E., Lebanon, Pa., writes: "What is the matter with chicks when they droop without cause? They are well fed and have a variety."

REPLY:—The difficulty is lice, which multiply rapidly during very warm weather. Clean out the coops of the chicks, dust hen and chicks with insect-powder, and anoint heads with a few drops of melted lard.

Prices in Market.—L. B. L., Mt. Vernon, Ohio, writes: "Is it necessary to have fowls with yellow legs in order to get the best prices? What is the principal requirement in a market fowl?"

REPLY:—There is a preference for yellow legs and skin, but a fat and plump fowl will always sell and bring the highest price, irrespective of the color of the legs.

GINSENG.

I plant roots and they produce seed, and plant seed and they produce roots. Persons wishing to grow ginseng should buy roots, as they give results so much quicker. Any light, loose, rich soil will answer. Make beds three or four feet wide, any length desired. Use all the humus you can get on the beds, and mix it well with the soil. Plant the seed in drills three or four inches apart, and one inch apart in the drill, covering them one half inch deep with leaf-mold. Plant the roots six inches apart each way, and cover the beds with leaves after planting. The seed will germinate eighteen months after planting, and the roots will send up shoots the following spring. Let the leaves remain on the beds until you are ready to dig the roots. All the roots or seed must be planted in the fall, while fresh and moist, or kept so until spring, and then planted.

The plants need no cultivation except to pull the weeds. They may need some special care to keep out the moles, and during seed-time to keep out the ground-mice, or a small white fly that may get on the stem just below the seed-head. Unleached wood ashes is the best fertilizer to use, and is beneficial in keeping off this fly when scattered around the plants and on the leaves.

If you have no suitable land in the woods for growing ginseng, you may plant in open land by having shade and leaves from the woods. Roots that are two or three years old will bring, on an average, two cents each when dried for market, and one acre will produce from 750,000 to 1,000,000 roots.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

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Our Fireside.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind.
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a tint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better,
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wisest man shapes into God's plan
As water shapes into a vessel.

—Jewish Tidings.

THEM McWILDERS.

BY FLORENCE L. PITT.



IF my mem'ry serves me right, it's been jest about three months sence the McWilders fust moved into Sapville. They wuz the quietest, "tend-to-my-own-business" sort a folks you ever see—paid no 'tention to nuthin' ner nobody outside their own fam'ly.

Now, Sapville didn't scerely know what to make a sech people. Allays before, when strangers moved into town, we'd started right in bein' neighborly with 'em, but with these folks 'twas differ'nt ag'in. We seen right away they wanted to be let alone, so we squenched the sperrit of lovin' our neighbors as ourself's, an' wuz as cool as cucumbers to 'em.

Fer more'n a week not a soul in Sapville knowed the name of these folks; but fin'ly, one of 'em went to ask for their mail, an' then it leaked out thet their name wuz McWilder.

After they'd been here about a month an' got all settled, we winuncu begun thinkin' a leetle 'bout goin' to see 'em, 'lowin' mebbe they'd got over their uppish spell. But, la me! they jest froze everybody right out that went to the house.

Well, by an' by folks begun to git s'picious, an' Ephrum said he'd heerd round town thet McWilder wuz a fugitive from justice, an' mebbe a counterfitter, bein's he hed so much money to spend. An' we hed our reasons fer bein' s'picious, too. In the fust place, Mr. McWilder wuz never seed doin' a day's work; not even mowin' the grass ner whitewashin'. He hed his hired man, Josh Prill, an' he never laid his hand to nuthin', fur's outdoor work went. They hed a big house (the old Wudger place), an' I'd heerd 'twas fixed up real han'-some on the inside, speshully the front room. So t'other afternoon, hevin' nuthin' pertickler on hands, I made up my mind to go set awhile with Mis' McWilder, an' see fer myself jest how they wuz fixed. I sez to Ephrum:

"Now, you keep your eyes on the front gate, an' ef Mis' Tuggles or Mis' Prouty should come, you jest hev 'em come in an' wait till I git home. Then I kin tell 'em about the McWilders an' their furn'ture."

So sayin', I set out. Arrivin' at the house, the hired help met me at the door, an' when I asked ef Mis' McWilder wuz to home, she smiled an' said:

"Yes. Jest step into the drawin'-room an' hev a seat."

Well, I went in. I jest hed time to take off my walkin'-specs an' put on my gold-bowed ones, when Mis' McWilder came a-rustlin' in. I riz up, an' sez I:

"Howdy-do, Mis' McWilder? My name is Bowers—Mrs. Ephrum Pepperel Bowers. I reckon you've heerd a my husband—him bein' pres'dent of the 'Poultry Protective Society.'"

She bowed, an' said, "Mrs. Bowers."

I wuz a leetle tuk back thet she wuzn't no more friendly; yit I'd ort a-knowed what to expect. She treated 'most everybody the same way. I thought mebbe she felt a leetle mift 'bout my not callin' on her sooner, so I sez:

"I would 'a' come sooner, but me an' Ephrum hev been busy puttin' in the garden, then come house-cleanin', an' it seemed as ef I never could ketch up with my visitin'."

She seemed to thaw out a leetle after I told her this, an' she talked real free 'bout Mr. McWilder an' her son. So, seein' my chance, I sez to her, sez I:

"What trade is your son learnin'?"

"Well," sez she, "he has not decided as yet as to a profession. He is assisting his father at present."

"An' what might his pa's trade be?" sez I.

"Oh, my husband is a great man for mechanical inventions," sez she.

"Is thet a legal business?" sez I.

"Why, certainly it is," sez she, sneerin'ly.

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Oh, jest to find out," sez I. Then, to keep

her from freezin' up too much, I sez to her, "How beautiful your house-furnishin's are, Mis' McWilder. I wish you'd jest take me all through the house, from cellar to garret." I put in the garret, fer I wuz most sure thet wuz where the counterfittin' wuz goin' on.

"Well," sez she, "I'm not in the habit of havin' my callers inspect the house, but with you, it seems a shame not to gratify such curiosity."

"La! Mis' McWilder," sez I, "'tain't cur'osity with me. It's jest my taste fer what is lovely."

"Yes," sez she; "but I imagine the two characteristics are very often confounded, there is so small a distinction between them."

So sayin', she beckoned me to foller her. She took me well round down-stairs fust, an' then come the up-stairs. I hurried through thet, thinkin' all the time 'bout gittin' to the garret. But ef you b'lieve me, thet woman jest said right out thet she wouldn't take me in the 'attic,' fer thet wuz her husband's workroom. I guess she must 'a' seen a s'picious look on my face, fer she smiled an' said:

"Now, don't be imaginin' all sorts of mysterious things about the attic, Mrs. Bowers. We have no skeleton in the closet, I can assure you."

I looked at her stiddy fer mebbe two seconds, but she never flinched. It seems as ef the meaner a body be the bolder they be. I tried to be kalm an' pleasant when I wished her good-day, but I hed a struggle with myself to keep from tellin' her what I thought.

When I got home, I found Mis' Tuggles an' Mis' Prouty there, a-waitin' fer me. They hed started to a committee meetin' at the church, but they said Ephrum hed urged 'em to stay until I come back. I wuz glad they wuz there, fer I wanted to unburden my mind to somebody thet 'ud be interested. Before I'd fairly ketched breath an' got my bunnit off, Mis' Taggles tackled me, an' sez she:

"Now, Mis' Bowers, do tell us what you've seen an' heerd at the McWilders'."

"Well," sez I, meditatively, "where shall I begin?"

"Oh, begin at the very beginnin'," sez Mis' Prouty. "I'm all worked up 'bout it."

"Yes," sez I; "an' I reckon you'll be worked up more'n ever, when you've heerd all I've got to tell you. Well, when I fust got to the house, a hired girl met me at the door an' told me to take a seat in the drawin'-room. I went in, an' I 'lowed they'd been cleanin' house, from the looks a things—nuthin' was in its place. The furn'ture wuz all cluttered up in the middle of the floor, till you could scerely walk for it; an' big vases that belonged on the mantelpiece wuz settin' round in corners, an' on leetle stands thet looked as ef they'd fall over ef you teched 'em. Most ev'rythin' in the room looked mighty light-bult. Even the cheers hed sech spindlin'-lookin' legs I wuz most afeard to set down in one of 'em. I know ef Ephrum should tilt back in one of 'em, like he does in our cheers, they'd cresh right down. They wuz sech funny shapes, too. Some wuz low, catty-cornered, an' some wuz high, with leetle, narrer, unconfort'ble backs, an' some with no backs 'tall. Now, jest think a-settin' down to rest a spell in sech cheers as them."

"Well, I reckon they wouldn't set the easiest in the world," sez Mis' Prouty, "but long as they are stylish, I wouldn't mind bevin' a few."

"'Tain't in me to be stylish," sez I; "I'm in fer solid comfort. I'll put my two rockin' willers ag'in' any other cheers in Sapville, fer comfort as well as looks."

Mis' Tuggles she fined right in with me, fer bein' heavy on her feet, she does injoy a good, easy cheer when she finds one. But as for Polly Prouty, one cheer is 'bout as good as another fer her—her only weighin' som'ers nigh eighty pounds.

While I wuz still talkin' 'bout the furn'ture, Mis' Prouty broke in, an' sez she:

"Well, did you git up-garret, Mis' Bowers?"

"No," sez I, "I didn't; an' I even went so fur as to ask Mis' McWilder which door led up-garret. She told me, an' then sez she, 'We won't go in the attic; that's my husband's workroom.' I looked at her stiddy, my idee bein' to squelch her; but she looked at me as cool an' unconcerned. An' while I wuz still lookin' at her, she up an' told me I needn't be imaginin' all sorts a things about the attic, fer they hed no skeleton in the closet, she could assure me. An' I felt like sayin', 'Well, ef it 'tain't a skeleton, what is it?' I tell you, sisters, there 'hain't a doubt in my mind but what there's counterfittin' goin' on in thet garret; an' it makes my blood bile to think a sech darin' meanness."

"Now hush!" sez Mis' Tuggles. "How you do talk. Who'd 'a' think it? I hope 'tain't so, Mis' Bowers, fer Jed jest told Mr. McWilder a load a hay, t'other mornin', an' mebbe the money he paid hain't no good."

"Bite on it, an' you kin tell," sez I.

"But I dasn't bite on it," says she, "fer it's bills."

"La! thet's all the wuss," sez Mis' Prouty. "Jerushi Bender hed two a them bad bills passed on her over at Hoopeston, an' she hed to pawn her retticule an' six new shirts a Zeke's, to Sallie Tool, so to git money 'nough to come home on."

"Well," sez I, "Mis' Tuggles, you'd better git red a thet money soon's you kin, fer I'm most certain 'tain't good. Now, jest t'other day Eben Sykes give me a lead nickel in change, an' when I tuk him to task about it,

he sez to me, sez he, 'Mis' Bowers, I never knowed I hed thet nickel. Now, I'm tellin' you the truth, but the last place I tuk change wuz at McWilder's.'"

"Well, thet looks bad," sez Mis' Tuggles, "but I hain't goin' to worry 'bout it, for the hay wuz pore, an' I'll hev Jed give thet money to the mission collection next Sunday—we ort to give more freely to the heathen."

Jest here wuz interrupted by little Enoch Prouty a-comin' fer his ma. Some a their kin-folks hed drive over from Curryville to spend the night with 'em, so a course Mis' Prouty hed to go right off. A course, this sp'iled our chat, an' Mis' Prouty wuz awful put out to think she hed to leave in sech a resh. Then Mis' Tuggles made up her mind she ort a-start, too, so's to hev Mis' Prouty to walk piece ways home with her.

Well, d'rectly after they'd gone Ephrum come in, an' sez he:

"Marthy, git my supper fer me as quick as you kin. Jim Tinder, Jed Tuggles an' myself is goin' to shadder McWilder's house to-night, an' see ef we kin git any clew to what is goin' on in thet there garret."

"Well, I hope you'll git along better'n I did, Ephrum," sez I. "But 'twain't my fault I didn't git up-garret, I'm here to tell you."

"Oh, I'm willin' to bet 'twain't your fault, Marthy. I reckon you did your part to help things along," sez Ephrum.

Ephrum got ready to leave the house about eight o'clock, an' he sez to me afore he went, sez he:

"Now, don't try to set up fer me, Marthy, fer it may be late as half-after nine o'clock afore I git back."

"Well," sez I, "it 'pears to me, the way I feel now, thet I kin set up till then, easy 'nough; fer I tell you, Ephrum, them McWilders an' their goin's-on ha'n'ts me. I hope you'll find out, one way or t'other, fer I'm desperate tired a-bitin' money, an' it's bad on my store teeth, too."

After Ephrum left, I set down to read the colum of "Helpin' Hints" in the Sapville *Sword*, fer I nearly allays found out suthin' I wanted to know; an' ef you'll b'lieve me, I hedn't read four paragraphs afore my eyes lit on the follerin':

"Notice has been received from Washington, D. C., to be on the lookout for a very dangerous counterfeit in the shape of a ten-dollar bill. It is said to be an excellent reproduction, but the paper is a trifle faulty."

Imagine, ef you kin, my feelin's when I read this. Not thet I'd been handlin' many ten-dollar bills very lately, but I wuz horror-struck to think thet mebbe Sapville wuz the home of sech a sneakin', skeemin' rascal as a counterfitter. Well, the more I thunk on it the more narvous I got, an' it 'peared like I jest couldn't settle down to readin' ag'in. I knowed 'twas too early to look fer Ephrum home, so I brought out my patchwork an' begun workin' on my new "Frog in the medder."

I hedn't quite finished my hlock when Ephrum come a-reshin' in, an' sez he:

"We've caught him, Marthy! He's makin' lead money. We heerd him hammerin' it."

"La!" says I, gittin' weak, "you don't mean it, Ephrum. I can't b'lieve it."

Sez he, "You've been accusin' the man 'nough to b'lieve most anything you'd heerd, I should judge."

His sayin' this nettled me some few, but I dasn't take him up, fer ef I did he wouldn't tell me none a the perticklers, so sez I, ignorin'ly:

"How do you know so much, Mr. Bowers?"

"Well," sez he, "me an' Jed an' Jim went over to the house about half-after eight o'clock, an' the light in the garret wuz burnin' full tilt; so we sneaked back to the north side a the lane an' begun plannin' on how to git up an' see in the winder. But we couldn't think a nuthin' no better than thet big cottonwood-tree. You know thet's right on a line with the garret winder, but it's a good hundred foot 'way, an' thet wuz ag'in us; so we 'lowed 'twouldn't do no harm to climb the tree, fer we couldn't see nuthin' from the ground. Well, Jed an' Jim clumb up fast 'nough, but, Marthy, I hedn't more'n got my legs wropped round thet tree afore I wuz tuk with swimmin' in my head, an' hed to git right down. An' then the fellers begun to laugh at me, an' Jed hollered down an' axed me ef I needed any axle-grease fer my jint's. His sayin' this made me mad, an' I sez to myself, 'Ephrum Bowers, you'll git up thet tree or die a-tryin'.' So I pulled myself together ag'in, an' after a deal a wrasslin' an' barkin' a my shins, I got up to the fust fork; an' while I wuz waitin' there to ketch my breath, a owl come blunderin' down an' flew smack in my faee. Well, I thought that in spite a Jupiter I'd go out thet tree head fust; but Jim grabhed me by the sleeve an' held onto me till I got stiddy. Then I went on up."

"An' what did you see?" sez I.

"Not much," sez he. "But McWilder an' his hoy wuz both a-poundin' away on lead fer all thet they wuz wuth. I'll tell you how we knowed 'twas lead, Marthy. When they fust begun to hammer it sounded dretful muffled, jest as lead would when it hed been het up; an' after they'd beat it a few minutes, it sounded like wood hittin' metal, an' Jed said thet wuz a shore sign thet it wuz lead."

"But," sez I, "Ephrum, you ortn't to be so shore. You didn't see—you only heerd."

"Well, fur's I know, thet's all you go by—what you've heerd," sez Ephrum.

"Thet may be," sez I, "but I hain't proposin' to take the law to a man on mere hearsay."

"'Twa'n't hearsay with us, Marthy," sez he. "'Twas *hear suthin'*, an' I'm goin' over to Hoopeston to-morrer, to see the jedge an' fix things up to hev McWilder 'rested."

"Well," sez I, "don't tell me no more 'bout this to-night, Ephrum, fer I hain't li'ble to sleep a wink this hull night."

Well, when mornin' come, I told Ephrum I 'lowed I'd go over to Hoopeston with him, fer I never could live through the day, bein' in sech a agouy a suspense to know what the jedge thought 'bout McWilder. I see he wuzn't overly tuk with the idee a me goin', fer he 'lowed I'd watch him too close. But the thruth is, Ephrum's most too much of a ladies' man to suit me; he's allays friskin' round an' showin' off ef there is any young girls round. There bein' a young ladies' school over at Hoopeston, I 'lowed we wuz pretty sure to run across some girls on the train goin' to or comin' from school.

Sure enough, soon's we got on the train I spied two of 'em up in the front a the car, jest a-munchin' candy fer all they wuz wuth. D'rectly, an oldish woman, with clothes a leetle old style, got on the train, an' right away them girls begun sniggerin' an' makin' remarks. They looked acrost at me an' Ephrum, oncet or twict, in a impudent sort a way, an' I give 'em a witherin' look; fer I knowed there wuz nuthin' 'bout my clothes but what wuz stylish. I hed on my new buff shirt-waist with a red horseshoe figger, my snuff-colored cashmere skirt, an' as a finishin' touch, my red ribbon belt with a big silver buckle onto it. I'm dressin' lots gayer'n I used to, but Ephrum an' the fashions is determined on makin' me luk as bloomin' as I kin.

Well, the fust thing I knowed, one a them girls come tearin' down the ile after a glass a water, an' as she went back, I stopped her, an' sez I:

"What's the matter? Is your partner sick?"

"Yes," sez she. "She is sufferin' with one a those terrible sick headaches, an' we hev'n't any remedy with us."

"Thet's too bad," sez I. "I reckon she et too much a thet sweet truck. I'm sorry I hain't got any campfire ner nuthin' to offer you."

"Oh," sez she, "I don't think it wuz the chocolates thet made her sick; but this car is so insuff'rably hot."

Hearin' this, Ephrum jumped up, an' sez he:

"Why, I'll open the winder fer you, miss."

She thanked him, an' showed him which winder she wanted open. 'Then she begun puttin' water on the sick girl's head. D'rectly she sez:

"Now, if we only hed some balony sausage. Thet always stops your headaches."

Me an' Ephrum both heerd this, an' he looked at me an' I looked at him. Then sez I:

"Well, thet's a new cure fer headache. The girl must be crazy."

"Now, Marthy," sez Ephrum, "mebbe the pore girl jest hez a onsatisfied hankerin' after balony. It's a pity she hain't got some."

Well, the next station we stopp'd at Ephrum went a-scrabblin' out a the car afore I hed a chance to holler at him; an' directly he come back with one a them emense fifteen-cent halonies under his arm. He walked up to them girls, an' sez be, making a big bow:

"Young ladies, accept this balony, with my complements."

They looked up at him an' shuck their heads, both of 'em gnawin' their lips like as ef they'd bust out laughin' any minute. But I saw nuthin' funny. Well, Ephrum didn't know what to make of 'em not takin' it, an' thinkin' mebbe they wuz jest back'ard 'bout takin' so much of a gift from a stranger, he pressed it on 'em. Sez he:

"I overheard one of you sayin' thet balony sausage would cure headache, an' I got this fer you speshully."

Fer a minit they stared at him like ijits, then all of a suddint they broke out a-laughin'—an' sech laughin' an' gigglin' I never heerd. An' all the other people in the car (exceptin' me an' Ephrum) wuz titterin' an' sniggerin' as ef suthin' dretful funny hed happened. Ephrum stood still in the ile, holdin' thet balony like a sword, an' lookin' like he'd drop any minit. Fin'ly, one a the girls managed to squeal out between giggles:

"We spoke of Bromo-Seltzer. You must hev misunderstood. But many thanks fer your kindness."

"Thet's all right," sez Ephrum. "But tell me, will you, what is this here Bromo-Seltzer?"

"Why, it's a headache medicine. You can get it at any drug-store," sez they.

"Oh, yes," sez he. "Well, it's my mistake, young ladies—my mistake."

So sayin', he left 'em an' come back to his seat. I reelly felt sorry fer the man, but I dasn't show no sympathy; au'yit I wuz aggravated with him, fer he's allays so officious. He set down by me an' hove a long sigh. I turned to him, an' sez I:

"Ephrum, mebbe you've learnt a leetle. Ef you'd 'a' asked my advice you'd 'a' never made sech a goose a yourself, ner 'a' been the laughin'-stock a this hull car."

"Yes," sez he, in griudin' axents, "now begin on me, will you, an' jest harp till you git tired."

"Ephrum," sez I, "you know I'm talkin' fer your own good."

He glared at me, but I never made no answer; an' fast thing I knowed he wuz struttin' into the smokin'-car, packin' the baloney right with him. Jest afore we got to Hoopes-ton he come back ag'in, lookin' cross as two sticks, an' sez he:

"You've jest spoiled my day, Mis' Bowers. I wish you'd 'a' staid at home, where you b'long."

"Very likely," sez I; "fer ef I'd 'a' staid to home I'd 'a' been kep' in ignorance a this sassage episode, an' I wouldn't a-missed the fer nuthin'. Mr. Bowers. By the way, what did you do with the baloney?"

"Slung it out'n the window," sez he.

"Well, Ephrum Bowers," sez I, "you do beat all. The piece would 'a' been plenty fer our supper an' breakfast. Yore awful free, all 'twunce."

Afore he hed time to answer, the trainman hollered out "Hoopes-ton," so we clumb off.

We went right from the depot up to Judge Black's office, 'lowin' to ketch him afore he hed any other bizness on hand. He wuz real nice an' pleasant to us, an' said he hed the hull mornin' to devote to us. So Ephrum started out an' told him ev'rything thet 'nd jestify him in hev'in' Mr. McWilder 'rested. The judge heerd him through, an' then he sez, with his eyes a-snappin':

"Well, Bowers, I did think you were a man of good common sense, but after these statements you've made, I doubt it."

Then Ephrum flared up an' sez he:

"Well, s'long's you've expressed yoreself so free, I'll tell you what my opinion is: I b'lieve, Obadiah Black, that yore in cahoots with McWilder, an' yore tryin' to bluff me—but 'twon't work."

"Now, Mr. Bowers," sez the judge, "keep perfectly cool; we'll not discuss this matter further, if you lose your temper. I spoke rather abruptly, I'll admit, but the idea of McWilder being engaged in such a business was so absurd, that it would have provoked me to hear you even hint such a thing—much less come right out and condemn the man. Why, Mr. Bowers, there's not a more honest, reliable and upright man in the whole country than Duncan McWilder."

Imagine ef yon kin our feelin's when the judge got done tellin' us this. Well, we scarcely knowed what to say. But fu'ly Ephrum ketched breath, an' sez he:

"Well, judge, more'n likely we're mistaken 'bout this—but ev'rything p'inted ag'in' the man."

"Ev'rything!" sez the judge. "Why, the few trifling incidents you had to go on were too simpsy to even come under the head of circumstantial evidence; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Bowers, I think the whole story grew out of the fact that McWilder attended strictly to his own business—and that is very much against the principles of Sapville."

Then sez I, speakin' up:

"Well, what is the man's business, anyway? Nobody ever sees him doin' a lick a work."

"He is an inventor, Mrs. Bowers," sez he, "and he has made an immense amount of money off of his patents. Some of his mechanical inventions will make his name famous all over the country, before many years."

"Well," sez Ephrum, gittin' up to start, "I've heerd 'nough—the man's all right fur's I know; all I ask a you, judge, is to keep mum 'bout this."

Well, the judge said he would, an' as we wuz startin' out the door, he hollered to Ephrum, an' sez he, "Now don't be hunting any more trouble, Mr. Bowers—it doesn't pay."

After we got away from the office, Ephrum sez to me:

"Marthy, let's ketch the fust train fer home, no matter if it's the freight 'commodation."

"Yes, Ephrum," sez I, "I'm more'n willin'; but there's no kind a train fer two hull hours yet—so jest keep calm."

"Well, we et dinner, an' then we went 'round to see some folks a our'n; we'd never hed much to do with 'em afore—but we did want some place to stay 'till time fer the train to come. The time drag 'long dreftful, an' we wuz powerful glad when we got on the train bound for Sapville."

Then Ephrum begun a-worritin', an' sez he: "Marthy, I'd rather face the parson ef I wuz drunk, than to see Jed an' Jim."

"Well," sez I, "it seems to me with what we've been through today, Ephrum, you could face most anything."

"You may feel thet way 'bout it now, Marthy," sez he, "but wait 'till the time comes."

When we got off the train at Sapville, the fust man we saw wuz McWilder; he give kind of a edgewise look, an' spoke dreftful frezzin', it 'peared to us. But I 'lowed mebbe 'twuz because we felt as ef he ort to snub us.

When we went a-past Jim Tindler's store, neither me nor Ephrum looked in; but we hedn't gone two squares afore Jim and Jed come rushin' out and ketched up with us.

"Well," sez Jed, "did you git the warrant, Bowers?"

"No," sez Ephrum, suappishly, "we don't need no warrant; the man's all right."

"What's thet?" sez they, a-starin' at him. Ephrum repeated what he had said, addin' a few convincin' facts, so's to hev a little argy-um' as he could.

A course they both held the p'int that ef they'd 'a' tended to seein' the judge, they'd 'a' made ev'rything tell dead ag'in' McWilder, so's the judge 'nd 'a' been right round to their way a thinkin' in no time.

When we got home, I went on in the house, an' the men folks set down on the porch to continue the confab. Well, all of a suddint I heerd a gret scurryin' round, an' Ephrum yelled out:

"Come back here, Jim Tindler; you needn't think you kin play the sneak."

I reshed to the door, an' there wuz Ephrum a-holdin' Jim by the collar, an' Mr. McWilder jest comin' in the gate. Fer a minute I couldn't think what hed happened; but d'rectly it dawned on me thet Jim must 'a' seen McWilder comin', an' bein' afeerd of a rumpus hed started to skin out—an' Ephrum hed stopped him.

Mr. McWilder turned to 'em with the squelchiness look on his face, an' sez he:

"Well, what have you three old gossips got to say for yourselves?"

They all stood lookin' each at t'other, but never said a word. D'rectly, Mr. McWilder sez:

"Well, talk now, and talk fast, if you want to avoid being arrested for libel."

An' mebbe you think them men didn't talk; they all lit out talkin' at wunce, each of 'em layin' ev'rything that hed been done an' said outo' t'other one. Well, Mr. McWilder couldn't git no sense to nuthin', so he hollers out, "One at a time! And I want a straight story; you've lied enough for awhile."

Afore Mr. McWilder hed fairly got the words out a his mouth, Jim spoke up, and sez he:

"I'm dretful sorry this bez happened, Mr. McWilder; but Bowers and Tuggles hev kep' tryin' to pizen my mind ag'in' you, lately, an' I'll own I did listen to some a their stories—but I never b'lieved 'em."

Just here Ephrum broke in, an' sez he:

"Thet Jim Tindler hain't told you a word a truth; he's been the biggest frog in the puddle to talk ag'in' you all the time. He wuz the fust one thet ever thought a yore bein' a counterfitter."

"Yes," sez Jed, "an' 'twuz him thet put us up to shadder the house—an' he wuz the very fust man up the tree."

"What are you talking about now?" sez Mr. McWilder, not knowin' nuthin' 'bout 'em watchin' the house.

Well, then, Ephrum, he told him how they'd clumb the tree an' listened to him a-hammerin' nuthin' thet they 'lowed must be lead, from the way it sounded.

"What if it had been lead?" sez Mr. McWilder. "You had no reason whatever to suppose I was a counterfeiter."

"Yes we hed," sez Jed, forgittin' hisself. "Eben Sykes give Mis' Bowers a lead nickel in change t'other week, an' when she told him of it, he looked skeered, an' said the last place he tuk change wuz at yore house, Mr. McWilder. Now, if thet hain't proof, I don't know what is."

"What other proofs?" sez Mr. McWilder, smilin' sneeringly.

"Well, Marthy read in the Sapville *Scout*," sez Ephrum, "thet there wuz a counterfit ten-dollar bill out; an' Jerushi Bender hed two bad bills passed on her over at Hoopes-ton, 'long the middle a last month; so, puttin' two an' two together, we 'lowed you needed watchin'. A course, we wa'n't so sure 'bout yore makin' paper money; but it 'peared to us ef you could make one kind, you could t'other, jest as easy."

"That's philosophy," sez Mr. McWilder. "It takes great minds to reason and arrive at such conclusions; and nothing short of such intellect could ever figure out the word *proofs*, from these few shallow, commonplace occurrences. My reputation is not the first that has been attacked this way. There are, to-day, scores of people whose whole future has been blasted, just through this accursed and ever-increasing pest of gossiping. I hope that some day you may be made to feel as thoroughly uncomfortable as I have been over this affair." An' with thet he turned right 'round on his heel an' left 'em.

Well, the men looked jest plum dumb-fuddled. They hedn't 'lowed the fuss 'ud end thet way; in fact, they kerried the idee thet McWilder 'ud take the law to 'em fur slander—in spite a what they hed to go on. But I reckon all Mr. McWilder wanted wuz a chance to tell them men what he thought of 'em.

A course, I blame Ephrum for ever gittin' mixed up in the trouble, but him bein' my better half, I'm bound to take up fer him. An' I sez to him, sez I:

"Ephrum, I reckon we've learnt this lesson together: Not to b'lieve ev'rything we hear, ner to be too quick to put a foot on a feller-man's neck—even ef suspicion should p'int his way."

"Yes, Marthy," sez Ephrum, "we've learnt suthin', even as old as we be—an' I reckon we've got lots to learn yit."

TO HAVE JUICY FRUIT PIES.

The great annoyance of people who are baking fruit pies comes from the loss of the rich syrup of juicy pies. To prevent this, take a strip of muslin one inch wide and long enough to go around the pie and lap. Wet the cloth in cold water and lay it around the edge, half upon the pie and half upon the plate, pressing it on either side. When the pie is taken from the oven, remove the cloth. This will be found a success.

"How to make \$1,000." See grand prize offer on pages 18 and 19.

FOR THOSE WHO WAIT.

Beloved, who of us so wise
That does not sometimes lift his eyes,
In quest of new old, perhaps, and say,
"Will fortune never come this way?"

And yet, for us the year shall bring
The sweet insistence of the spring,
The summer's dear delights unfold,
And autumn store her garnered gold.

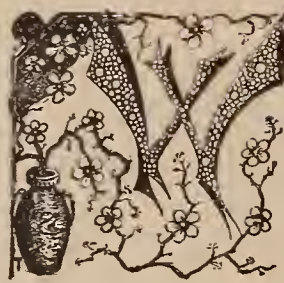
What need we, then, that we should say,
"Fortune has never passed this way?"
Is hope deferred or love denied?
Ambition's dream unsatisfied?

Content we wait, while slowly swings
The gate where beggars stand with kings.
'Tis well, dear heart, and soon or late
Shall all things come to those who wait.

—Martha J. Farwell, in *Boston Transcript*.

DELL'S EXPLOIT

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.



HATEVER we'll do with 'er is more'n I can see," fretted Farmer Sharp. "I s'posed when we had a gal-baby that we'd have some peace and quiet in the house in our old age, but land!"

"She was an awfully pretty child, you'll admit that, Sam'l," suggested the mother, meekly.

"Them eyes of hers begun a-twinklin' in the cradle, an' she was always a-reachin' out, I remember. We might a-known what sort of a chicken we was raisin' by the pin-feathers." Samuel Sharp smiled at his own wit, in spite of his annoyance. "Still, I never dreamt that I'd ever see her a-flyin' around on a two-legged boss. Next ye know she'll be beggin' fer bloomers, and then I'll go clean plum-crazy. I wish't we'd never come to town."

The gray head was plunged between two hard, horny hands as Mr. Sharp looked at his annoyances through dimly blue glasses.

"Don't you think you'd better try an' get one for her, Sam'l?" ventured the mother, after a time. "Yon an' me liked to have our way when we was young," coaxingly. "Not that I ever had mine very much," with a sigh. "I can remember yet how I longed for a hobby-horse until I was a big girl, a'most in long dresses. I never see one to this day without thinkin' on't; an' true as you live, Sam'l, if I was young I b'leve I should be as sot on a wheel as she is."

Samuel Sharp stared at his wife as if in alarm for her sanity, then with one reproachful look, stalked out of the room.

"Oh, Mammy, what do you think?" cried a rollicking voice at the door an hour later. "I've had an offer."

"Goodness, child! What do you mean?"

"Why, Jed Boysen has offered me his bicycle—it's adjustable, you know—and for only fi-fteen dollars. Do you suppose father'll get it for me? I shall die if he doesn't," and the merry, round face was drawn down into an expression almost pathetic.

"I'm sure I d'know, child. We've just been talkin' about it. You'll have to ask him."

Dell did ask him. She asked him at breakfast, at dinner and supper. She haunted him so persistently with the bicycle question that he began to dream of wheels at night.

"Give me a red-headed young one fer hangin' onto an idee," he said to his wife, in despair.

"Well, seems to me you've got one," she replied, slyly. "You liked it all right when she hunted Black Bess last year—caught 'er and rid 'er home, when no man could 'a' done it. You thought hangin' on was a virtue when she persisted, in spite of pounded fingers, in mendin' that gate, an' kept the cattle out of the corn—"

"My land, mother! you buz-z-z like an old spinnin'-wheel when you get a-tellin' over that gal's smart capers," cried Mr. Sharp, beating a hasty retreat. "It does beat all how sot mother is on humorin' that child," he muttered, when at a safe distance.

The Sharps had lived on a thrifty country farm until the year past, and Dell had reveled in its freedom, and grown up as blithe and strong as the birds that made melody in the capacious elms before the old weather-beaten homestead. Not a nook in the great hay-barn that she had not explored, even to the ridge-pole; not a colt in the pasture that she could not ride bareback. Of thrilling accidents by flood and field she had a long list to her credit, but perils seemed only to act as a stimulant to her active and fearless nature. She had an accomplishment, a shrill, piercing call, between a whistle and a college yell (and strictly original with herself), by which she could summon the men to dinner from the remotest bounds of the farm.

"Beats a fog-horn all holler," said Dick, the hired man. "Keep on practisng, sissy, and they'll be hirin' you up to the village for a fire alarm."

Dell mourned sincerely when the family moved into town. She kissed the cows, and said pathetic good-bys to the colts, and insisted on taking the poultry which she had petted

and fed from chickenhood with her to the village home.

The young oak transplants easily, and Dell soon found pleasure and occupation in her new home.

The bicycle-riders, gliding along with their airy, bird-like motion, fascinated her from the first, and in "just no time," to quote her mother, she had begged the loan of one, and learned to ride it. From that time on, every stray dime which would otherwise have gone into the confectioner's till was invested in the rent of a bicycle, and she already rode beautifully.

"Say, sissy [how the child did abominate being called 'sissy'], tell ye what I'll do," said Mr. Sharp, when Dell had pestered the life out of him, to use his own expression, for about three weeks. "I calculated you'd keep little Whiteface till you come of age when I give her to you, but if you're a-mind to be foolish enough to sell 'er now, I won't interfere with the spendin' of the money she brings. She's wuth a plump twenty-five dollars, but you must make your own bargains an' take your own risks."

Poor Dell! It did seem as if her father was determined to break her heart one way or another. Little Whiteface had been her own ever since she was a frisky, playful calf. Dell shed bitter tears over her decision, but—she could not ride the heifer! Dear as Whiteface was, the bicycle was dearer.

She borrowed Jed's wheel that very afternoon, and rode out to Farmer Spencer's place. He had teasingly offered her high prices for her pet in times past, and her mind naturally reverted to him. She found the farmer not nearly so anxious to buy as she was to sell.

"Twenty-five dollars! Je-whittiker! That's a purty big pile o' money to pay fer a heifer these hard times."

"But she's a pure Jersey, Mr. Spencer. Yon said yourself she would be worth forty dollars when she came to milking age. Twenty-five is cheap fer her," replied Dell, sturdily.

Mr. Spencer's sharp eyes twinkled. "But the price o' cattle has tumbled since then—tumbled away off the perch, sissy. I'd be mortally extravagant if I gave yon twenty for her."

Dell held her ground bravely, and came away at last with twenty-five dollars tucked safely into the old wallet her mother had lent her.

"She'll make her way," chuckled the farmer, as he looked after her. "It's wuth an extra five dollars to see a gal know her own mind an' stick to it. Not but what the heifer is wuth every cent she asked for it, but I could 'a' got it from any other gal for less money."

Dell rode home on her own wheel, and at her mother's suggestion the remainder of the money was deposited in the village bank.

Now began an ideal life for active Dell. She was up with the birds in the morning, and out for a spin on her wheel, and back again in time to help her mother with the breakfast, rosy and bright-eyed from the exercise. She kept every bit of nickel upon the bicycle polished to the utmost, and being an ardent lover of machinery, she pried into its mechanism until she knew its construction by heart.

"Mammy, it does seem as if it was alive," she said one day, when she had been practising curves, circles and short turns on the one bit of paving the village afforded. "I wish you would learn to ride."

"My goodness, child, I'm too old!" cried Mrs. Sharp. "My share of the bicycle is a-seel' you take comfort with it."

"Mrs. Graham rides, and she's a grand-mother," persisted Dell.

"Mis' Graham may ride if she wants to, but my old bones are too rickety to trust on sech a narrer foundation. I did want a 'hobby-horse onet, but I've noticed that the things that I've had the most of hain't been the things I've wanted the worst. I hope you'll be more fortunate, Dell."

The tone of regret in the mother's patient voice touched Dell's bright, brave heart, and leaving her treasure, she threw her arms around her mother's withered neck.

"You shall have every nice thing that ever I can get for you, Mammy, dear," she whispered, between hugs.

Dell's love for machinery led her often to the village station at train-time. She loved dearly to see the great locomotive come in, puffing, panting, like a huge living thing, then resting after its trial of strength. Dell, on the platform, resting on her bicycle, became a familiar figure not only to the trainmen, but to the passengers who passed over the road most frequently. "The little red-headed bicycle-girl," they called her, in commenting on her bright, cheerful face and evident love for her wheel.

She was there one evening when there was an unusually large crowd upon the platform. Among them she noticed a man whose sly, thievish look attracted her particular attention. He had on a light felt hat, which drooped over one defective eye, and a large, loose overcoat, and as she passed him, Dell noticed the gleam of something bright in his hand. He was hovering near the express-agent, who, with a revolver in his belt and money-pouch over his shoulder, was overseeing the removal of goods from the express-car. The truck was full, and as the agent turned to go into his office with a package in his hand, Dell saw the man slip a sharp knife under the pouch-strap, cut it loose, and hide the pouch under his coat, gliding among the crowd in an instant.

Dell could never explain the impulse which impelled her to do the only thing there was to do, follow him, swiftly, surely, keeping that light hat in her quick, keen sight as vigilantly as an alert cat keeps the trail of a mouse, wheeling her bicycle noiselessly beside her, in and out among the people.

All was commotion on the platform as Dell mounted her bicycle at the end and followed the robber, who threw himself on a gray horse standing there, striking out for the open country.

"My God, I am robbed!" the agent had exclaimed when he realized what had been done; but in the confusion the thief had easily threaded his way out unnoticed, and Dell was so afraid of losing him that she dared not attempt to point him out to the bystanders. Her quick mind outlined, as if by intuition, his plan of escape, and she was not mistaken. Away they went, Dell's shrill, far-reaching voice, "Here's the thief! Here's the thief! Follow me!"

The pair would have been swallowed up in the dark of the evening had it not been for the glimmer of Dell's bicycle-lamp, which pointed out her whereabouts, while her voice kept incessantly calling for help, settling down at last to her farm call to dinner.

Crack, z-i-p-p went the ball of a revolver close to her head, but still she went on. She could hear horse's hoofs now in hot pursuit, but she never took her eyes off the flying gray horse before her, and she had never rode in her life as she was riding now, her wheel and herself one, in earnest, persistent effort.

She heard the robber cursing her, she was so near, when he raised his revolver to fire again; but just then her wheel ran upon a stone, throwing her violently to the ground just as a second bullet cut the air where her head would have been, and a horseman went thundering by in pursuit.

The robber, flinching himself hard pressed, flung away the pouch, and slipping from his horse, fled into the dark covert of a grove near by, and the pursuing party were forced to return without him, but with the pouch and its contents unharmed.

They found Dell sitting by the roadside embracing her shattered wheel, and crying bitterly.

"Are you hurt, my brave girl?" asked the leader of the party, tenderly.

"No-o, I think not; but my wheel is broken," sobbed Dell, forlornly.

Her grief had been so much sharper than her pain, that she did not realize that her strong right arm was broken until one of the men, in lifting her up, felt it give in his hand, and brave Dell, with one shriek of pain, fell back in a faint.

"Well, mother, I guess the gift of grit and hang-on is a pretty good thing for a gal to have, after all," said Mr. Sharp, after reading a newspaper account of his daughter's exploit, which roused all his fatherly pride.

The thief had been captured since, from her minute description of his face and dress, which were vividly photographed upon her trusty memory.

"Have you got my bicycle mended yet, father?" asked Dell, a white shadow of herself from suffering.

"I guess you won't want to ride no more bicycles very soon, sissy," he replied, soothingly. "There, there, don't go to gittin' excited," he continued, as Dell's cheeks flushed with indignant protest. "I'll get the machine mended all right enough if there's any mend to it. I'll have to pay the doctor for mendin' up your arm, fust. A pretty big bill to pay, I reckon, for a newspaper item." But for all his disparaging words, he was very proud of his young daughter.

Dell's arm knitted very rapidly, thanks to her perfect physical condition, and she was sitting up with the wounded member in a sling one day, when the express-agent came to the door. He was wheeling a wonderful glittering creation in the form of a bicycle, silver-mounted pedals, soft pneumatic tires, and altogether such a thing of beauty as she had never seen or dreamed of, with her name engraved on the silver-plated handle-bar, with the compliments of the express company whose property she had saved.

"There was thirty thousand dollars in that pouch, miss," the agent said, gratefully, after Dell's hysterical acceptance of the gift. "I should have gone crazy with trouble, I fear, if it had not been recovered."

He beckoned Mr. Sharp outside when he went away, saying a few words which caused that frugal-minded gentleman to come in rubbing his hands delightedly. "He says, mother, that the company want to pay every cent of Dell's doctor bill. I didn't let on, but I shall pay every penny out to her bank account. I guess I kin pay my own doctor's bills yet awhile."

Dell's beautiful wheel was the marvel and envy of the village, but never again did she have the opportunity of putting it to the practical use to which the old one lay a martyr in the wood-shed, a wrecked, dismantled victim of a red-headed girl's hang-to-it-iveness.

OLD SOUTHERN HOMES.

One of the oldest traditions of the southern people is hospitality, and it has survived all of the changes wrought by social and agrarian revolution since the war. It is the best heritage of slavery times, and it is treasured alike in the stately mansions which were

built long ago and in the showy and artistic residences with which the architects of the day have adorned the flourishing cities of the New South. Perhaps it is in the oldest houses that the choicest flavor of refinement of courtesy is retained. That is natural, for the splendor of the appointments of the palaces built for the tobacco millionaires and the merchant and railway princes encourages ostentatious display, and that lessens the charm of simplicity.

The old-time hospitality was unaffected, warm and gracious. It counted not its own resources. It was not puffed up with a sense of its own social importance. It opened without pretension a household to a stranger or a visitor, and by simplicity of entertainment and absence of restraint made him feel at home as soon as he had crossed the threshold or taken a seat at the table. That is still the characteristic feature of southern refinement.

A Frenchman has said that the best-bred man in the company is the one who makes the fewest people uncomfortable. It is the pleasantest charm of an old-time southern house that a visitor is at once put entirely at his ease and released from embarrassment and a sense of strangeness. He is entertained without having the uncomfortable feeling that either host or hostess is making any effort or taking any trouble on his account. Introduced in the drawing-room, he is unconscious at dinner of being a new acquaintance. There are no pauses in conversation, and there are no artificial expedients for directing or shifting it. The visitor is quickly brought into touch with everybody and enabled to forget that he is not in his own house and among his life-long friends. When he leaves the house he may not be able to remember the furnishings of the drawing-room or the details of the table service, but he carries away with him a distinct impression of warmth of congenial fellowship with those who had been strangers, but are now friends. The newer houses may have finer rooms, more elaborate decorations and greater refinement of social etiquette; but what are these in comparison with the unaffected simplicity and naturalness of old-time courtesy?

The old mansions in Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans have an air of distinction about them which the newer architecture can never acquire. They were built by men who desired to live in comfort and to entertain their friends in an open-handed way, but who did not find it necessary to attract attention and to advertise their wealth and social position. The exteriors are still massive and stately, with their unbroken, rectangular sides, their Doric columns and colonial porches; and the interiors are unrivaled for comfort and convenience of home life and social entertainment. With these fine models of classic simplicity in town and country, it is to be regretted that the new houses on fashionable driveways and streets are not designed by architects content to follow the old lines. The colonial architecture was not without its effect upon the character and tastes of the people who lived in the houses. It taught them to be simple in their social pleasures, to be natural and unaffected in manner, and to avoid meretricious display of wealth and dignity. There has been a reversion to colonial lines in northern houses. Perhaps there will be a similar movement in the direction of purer taste and more refined feeling in southern towns.

There are many fine things to be said about these southern houses, but the choicest tribute must be reserved for the lovely old ladies who are to be found in most of them. The young ladies and the middle-aged wives and mothers are charming, too, with their sensitive, high-bred faces and their soft, melodious voices; but the old ladies are exceptionally well preserved in figure and feature, and delightful in conversation. They do not affect to be young, yet have not lost their animation of manner nor their interest in life. They are entertaining, womanly and bright, as quick as their granddaughters to perceive a good point in a story, and as fine as choice old lace in the thread and texture of their homely simplicity and cheerfulness.

There are good portraits of famous ancestors in some of the old houses, but there are no better studies of the lights and shades of advancing age and of the compensations attending increasing infirmity in the evening of life than are to be found in the charming old ladies of the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee.

The old houses in town or country are still regarded with affection by swarms of negroes who were once slaves. There is a peculiar relation existing between the old negroes and their former masters, and neither emancipation nor the lapse of time, nor political agitation, has impaired its binding force. The plantation-house, where "old master" and "old missus" are still living, is looked upon by gray-headed negroes as in a real sense their own home. They always expect to be invited to the family festivities at Christmas-time, and to return to their cabins laden with presents. If they are in trouble, they turn first to "the colonel" at the hall for assistance and relief. An old negro who was run over on a railway gasped out in his dying moments that he "wanted to see the major," and then left a last message for him. "I wanted to ask him," he said, "if he wouldn't keep an eye on my old lady when I

am gone." That was an illustration of the sympathetic relations prevailing between former slaves and their masters. The dying negro knew that the former master was the only one who would do anything for the relief of the old colored woman.

There are many exceptions to the rule, but ordinarily there is a kindly feeling existing between former slave-owners and the negroes who once belonged to them. The old names are retained; "Massa George" smiles upon "Uncle Ned," and forlorn Leah, bereft of a favorite grandchild, wends her way to the "hall" to talk it over with "missus," and to be comforted in her affliction with the gift of an old bonnet and a black silk handkerchief. In a little while all these associations between the races will be broken off. The rising generations of planters and negroes have no relations of sympathy arising from slavery conditions. The old negroes alone have any claim upon the great houses, and they are rapidly passing from the plantation scene.

Perhaps the finest tribute which can be paid to the occupants of the old southern houses is that they have not outgrown their chivalrous feeling for women any more than their refined ideas about hospitality. The talk about women in smoking-rooms and in the club-houses is higher and purer in tone than it is in the North. There is among southern men a feeling of respect and almost of reverence for the opposite sex, which tends to purify the social atmosphere of the old houses. The follies of the duello have been discarded, and questions of honor are no longer either matters of high tragedy or of low social burlesque; but there is one thing which it is unsafe for any man to do in the presence of a true southerner. That is to say anything derogatory to the dignity or purity of a southern woman. This is an unpardonable affront which the true chivalry of the old houses cannot endure.

CROWDING THE TRUTH.

The old man was leaning over a pine table, laboriously making pencil-marks on a sheet of white paper.

"It's durned hard writin' advertisements, Maria," he said, at last, "when you don't know jes' how."

"You writ one last summer, Hiram; can't you jes' copy it?" she asked.

"Twa'n't no good," he answered, shortly. "I've been lookin' the matter up some since then, an' I find I left out a hull lot. Is the old trough down in the five-acre lot all cleaned out?"

"Henry cleaned it this mornin'," she said. "All right," he returned, bending to his work again, "I'll put in, 'Good bathin' within easy walkin' distance of the house.'"

"Ain't that a lie, Hiram?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Course it ain't," he replied, promptly. "It would be a lie if I said anything about swimmin', but that trough is good for bathin'. Is the windmill workin' all right?"

"The boys say it's a little cranky yet, but they've got it fixed so's it works most of the time."

He went on with the pencil again, and a few minutes later he read the following:

"Running water not ten yards from the door."

Maria shook her head. "Mebbe it's all right," she said, "but it don't seem so to me. I s'pose you put in somethin' about the lawn, too?"

"Of course I did," he replied. "I said it was a lovely lawn, an' almost limitless. I'll paint 'Lawn' on a board, an' stick it up in the old hay-field 'cross the road. Then I said, 'Fish within a mile,' and—"

"Fish!" she exclaimed; "there ain't any fishin' within twenty miles of here."

"Who's talkin' of fishin'?" he demanded; "I said fish, and I know there's fish at Cy Parker's general store, not more'n a mile from here, for I see a box of sardines there myself, yesterday."

"I s'pose you've got in somethin' about fine shade-trees?" she said, resignedly.

"Of course," he answered, "and that ain't no lie, either, for you know there's a hull grove of them up the road a ways. The only thing that kinder hurt my conscience was the 'cool nights.' I reckon that was a straight lie; but we've got to lie some if we go into the summer-resort business, and they'll find everythin' else just as advertised."

And having thus squared himself with his conscience, he added something about no mosquitoes, and mailed the advertisement to a city newspaper.—*Chicago Post*.

SOCIETY IN GUATEMALA.

"Life in Guatemala City to a foreigner, and especially a young man, possesses about as much attractiveness, from a standpoint of amusement, as would a residence in a graveyard. There is absolutely nothing to do except work, sleep and eat. The only place a man has to go when he has finished work," said J. J. Pringle, son of the consul-general to Guatemala from this country, "is to a saloon, and there he has nothing to do for recreation but drink. The door to the best society is shut in the face of Americans—'gringos,' as they are called by the haughty dons—no matter what their standing. Of course, when one has official dignity he is invited to the president's ball and other official functions, and has

entree into society, but there is no such thing as social intercourse in its American sense. Nobody is allowed to see a young lady unless it is in the presence of her entire family, or under the watchful eye of her duenna, and there isn't much pleasure in this kind of a visit, to most young men of America. Guatemala City has a population of 80,000, but has no theaters. There was an opera company of fair character there two years ago, but there have been no attractions at all of this kind during the past season. Living is very high in Guatemala City, and salaries are by no means correspondingly high. I would not advise any young man to go there with the idea of making his fortune. There has been too much immigration to the country as it is."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

FLUTTERING FANS.

The pretty paper fan, beloved by the summer girl for its cheapness and beauty, is very much in evidence, this midsummer season. And behold! Conservative Japan has yielded to the dictates of French fashions, and during the heated term of 1896 we will catch our breezes with tiny trifles of Empire design.

Finest silk, gauze and paper have been employed in their construction, and the workmanship of the delicately carved sticks has been done by skilled fingers. The slender splints are most of them less than half an inch in width, with the mounted material no wider when folded. They average from six to about nine inches in length.

The paper covering of some specimens is graduated from three inches on one side to six on the opposite. That of others is only about four inches deep across. These are not apt to prove useful in agitating the air, but they are undoubtedly pretty. Those made with two slips of paper, revealing the sticks between, are of great variety.

I came across a little gem. Its finely carved frame was mounted with a narrow strip of thin white silk, hand-painted with lilies-of-the-valley. The artist had extended his work to the sticks, where green leaves and the same dainty flower added the finishing touch to the perfect production.

Some of the antique fans had sticks of exquisitely carved ivory, while others were of mother-of-pearl, decorated with gold. The ends of the pivots of a few were finished with jewels. They were all mounted with parchment, handsomely painted with pretty rural scenes and groups of figures in the style of Watteau.

EXPERIMENTS IN CATTLE-FEEDING.

The finely finished lot of steers fattened at the university state farm are now held for sale in dressed form in the shambles of the Twin Cities. These animals, some twenty head in all, are two and three years old, respectively, the major portion of them being nearer two than three years. The average live weight was about 1,250 pounds. Some of them were fed to determine whether a moderate or a heavy meal ration is the best in a prolonged period of feeding. Others were fed to show the relative value of different foods in fattening; and yet others to test the value of oil-cake as a finishing food when fed in large quantities along with ground corn.

This year again it was found that steers, fed an average of ten pounds of meal per day during the entire fattening period, made at least as much gain during the five months of the experiment as those fed an average of fourteen pounds per day. The feeders of the state use much larger quantities of food, as a rule, hence the inference that much of the food thus used must be wasted. In other words, when animals are being finished they will take more concentrated food than they can properly digest if it is fed to them. It was found that a free ration of oil-meal and corn produced extraordinary gains for a short period, that is to say, for about seventy days, but that if continued much longer than the period named the animals began to get shaky on their limbs. In other words, they could not be carried much longer than seventy to eighty days without a modification of diet.—*Minneapolis Times*.

EXPLAINING THE FIGURES.

When the total vote for president was posted, one individual scanned it for several minutes. He was apparently in doubt about it.

"What does that say up there?" he asked a man who stood shoulder to shoulder with him.

"McKinley is nominated for president," was the reply.

"By how many votes?"

"McKinley has 661½."

"Where did he get the half?"

"I don't know."

"Well," straightening himself up, and assuming what he considered a Solomon-like expression, "if you don't know, I can tell you. McKinley hasn't got half a vote. That fraction up there means that he's received half of 661 votes, and that doesn't nominate him, you can bet."—*Providence News*.

Special attention is called to the letter of Mr. A. H. Schiereck, of Cedar Grove, Wisconsin, on page 14, who writes interestingly of his observations of the Tallahassee country. This letter contains very many interesting facts, and you should read it.

Our Household.

THE CAREFUL MESSENGER.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, and a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong,
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There, in the hay, the children play;
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite;
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to make it fly, up sky-high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—but there—

A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again;
I haven't forgot, no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

—Sunrise.

HOME TOPICS.

EASY SEALING.—I have sealed catch-ups, bottled pickles, grape-juice and raspberry vinegar with cotton for a number of years, and they kept perfectly. I fill the bottles with the hot material, put in the corks, and tie them down; then tie a piece of the cotton batting tightly over all. I have kept raspberry vinegar three years in this way.

FOR THE NURSERY.—Some time ago I described and illustrated a medicine and emergency closet, to be built in the wall. Mrs. L. followed the plan, and had this closet built in the wall of the nursery, which is occupied by five small L's. In addition to the well-stocked closet, she had a large card printed to hang above its door, with the key of the closet, which was far above the reach of childish hands. At the top of the card is the name and address of the family physician. Below this is a list of common accidents and the remedy for each, or in the case of poisoning, the antidote to be used until the arrival of the physician. This card is valuable in any case when the mother happens to be absent, and would be a great help to a nervous, excitable mother who might not be able to think of the right thing to do in a serious emergency.

BUTTONS.—The mother with a family of boys and girls finds it one of the problems of her life to keep buttons on all their clothing, without being a slave to the

will prevent their slipping out and losing. There are a great many inexpensive studs, agate, pearl, plated and linen-covered ones; or buttons with a shank and eye instead of holes to sew through may be used, the eye of the button being put through an eyelet in the garment, and then the tape run through the eyes of the buttons from one to another. Washable studs may be left on the garment when tape-fastened, and are not nearly so apt to be lost in the laundry as buttons that are sewed on. If by accident the tape breaks and the stud pulls out, it will be still fast to one part of the tape and not be lost, and the garment will not be torn, as is often the case where buttons are sewed on.

FRESH AIR FOR ALL.—It is often a source of wonder to the uninitiated that women in country homes grow pale and sickly and old before their time, while their husbands, who work just as hard, are still hale and hearty. The cause of the difference lies just here: Men work out of doors in the fresh, pure air, with varied scenery, and their work frequently takes them on long drives to mill and to market, which gives them the needful variety. Women work all day, and almost every day, in the house, over hot stoves and steaming dish-pans and wash-tubs. When their work is done, if it ever is, they are too tired to walk, and so they try to rest a little indoors.

Then, too often the air in and about the house is poisoned by exhalations from reeking drains, wet barn-yards and unsanitary outhouses. A celebrated physician once said, "It is ignorance that fills the doctors' pockets." It is the duty of every man to see that there are no disease and death breeding places around his home.

Then let the good wife have a horse that she can drive, and when there are errands that she can do as well, persuade her to go while you do the churning or watch the bread bake and mind the children for a little while. Sometimes, after the work for the day is done, ask her to take a little ride with you (you used to do this), and see how soon she will begin to look younger and brighter.

MAIDA McL.

APRONS.

Bib-aprons first for the little ones. The best material is the fine gloss toweling, as it washes well; also the very fine huckaback. A little bride who expected to board for awhile in her new home made aprons of cross-barred muslin after the most simple pattern, long enough to cover



A SIMPLE APRON.

needle and button-bag. It is not only the children, in their rough-and-tumble play, that cause the buttons and garments to part company, but the wringer and the flat-iron in the laundry are just as effective in this line.

Many mothers now make two sets of buttonholes, and use studs in place of buttons on nearly every garment. A strip of tape knotted around the post of each stud, thus fastening them all together,

her entire dress, and easily slipped on and off, when she wished to do a little sewing or wash her hands without changing her dress. They would do nicely for a young housekeeper.

All of us like a particularly dressy affair when we serve our turn at the church social, and the one formed of lace and ribbon is just the thing. If the sales are watched, both can be bought cheap, and it will do service for a long time.

THE TRAVELER AND THE TRUNK.

For the benefit of the unsophisticated traveler, a few suggestions may prove beneficial. What to take must be decided by the length of the proposed visit or trip. For a sight-seeing trip a well-packed valise will answer every purpose, and save both trouble and expense.

As a traveling-costume, nothing is more acceptable, useful or appropriate than a serge or mohair skirt, in navy blue, dark green or brown, with a dark silk waist and a flyaway coat of the same material as the skirt. The hat should be small and plainly adorned, so that a veil can easily be adjusted and kept in place.

The valise should contain several changes of underwear, a light-weight dark skirt of silk or alpaca, to change with the traveling-skirt in case of an accident, several pairs of stockings, a pair of low shoes, rubbers, nightgowns—made of cream China silk are delightfully cool and take up very little room in the valise—a light-weight wrapper or dressing-sack, a pair of slippers and a dressy silk waist. A change of dress skirts is quite restful if the journey is long; also a wash shirt-waist.

When traveling, or the guest of a friend, criticism is never lacking, and if the modest wardrobe mentioned above be chosen with taste and worn with care, you may well have the pleasant feeling of being well dressed. Carry your umbrella, and be sure not to forget it, for it is an absolute necessity when traveling. Of equal importance is the hand-satchel, which need be nothing more than the plain, every-day affair. In it should be put a brush and comb, sewing utensils, toothbrush and wash, cologne, nail-brush, powder for face, handkerchiefs, cold cream, and a few simple remedies in case of sickness.

Let nothing be forgotten, for it is humiliating to find that you must ask your hostess for some trifle. Above all things, provide yourself with writing materials. Make your arrangements for your ticket in advance, and when you take your train you will feel "a journey well begun is indeed half done."

M. E. S.

SOME FANCY BEDSPREADS.

I want to tell you of a bedspread I have been making. I got three and one half yards of the unbleached sheeting, getting the wide goods so no seam was necessary in the middle. After making my dining-room table as large as possible, I spread my goods out on it. Then with lead-pencil, ruler and tape-line, I found and marked the center of my goods. After allowing for hems at ends, I marked off a Greek border six inches deep entirely around outer edge of goods, leaving a margin of about four inches. Then in the center I outlined a cluster of oak leaves, after which I filled in rest of space with different geometrical designs, outlines of animals and flowers, or any pretty design I could think of.

After all was marked on plainly in pencil I fastened the cloth in quilting-frames; then with medium-sized white knitting-cotton I threaded a coarse needle with the cotton so doubled as to give me four ends. I drew in the cotton on marked lines, taking up only one stitch at a time. Drawing thread through until about one half inch was left on right side, I cut it, leaving about the same length that I did not pull through. Do not tie the thread at all.

Take next stitch about one half inch from first, and so on, using all markings in same way. The ends of cotton can be raveled out after cutting, which makes a sort of ball, and closes hole made by needle, so there is no danger of cotton working out; or, as I left mine, which was just as cut, and then by time it is washed and shaken well it is all right. I recently saw one of these spreads that had been in use for several years, and it is as good as when first made.

Another spread I am making is from an old linen sheet which belonged to my grandmother. She spun and wove the linen herself, and it is now about seventy years old. I ripped the breadths apart and between them put a row of insertion which I made from linen thread. I used a wheel pattern, making the insertion two wheels in width. On each side I put two rows of wheels, same as used as insertion, only one



FOR DRESSY OCCASIONS.

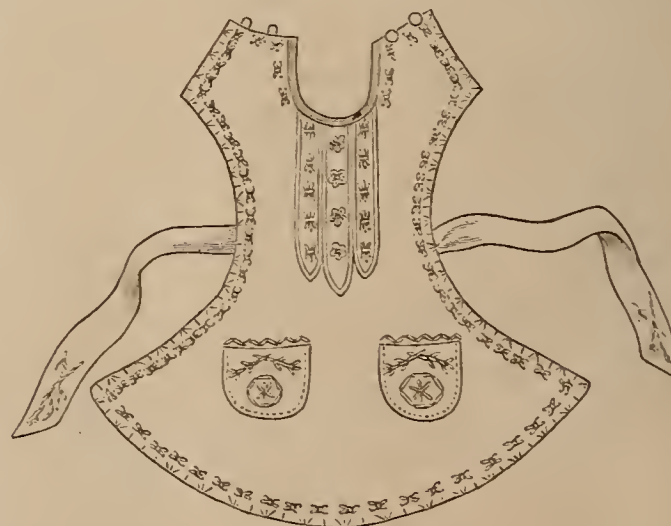
side of row had thread tied in, making a fringe. I have this spread nearly completed, and it is receiving much admiration from my friends.

Sometime I will tell you how I am using some of my grandmother's old linen pillow-slips, if you wish.

M. B. A.

TRILBY FEET.

In the course of an article by Lady Violet Greville, in the London *Graphic*, on cramped and deformed feet, she asks, "Will Trilby set a new fashion—that of pretty feet, uncompressed and undistorted?" And she goes over the old ground of telling what sort of feet we shall find in the old Greek statues, and expatiates on the delights of walking in the bare feet over dewy grass and along the sea-shore. But she makes this astonishing assertion: "American women have exceptionally small feet; but then, they never walk!" What would the athletic associations, now to be found in all our women's colleges, say to this? In one, the primary term of admission to the "walking club" is the ability to do ten miles without resting; and though American women, whose time is generally so filled as to leave no place for the Englishwoman's regular "constitutional," seem



perhaps to walk little, an examination of the daily walk of a lady who keeps but one servant and fills all the gaps herself, would show many pedometer miles.

On the New York end of the Brooklyn bridge, where, at the rush hours, one can get a true notion of the phrase, "swarming humanity," myriads of the women who will cross the bridge and go home on the trolley-car have walked anywhere from half a mile to two miles in coming from their work or going to it. In spite of Lady Greville, *we do walk*, but are quite willing to declare that the long, unrelenting ten-mile

stretch is too much, and we believe its evil effects will sooner or later become manifest. Short walks, alternated with short rests, such as our great-grandmothers, who did their own work, took, hold a great panacea for that kind of dyspepsia that comes from want of proper exercise; but to say that we do not walk—well, we do.

H. M. PLUNKETT.

AT SUNSET.

So much there was in my thought to do
When this fairest of summer days began;
So much is of labor in vain, to rue
Now that the beautiful day is done,
I lift my eyes to the glowing west
As the sunset splendor fades away.
Can I give to the One who loves me best
Account for this wasted and broken day?

I falter, and words on my lips are few;
I, with no record of victories won;
I, whose transgressions are ever new;
Scarce can I pray at the set of sun.
But lo! there cometh a wave of rest;
I am fain in my weariness to lay
My aching head on the tender breast
Of the One who accepts my broken day.
—Eunice Marsh.

CROSS-STITCH.

This is being revived for many uses. For children's clothes nothing is prettier, and for table-napkins for covering bread and cake it is always neat, and serviceable in every way. The corner can be used on the Moldavian fichu, although not exactly like the one that appears upon it.



SNAILS.

Did our little folks ever observe that curious little creature, the snail, as he draws his slow length along? Indeed, his slowness has become a kind of proverb; but he travels fast enough to accomplish all purposes in snail life.

Let us make an object-lesson on snails. Examine the shell first; notice the spiral shape. Each turn or twist of the shell is called a whorl; all the whorls taken together are called a spire; the point of the spire, or cone, is called the apex; the opening of the shell is called the mouth, or aperture; the line dividing the whorls is called a suture. The shell is part of the

wants to move from one place to another, it creeps part way out of its shell, so as to get its long foot on the ground. If you place a live snail on a piece of glass, and watch its movements, you can see how it moves on its single foot. As the snail begins to move, you will notice little feelers on the front part of its head, moving about, as if feeling its way along. These feelers are called tentacles, or horns.

The common land-snail has four horns. On the tips of two of them may be seen black dots about as large as pin-heads. These are the snail's eyes. Notice how quickly they are drawn back when touched. This shows that the snail has the sense of feeling, and believes in taking care of its eyesight. You may notice how it eats by placing it on a piece of lettuce or cabbage. It breathes by holes in the sides of its body.

Snails are hatched from very small, jelly-like eggs about the size of homeopathic pills. A single snail will lay from fifty to one hundred eggs. The eggs hatch in two or three weeks, and at first the young snail has a very small shell, containing only a whorl and a half; but the shell grows larger as the snail grows. If the shell becomes a little broken, the snail can repair it.

In the autumn the snail buries itself in the ground, retires within its shell, closes the mouth with a gummy mucus, and remains in this condition until the warm weather of spring revives it.

Slugs are sometimes mistaken for snails by ignorant persons. They are both cold-blooded, soft-bodied, and have no bones, rings or joints in their bodies. Both are covered with a slimy skin, but the slug has no shell or house. They are found on plants in gardens and on the under side of boards in damp places. Slugs are often very destructive to plants in gardens, and gardeners put on dry ashes to keep them away. Toads eat slugs.

AUGUSTA MILLER.

A SUMMER TOILET.

The season's flower-laden hat, the parasol with chiffon ruffles, the jaunty cape and light summer dress, are now at their



snail, and is sometimes called its house; but the snail cannot leave its house and move about without it; it cannot live out of its house, so when it moves it carries its house on its back. When the snail

height. Everything in this season's style speaks of airiness and daintiness. It is many years since so much thin material has appeared upon our streets, but it shows the summer girl to best advantage.

RECIPES.

SCOTCH SHORT-BREAD.—

2 pounds of flour,
1 pound of corn-flour,
1 pound of butter,
1/2 pound of powdered sugar,
1/2 ounce of caraway-seed,
1 ounce of sweet almonds,
A few strips of candied orange-peel.
Beat the butter to a cream, gradually dredge in the flour, add the sugar, caraway-seed and almonds blanched and cut in small pieces. Work and knead the paste until it is quite smooth, and divide it into six pieces; put each cake on a piece of white paper, roll it out to the thickness of an inch, pinch it well all around, prick on top with a fork and ornament with the strips of orange-peel, and bake in a good oven thirty minutes.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.—I don't think that Jerusalem artichokes are used as much for a winter vegetable as they ought to be. I will give the recipe which I have used for a great many years. I hope some of the sisters will try it and report how they like it, and I will send a few more recipes how to cook them. Peel and cut twelve artichokes into the shape of a pear; cut a piece off the bottom of each, that they may stand upright in the dish. Boil them in salt and water twenty minutes. Boil twelve Brussels sprouts in another vessel the same length of time; dish them with one between each artichoke, and pour the following sauce over them: Boil one cupful of milk with one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, made smooth in a little cold milk. Season with pepper and salt.

A. E. H.

CANNING HELPS.

In November 1st issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE I noticed a nice way to can tomatoes in glass cans. I have used no other but the Mason jars for fifteen years. The way I can tomatoes I scald, peel and then fill the glass jars full of raw tomatoes. Then take a clothes-boiler and cover bottom of boiler with a little hay, to keep cans off of kettle; then set can, filled, in the boiler, and fill it with cold water to one and one half inches from top of can. Then put a paper or lid over kettle until the tomatoes on top are burning hot; then take the cans out one by one and fill the can full with some cooked ones which I cook to fill up with while others are cooking. Then put on rubber and lid and turn down tight and set in the dark. I have good luck. I have canned peaches, cherries and berries in the same way, only I sweeten the fruits.

MIXED PICKLE.—One gallon of sliced tomatoes, salt, then drain; three pints of small onions, one peck small beans in pod, one peck small cucumbers, one half pint of grated horseradish, one half pint green nasturtium-seed, six green peppers, five cents' worth each of black and white mustard, ten cents' worth of cinnamon bark, two tablespoonfuls of whole cloves, five cents' worth of pepper, one tablespoonful of allspice, five cents' worth of mace, one teaspoonful of ginger, ten cents' worth of celery-seed, two pint bowls of sugar, one gallon of vinegar. Put the spice in the vinegar and let simmer. Put all together and let stand on back of stove for half a day, but not to get hotter than you can bear the hand.

A READER.

WATERMELONS.

The watermelon is often considered unhealthful—the forerunner of cholera morbus and kindred diseases—when in reality, if eaten when perfectly ripe and fresh, it is very wholesome, the juice acting on the kidneys in a very salutary manner, and during its season it may well find a place on the table three times a day.

A sweet, luscious watermelon makes a delightful substitute for soup as a first course for dinner on a hot day. A pretty way to serve it is to cut through crosswise with a narrow-bladed knife, in deep points or notches (see illustration), then slice off each end and stand on a platter in place of the soup-tureen. With a sharp knife it can easily be cut in slices from the points downward, and served on plates with fork or spoon.

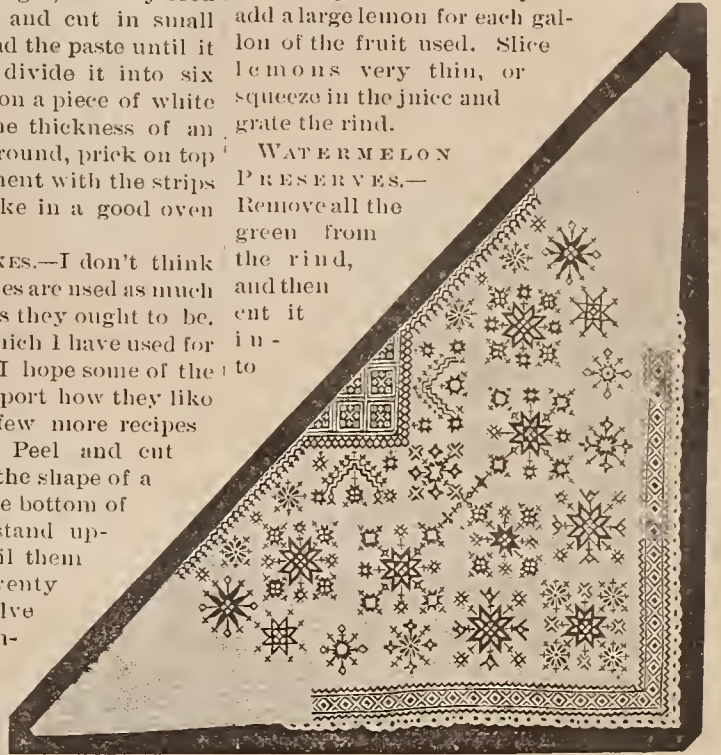
For dessert, the rind and seeds should be carefully removed, and even, regular slices of the rich, red meat served on dessert-plates. To be at its best, the melon should be kept on an ice for some time before being served, and should go to the table

immediately from the ice-chest. Frozen watermelon makes a nice dessert, and may be made as any frozen fruit would be.

WATERMELON BUTTER, OR MARMALADE.—This is equal to that made from almost any other fruit. Use only the red core cut in small pieces. Drain off the water that arises, and use one half as much sugar as melon. Boil until moderately thick, stirring constantly toward the last to prevent scorching. When nearly done add a large lemon for each gallon of the fruit used. Slice lemons very thin, or squeeze in the juice and grate the rind.

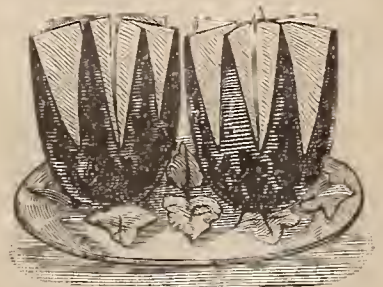
WATERMELON PRESERVES.—

Remove all the green from the rind, and then cut it in - to



small squares or fancy shapes. Lay in strong alum-water two hours, then in clear water one hour. Weigh the fruit before it is soaked, and to five pounds take five pounds of sugar and two large lemons. Add a cupful of water to the sugar to make a syrup, and when it boils add the melon and sliced lemon, and boil until the melon looks clear, which will be from half an hour to an hour. Remove the melon, boil the syrup until very thick, return melon, boil up once, put into jars, and seal.

WATERMELON PICKLE.—Cut the rind in strips an inch wide and three inches long. Soak over night in salt-water. In the morning take the necessary amount of vinegar, adding as much sugar as vinegar and a tablespoonful of finely broken stick cinnamon and one of whole cloves to each quart. Boil together for five minutes and add a part of the melon rinds, which have been carefully drained, and cook until easily pierced with a broom-straw. Remove and add more, and so on until all are done; pour the syrup over them, and seal. Should one make many at one time, it is sometimes necessary to make a fresh syrup of equal parts of vinegar and sugar, with the necessary spices, as that in which the melons are cooked becomes weakened and



has a disagreeable green taste. Watermelon pickles, if well made, are next to cucumbers in point of excellence.

CLARA SENSIBAUH EVERTS.

MOLDAVIAN FICHU.

This quaint little shawl garment is worked in cross-stitch upon wool Japanese canvas. It is brought from abroad, where needlework enters largely into decoration of every wearable article. Even part of the pattern worked upon white flannel with silk would make a very pretty trifle to throw around the shoulders of an invalid.

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR ANSWER?

Do you know that the publishers of FARM AND FIRESIDE offer 2,338 prizes for answers to the question, "Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?" The first prize is one thousand dollars in cash. The sooner you send in your answer the more likely you are to get a big prize. See full particulars on page 19.

Our Household.

MOTHER TO CHILD.

Is there no way my life can save thine a pain?
Is the love of a mother no possible gain?
No labor of Hercules—search for the grail—
No way for this wonderful love to avail?
God in heaven, oh, teach me!

My prayer has been answered, the pain thou
must bear
Is the pain of the world's life which thy life
must share;
Thou art one with the world—though I love
thee the best,
And to save thee from pain I must save all the
rest:
Well, with God's help I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest, I must love thee
in them!
Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy mother
must stem
The world's sin. Thou wilt weep, and thy
mother must dry
The tears of the world lest her darling should
cry!
I will do it, God helping.

And I stand not alone. I will gather a band
Of all loving mothers from land unto land;
Our children are part of the world! Do ye
hear?
They are one with the world, we must hold
them all dear.
Love all for the child's sake.

For the sake of my child I must hasten to save
All the children of earth from the jail and the
grave;
For so and so only I lighten the share
Of the pain of the world that my darling must
bear;
Even so and so only.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

RECIPE-BOOK.

THESE are recipe-books innumerable, and every week brings something new in some paper or magazine. Yet how few try them on account of cost or scarcity of some necessary ingredient, generally eggs in cake! Each housewife will often think, "How I wish I could remember the way mother did this or that; how good her cooking did use to taste!"

Do you ever stop to think how your children, in years to come, will think back and make the same expression? The appetite of childhood favors mother's cooking with the best of spice that cannot be procured when mature years shall call on the child to take her turn at the mill and grind out the daily provisions from the bake-shop or store-room. But you can leave an heritage that will be prized beyond gold, when the lips shall have lost their power to unfold secrets in the culinary art to the ones left behind.

Take a medium-sized blank-book, well bound; leave several of the first leaves

(according to size of book) to use as index, as the pages should be numbered. Under the different headings of bread, yeast, meat, pickles, preserves, pie, cake, cookies, tarts, doughnuts, candies, frostings, etc., write the recipe that you know by use and experience to be good, and especially those that the young folks are fond of. Give directions plainly; not only amounts, but the modus operandi, so that a new beginner may be assured of success. Do not be afraid to try new recipes that your judgment approves, and when proven to be a success, add them to your written recipe-book.

What a valuable one you can make by a little patience and time! Do not keep this book in the pantry to use as constant reference; have another copy there that you care less about soiling, and the first one may be kept as a valued keepsake from mother to daughter for many generations, if they so desire; and at last its own age will make it valuable as one of the belongings of the last century.

GYPSY.

SOFA-PILLOWS.

We cannot have too many sofa-pillows. No limit is put on the number we may have, unless it be in the matter of means in indulging in them. No restrictions whatever is put on the manner of decorating them, so that the adaptability of the material is considered in connection with their use. Sofa-pillows that we have all seen, that could only be looked at and not used, were, to say the least, very meaningless things.

Pillows or cushions are not now, as formerly, used singly, set up primly against the sofa, and with too frail or delicate work to be leaned against, but are piled up in twos, threes or even more, and all manner of material and embellishments used, even



though the maker is compelled to run down the financial scale until she reaches blue denim. And right now is the time to be making cushions for the veranda lounge for use next summer. And now that the

IVORY SOAP

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ PURE

The popular wash silk waists can be made as fresh as new by washing in a suds of Ivory Soap. The gloss is restored by ironing when almost perfectly dry. Use no starch.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

veranda is furnished like a living-room of the house, and used for social entertainment, cushions of blue denim, worked with a scroll design in white Asiatic rope silk, will be quite appropriate.



HATS.

So many of our young people with deft fingers trim and get up their own hats, that for their help we give the accompanying models. The sailor is no longer

A lack of simplicity and harmony in colors are errors which many women fall into in their decorative efforts. In consequence, so many articles entirely lose their usefulness, and are so elaborate as to be almost ludicrous. I saw among a pile of pillows, the other day, one that pleased me very much from the fact that it was

just the opposite of this; it was very pretty, but not too dainty for use. It was made of golden-brown figured terry, and was ornamented with a spray of white daisies with yellow centers, that looked at a little distance like heavy raised embroidery, but which were in reality crocheted daisies done in crochet-silk. These daisies were made in what is known as "roll stitch." Over a chain of ten, joined in a ring, were worked twenty-four rolls. The roll was made by throwing the silk rather loosely around the needle twenty times, insert the

hook under the ring and draw up the loop; silk over, and draw through all twenty loops on the hook at once; one chain and repeat; join last roll to first one made. The daisies were stitched down to the terry with invisible stitches. Leaves and stems were added in natural colors in outline-stitch with Boston art silk. There was a deep ruffle of the goods around the pillow, and on it was worked a line of cat-stitches in yellow outline silk. "I made it in one afternoon," said the owner, "and of all my cushions it is the most admired."

MRS. T.
Crescent, Ark.

A CORNER-COUCH.

To arrange a comfortable and effective lounging corner, get a narrow cot, which may be bought at any furniture store for a few dollars, reduce its height to about eighteen inches from the foot, and lay upon it a soft mattress or an improvised covering of thick quilts, or a comfort. Then cover it completely with a cover of cretonne or a rich-colored Bagdad portiere, and complete the arrangement by forming a bank of downy pillows. Pretty pillow-coverings can be made of silkoline or embroidered denim, art linen or cretonne, but a sense of harmony is needed to make the couch an effective piece of furniture.

M. E. SMITH.

COSTUMES FOR BOY AND GIRL.

These two blouse costumes for children will be found very easy to make, and always becoming. The girl's waist is made as usual, only open in front over a shirt-front, with revers; or it can be opened in the back and the front simulated to produce this effect. White pique is used for the revers and cuffs, trimmed with narrow embroidery.



strictly plain, but is loaded with rosettes of tulle and flowers, and bows of ribbon. Soft straws are bent and doubled to snit the face, trimming at the back to suit the hair.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Plants do not thrive in glazed pots.

Hard soap is better than grease to stop squeaking doors.

Spirits of turpentine cleans and brightens patent leather.

The Famous

DeLong Hook and Eye stands first on the following points:

Simplicity,
Durability,
Finish;

and complete security to the wearer.

See that

hump?

Richardson & DeLong Bros.,
Philadelphia,

Also makers of the

CUPID Hairpin.

B & H

... LAMPS ...

Are the BEST in Every Respect.

Ratchet Wick Adjuster, Lift Burner, Double Center Draught. Give the Brightest and Best Light. Our Little Book, mailed free, tells more about them, and about our Gas and Electric Fixtures, Fireplace Furniture, Brass and Wrought Iron Grille Work, and Railings, Art Metal Goods, B. & H. Oil Heaters, Etc. Leading Dealers Sell Our Goods. BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO. NEW YORK, BOSTON, MERIDEN, CONN., CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA.



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Lemon
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12 Yards Torchon LACE Given Away. All one piece FREE to all sending inc. for paper 3 mos. Fireside Gem, Waterville, Maine.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

CHRIST IS COMING.

Lo, he cometh! Christ returning,
His appearing now is near;
Have thy lamps all trimmed and burning,
Make thy pathway bright and clear.
Christ is coming
For his waiting bride so dear.

Christ is coming! Be thou working
In the vineyard of the Lord;
With thy lamps all trimmed and burning
With the oil of his pure Word.
Christ is coming!
Son of man and mighty God.

Christ is coming! Be thou watching
For the coming of thy King;
With thy lamps all trimmed and burning—
Lo, his loved ones he will bring.
Christ is coming!
Let us loud his praises sing.

Christ is coming! Be thou waiting.
He will come in royal state;
Have thy lamps all trimmed and burning,
As good stewards calmly wait.
Christ is coming!
He will come in splendor great.

JOIN THE CHURCH.

No man or woman professing to follow Christ has a right to stay outside the church organization.

All such should belong to some branch of Christ's church. The Lord Jesus has declared himself to be the head of the church. He founded it, having bought it with his blood. He appointed its ministers and its ordinances. It is clearly his will that it be perpetuated; and no one who regards his commands can afford to shirk his part in its maintenance. He has directed that his followers be baptized in his name; that they partake of bread and wine in company in remembrance of him; that they forsake not the assembling of themselves together for his worship and for mutual aid in his service. These things could not be rightly attended to, nor could a vigorous effort be put forth for the salvation of the world, without a definite organization under proper officers and leaders. The privileges which the church provides are great, admittedly so, and no one has a right, as we look at it, to appropriate these privileges without sharing also in the burdens and responsibilities which they involve. No one can go to heaven alone, unless circumstances beyond his control combine to isolate him wholly from his fellow-believers and his fellow-men.

Since, then, whoever loves God will make it known, will want to work for him, will want to be in the society of his people, and will want to obey his commands—all of which things are best compassed by connection with some branch of his church—it is evident how perfectly valueless is the declaration of great love for God on those who shun the church; except, indeed, so far as "invincible ignorance" and darkness may suffice to excuse them for this as for any other palpable wrong-doing.—*Zion's Herald.*

"KEEP THE STAR IN SIGHT."

A young man gives the following experience: "Our captain was ill, but when he saw what weather we were threatened with, he took his place at the wheel. At length he cried to me, 'My strength is going. Do you see that star right ahead? If my strength should fail, steer right ahead for that, and you are safe. And oh, remember that there is another Star you must keep in view, if you are to get safe into port at last!' I knew what he meant. He was pointing me to the Lord Jesus Christ, for he was as good a Christian as he was captain. He died that night. When he could stand the gale no longer, he shouted, 'Keep the star in sight, my lads, keep the star in sight!' Then he was helped down to the cabin, and I never saw him alive again. The star guided us aright. When the ship was in safety I went to the captain's cabin. Death had not altered his manly, resolute face. I knelt there and prayed to God to guide me through the storms of life, and from that night I have kept the Star in sight."

"A DOLLAR SEEMS A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY in these hard times." Yes, but if you have a Cough, a Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or Incipient Consumption, a dollar spent for a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, may prove your cheapest outlay, for you will then have the surest remedy ever known for such disease. The best family pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

KICKED INTO NOTICE.

Abuse is not the worst thing a man can have. Many a man owes his reputation largely to the abuse of his enemies. If they had let him alone he would have been forgotten, but by persistent hammering they compelled the world to know him; and if he is worth knowing, the fact is found out in due time.

Some of the greatest orators, patriots and philanthropists have been hated, mocked, scorned, persecuted, despised and rejected, but the wind that has blown against them has furnished motive power for them to rise. Thus by their enemies they have found friends, and through opposition they have gained victories.

Do not be afraid of persecution, if it be for righteousness' sake. Let men "say all manner of evil against you falsely," and you are quite sure of God's blessing here and a great reward hereafter. Persecution, trial and abuse give us strength we should not otherwise know. The hurricane helps to anchor the trees which it cannot uproot; they stretch their moorings wider, and settle themselves more firmly after every storm. The heat of battle turns the raw recruit into a veteran. When men have been dead a hundred years, people are likely to get acquainted with them. They build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchers of the righteous. They stone the live prophets and honor the dead ones. So long as we live we must be content to take our share of this hatred of Christ our Master, and overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony.—*The Christian.*

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

They tell us there is no Creator, only a cosmos dust. Who made the dust? There is only protoplasm, indeed! Who made protoplasm? They tell us of evolution from dust to monkey, and then to man; but all the scientists have never found the missing link. The simple gospel of the humble son of a carpenter, preached by twelve fishermen, has survived the centuries and outlives all other philosophies of eighteen hundred years. I am not versed in the terminology of the philosophies. I believe them to be of little use to reach the hearts and to influence the actions of simple men. There is no liberty that lasts in the world, and there is no government which has liberty in it that lasts, that does not recognize the Bible. What is the object of all theology? It is to reach the human heart and to control the actions of men as they are.

How many of us can understand what the philosophers say? You might take the whole stock exchange and read Kant to them, and it would be utterly incomprehensible to them. Not so with the teachings of the Golden Rule. . . . They tell us God must disappear; that praying is begging; that holy communion is cannibalism. When did such a religion ever send out a missionary? When you show me a colony of ten thousand people who have come to live decently by its teachings, I may believe it. But I say now that the Christian faith of my mother is good enough for me. If we believe this faith, what harm? If we disbelieve it, and thereby go wrong, what of our future?—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

PROMPT PEOPLE.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now! Make sure, however, that what is to be done ought to be done. "Never

put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is a good proverb, but don't do what you may regret.—*Merchant-Sentinel.*

THE DANGEROUS BOOK.

If, when I read a book about God, I find that it has put him farther from me; or about man, that it has put me farther from him; or about this universe, that it has shaken down upon it a new look of desolation, turning a green field into a wild moor; or about life, that it has made it seem a little less worth living on all accounts than it was; or about moral principles, that they are not quite as clear and strong as they were when this author began to talk—then I know that, on any of these five cardinal things in the life of man,—his relation to God, to his fellows, to the world about him, to the world within him, and the great principles on which all things stable center—that for me is a bad book. It may chime in with some lurking appetite in my own nature, and so seem to be as sweet as honey to my taste; but it comes to bitter, bad results. It may be food for another; I can say nothing to that. He may be a pine, while I am a palm. I only know this, that in these great first things, if the book that I read shall touch them at all, it shall touch them to my profit, or else I will not read it. Right and wrong shall grow more clear, life in and about me more divine; I shall come nearer to my fellows and God nearer to me, or the thing is a poison.—*Dr. Robert Collyer.*

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.

THE LOST SPECTACLES.

Some gentlemen belonging to a Bible association called upon an old woman, and asked if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you ask me such a question?" Then calling to a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." They desired she would not take the trouble; but she insisted that they should "see she was not a heathen." Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered. On opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am that you called and asked about the Bible! Here are my spectacles; I have been looking for them these three years, and did not know where to find them!" Might she not be called a heathen? Certainly she was living like one, ignorant of the Word of God, and this arising from criminal neglect.—*Restitution.*

GOD-GIVEN DAYS.

Our days are like beautiful summer fields, as God gives them to us. The minutes are lovely, blooming flowers and silvery grass-blades, and stalks of wheat with their germs of golden foliage, or vines with their blossoms—prophecies of coming purple clusters. Oh, the possibilities of the days and hours and minutes as they come to us from God's hands! But what did you do with yesterday? How does the little acre of that one day look to you now? Is it waving with beauty? Are there no waste spots upon it? What did you do with the seven days of last week? How does that seven-acre field appear to you as you view it from the hilltop of the holy Sabbath? Are there no wasted minutes, no squandered hours?—*Rev. J. R. Miller.*

DOMESTIC MARTYRS.

Lots of women suffer constantly, and seldom utter complaint.

Good men rarely know the pain endured by the women of their own household, or the efforts they make to appear cheerful and happy when they ought to be in bed, their suffering is really so great.

Our habits of life and dress tell sadly upon women's delicate organizations.

They ought to be told just where the danger lies, for their whole future may depend upon that knowledge, and how to overcome it.

There is no need of our describing the experiences of such women here, they are too well known by those who have suffered, but we will impress upon every one that these are the never-failing symptoms of serious womb trouble, and unless relieved at once, a life will be forfeited.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound never fails to relieve the distressing troubles above referred to; it has held the faith of the women of America for twenty years.

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In every city or township to look after my business, on salary or commission: steady work and liberal pay the year round. One man cleared \$140.45 last week. Places for a few ladies. Don't delay or bother to send stamps, but write at once to J. W. JONES, Springfield, Ohio.

Relieved with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Selections.

HOW TO KEEP STRAIGHT HAIR IN CURL AND ORDER IN HOT WEATHER.

From May till October the girl with naturally curly, wavy hair can crow over her sister with straight locks, for heat and dampness are deadly, invincible foes to artificial curls. The rest of the year it is share and share alike, for cold, crisp weather makes the natural curls stiff and straight. There are a hundred and one inventions and appliances to make the hair curl, and some are remarkably successful. But the trouble with all is the same. The results are not lasting, and a sudden shower, any fog, or the thermometer going up into the nineties, makes all previous toil fruitless. It may seem a small matter to the world at large, but it is no small matter to the woman concerned, to start out looking trim, neat and really pretty, and in half an hour to be a hideous fright, with long, lank locks in place of the coquettish, trimly arranged ringlets.

The only plan that has proved efficacious is to wet the hair thoroughly with alcohol or cologne, curl it while wet, leaving the curls uncombed until the hair is thoroughly dried. Then putting a touch of powder both on curls and forehead will remove any temporary dampness, and the curls will stay in—mysteriously saying—for hours. The alcohol dries up the natural moisture of the hair, and the curling while wet with the spirit is what produces the desired results. The dash of powder is so slight as not to show, and gives an additional dryness. The curls must be curled with hot tongs; there is no use in using the patent curlers for this purpose.

The waved effect which has been so fashionable for the side locks comes under this same rule, and it is surprising how long the curls remain wavy even on the hottest day, and, best of all, how natural they look.

Constant curling and waving with hot irons is bound to be prejudicial to fine hair, but much damage can be prevented by being careful not to use the irons if they are in the least rough. A perfectly smooth, evenly heated iron, not hot enough to burn the hair, will do no harm, and the roughness that cuts can easily be discerned, and consequently guarded against. It is a good plan if one is in the habit of constantly curling the hair with irons to take a vacation for a month or six weeks, and during that time wear one's hair quite smooth.

A good way to make the hair look naturally wavy across the top of the head is to wet the front locks very thoroughly before going to bed, then to pull them forward and tie as tightly over them as is comfortable a band of net. This holds the hair down, and when taken off in the morning makes a most natural and becoming wave, much more graceful than can be produced by even the broadest iron.

Bang-nets, as are called the nets for the front hair, are necessary parts of every woman's summer outfit, and save a lot of trouble, keeping the hair in place nicely.—*Harper's Bazar*.

WONDERFUL THINGS THAT ARE NEAR.

The Philadelphia Press says: "Flying is solved. The principle is known. A mechanical expedient is all that is now needed to make it successful. Practical flight is to-day not more than five or ten years off."

"A glowworm makes light with about one three hundredth part of the force used in ordinary artificial light. When men know how to make light as cheap, streets and homes will be as light as day for a mere fraction of what light now costs. This is near. Vacuum illumination without incandescence is already in full operation, and in a year or two should cut down the price of light to a sixth of its current cost, and in five or ten years light in a city may be, like water, turned on in every house at will."

"Compressed air has long been known to be the best way, theoretically, to store force for use in transportation. There is no waste and no deterioration. The need is a cheap and efficient motor to apply compressed air to city transportation. If this can be done, first the trolley poles and wires will come down, next the horseless, air-compressed motor-carriage will do all the work of city delivery."

"When these changes come the only use for gas will be for cooking—if this is not done by electricity. Factories, also, before many years, will be run by transmitted electric power. This has begun to be done, and in five or ten years will be completed, and the factory fire and boiler will be a thing of the past."

"The city of the future, and no very distant future, will have no trolley poles or wires, and no horses. All movements will be on rails by silent air-motors, or by horseless carriages equally silent. All pavements will be asphalt. Unlimited light will be as cheap as unlimited water is to-day. No coal will be delivered at private houses and no ashes taken from them. With no horses, no coal and no ashes, street dust and dirt will be reduced to a minimum. With no factory fires and no kitchen or furnace fires, the air will be as pure in the city as in the country. Trees will have a chance. Houses will be warmed and lighted as easily and cheaply as they are now supplied with water."

"A city will be a pretty nice place to live in when the first twenty years of the twentieth century are passed."

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR GOOD FARMERS.

What a Wisconsin Man Thinks of Florida's Agricultural Resources.

Mr. A. H. Schiereck, of Cedar Grove, Wisconsin, writes entertainingly of his observations in the Tallahassee country. The following are extracts from his letter written to his city paper:

At 9:45 the next morning we steamed out of the union depot at Jacksonville toward Tallahassee, the capital city of Florida, which lies almost near the state line of Georgia. After we had gone about fifty miles, we made up our mind that we would now enter the farming country of Florida, and such was the case. We went through fields of oats, corn and cotton, such as we had not seen in the southern part of the state. It looked altogether more familiar to us; in fact, we liked it better, also knew that this country was better adapted for any Northern farmer to make a decent and wholesome living on. The further we went west the better the country looked, also more prosperous. We reached Tallahassee at four P. M., and being a perfect stranger we looked for the city, which, however, proved to be away about one and one half miles from the depot. Lots of hacks and vehicles were there, also a street-car (the only one, we learned afterward) propelled by three little mules. Nobody seemed to want to ride in it, so we made up our mind to try it. It took fully three quarters of an hour before getting into the city, it being rather up hill all the way; but we got there all the same, and landed in our future home all in good shape. After refreshing ourselves with a good wash and clean clothes, we set out to see the city, also looking for a place for refreshing ourselves otherwise, not having had a chance of getting anything in the shape of eating or drinking since morning. Luck was with us, and we soon espied a big sign of "Jos. Schlitz Milwaukee Beer." Of course we were well aware that where they have such they also have something good to eat, and in this we were not disappointed. We found a well-kept place, neat and clean, and everything in ship-shape. We came out feeling one hundred per cent better, and then presented ourselves to the gentlemen who represented the Clark Syndicate Company, and made the acquaintance of the "boss," Mr. Swearingen, and Mr. Taylor and Mr. Snook, all very clever business men, also very nice gentlemen in every respect. They do the business for the Clark Syndicate Co., handle all the real estate there, which is about one million acres of very nice farming land. We also made the acquaintance of a Mr. J. S. Bradbury, from Portsmouth, Ohio, who, like ourself, works in Uncle Sam's mail department, he being railway mail-clerk. His wife and small daughter were with him. He, like ourself, was looking for something better than what he had. On meeting the land men it was arranged that we would start out by team the next morning, being Friday, to see some of the surrounding country and sights of the capital city. The city itself does not amount to much to look at, for us Northern people, for we are used to seeing much nicer places than what this is. It is old-fashioned, and about fifty years behind any modern Northern city. Everything looks neglected, and in need of a good set of industrious Northern business men to wake her up.

The next morning, as per agreement, the carriage, with Mr. Taylor from the Syndicate, waited in front of the hotel for us. We drove out about six miles and saw lots of good tracts of land which they offer for sale, situated in a good rolling country, and all it needs is somebody that knows how to farm. The land is very cheap there; from \$10 to \$15 per acre, within two or three miles of the capital city, is, in our estimation, very cheap, and within reach of all, especially poor folks who are looking for a home and have not the means of maintaining or buying such in the Northern states. The afternoon was spent in looking over the several state and county buildings, also taking in the city in general, together with the railway mail-clerk, who proved himself a very good companion.

The next day we had another drive in the country, in a different direction, and visited a creamery which is operated the same way as we do in the North. The owner disposes of the product at twenty-five cents per pound for butter, and fifteen to eighteen cents for cheese, and does a very good business, using the milk from his own cows only. He has a herd of fine Jersey cattle, the best we saw in Florida. We saw some good and nicely located lands that day, which any Northern farmer would be proud to live on. That afternoon Mr. Swearingen took us out on the Land Company's own railway to Lanark, which is situated on the Gulf of Mexico, about forty-five miles from Tallahassee. We left at 4:30, and arrived at that well-known Lanark Inn about supper-time. We had already made the acquaintance of the manager of the railroad, also the proprietor of the Lanark Inn, on the train, and soon made the acquaintance of the ladies of the Inn, upon our arrival, and were duly installed—myself and Mr. Bradbury and family. The Lanark Inn is owned by the Clark Syndicate Company, and is a fine and costly hotel, well managed by Mrs. Chittenden, the wife of the manager of the railroad, and

everything is first-class. The well-known Lanark Spring is on the hotel grounds; it is very fine water after you get used to drinking it. Such was our experience.

The next day being Sunday, Mr. Swearingen arranged for a sail on the Gulf, in which he, Mr. Bradbury, myself and the master of the boat took part, it taking about four hours before we returned. This being done after dinner, supper tasted good after such a ride. Soon after we got ready to again take the train to return to the capital city. The land between the Gulf and Tallahassee is mostly owned by the syndicate, and is settling up quite fast. Lots of small villages have already been started. Some of the country is quite thickly covered with pine; so it is a lumbering country. We also saw several turpentine camps. It is only a question of time when that part of the country will be settled as thickly as our Northern country, because the land is good, rich and cheap, and better adapted for farming than any other parts of that state. We arrived at the capital city about 8 P. M., and on account of its being a Sunday town, and "dry" at that, we concluded that a good night's rest would be very wholesome.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury being otherwise engaged in making calls, we took another peep at the city and country in the forenoon, being accompanied by the genial Mr. Taylor, showing us the different locations and chances for anybody wanting to start in business.

Lots within the corporation limits are as yet very cheap. We also saw some three or four acre tracts just outside the limits, very cheap indeed. The afternoon, being our last one there before starting on our homeward journey, was a pleasant one for us as well as the party which we visited. Mr. Swearingen took us out to a farmer named John Dunk, a native Hollander, who resides about three and half miles southwest of Tallahassee. He came from the old country direct to Florida about twelve years ago, and is now working a farm of one hundred and five acres owned by an Eastern man; also has sixty acres of his own. He has succeeded well in gathering worldly effects during his short time here, and is said to be well off. Arriving from the old country with very limited means, he is on a prosperous road to fortune.

We encountered Mr. Dunk in the field before reaching his home. Mr. Swearingen being well acquainted with him, induced him to enter our carriage, as we intended to visit his home, to which he most readily consented. He took a seat alongside the writer, and we greeted him in his own native language, which completely "took him off his feet," as he afterward explained he did not converse in his own language with anybody except his own family, since he came to Florida, because Hollanders are very scarce in Florida, and none near that place. Of course we talked Holland all that afternoon. We also surprised his wife and daughter when entering the house by him introducing me to them in the Holland language; they were thunderstruck, and did not know what to make of it. We spent a very pleasant afternoon with them. Time seemed almost too short for us, but the sun was lowering and reminding us that it was time to start home, so we made a break and succeeded in getting out of the house, but had to see the cattle, hogs, etc., before we could leave. The lady of the house presented us with a home-made Holland cheese, which we took home, the first of which we ever tasted manufactured in this country.

After looking over the cattle, hogs and horses, we viewed his crops, such as wheat, oats and rye, which were already harvested. The grain was very good and a big crop, with corn and cotton to hear from yet. Judging from the height of the straw and the grain, the soil must be very rich and productive, without doubt, but we don't like the way they farm in that part of the country—not that we wish to criticize the way our friend Dunk is farming, because he had not had the chance of learning the modern way. Coming direct from the old country, he did not see any other way of farming, only such as he saw of those farming in that community. We feel assured that we could pick out twenty farmers from our neighborhood and bring them on such farms as are situated in the neighborhood of Tallahassee, and give them such chances as that of Mr. Dunk, and they would be rich in the course of ten years.

The farming done there at present is no farming, in our estimation; in fact, the most of them don't know what farming is. When they can raise only thirty-five bushels of corn from an acre on such land as they have, then you may make up your mind that something is wrong and not properly worked. We explained the corn-planting to Mr. Dunk, and he also is of the opinion that our way is better. They plant the corn there four feet apart and one kernel in a hill, which stands there spindling and alone, and allows too much ground to be uncovered and dry out; where, on the other hand, if they would plant it three feet apart, and five or six kernels in a hill, the ground would be covered by the corn when it reaches the height of two and one half feet, and so would protect the ground from drying out. We hope Mr. Dunk will try our method next season, for we are sure it is in the planting only. After putting in our time that way until almost dark, we parted, the best of friends, he sending along the best wishes to all brother Hollanders here.

CONDITION OF CROPS IN FLORIDA

For the week ending June 22d. Believing it will be interesting to many of our readers to have reliable reports on the general condition of crops in Florida during the present summer season, we quote the following from the *Florida Fruit and Farm Grower*:

Advices from all sections of the state are very favorable, reporting a marked change for the better in the condition of all products. Sections two weeks ago reporting very unsatisfactory outlook have now joined the ranks of the optimists, and are able to see something encouraging in the renewed vigor of corn and cotton, and the flattering growth of orange-trees, not to mention the abundance of melons and the fairly satisfactory output of small fruits. Perhaps corn shows the most gratifying change since the rains have fallen; many fields thought to have been beyond all possible restoration are now green and making rapid growth. A large quantity of corn has been "laid by." Previous to the prevailing showers, all crops were free from grass, but great activity is now necessary to continue such satisfactory condition. Some sections report that while cotton is doing well, it is not as large as at this time in 1895. The consensus of opinion, however, indicates general satisfaction with the outlook for the staple. In Washington county peaches are few, but the pear crop is very good, especially Kieffer pears. The western portion of the state will begin shipping LeConte pears within a few days. The "blight" appears to have ceased its ravages on this fruit, hence the outlook for the crop is much more satisfactory.

An enormous quantity of sweet-potato slips have been set, with vegetables and melons in great plenty. The majority of counties in the state recently planted tobacco, which is progressing favorably.

PROFITS OF PEACH-RAISING.

An exchange thus speaks of the profitability of peach-raising in Georgia: "Fifty thousand dollars from 200 acres, or \$250 per acre, and that net! The cost of the land, the trees, the planting, and the cultivation into bearing did not exceed one-fiftieth of the return from one crop. The same 200-acre peach orchard has returned to the owner fully \$125,000 in four years, and in one of those years occurred the total failure of a crop, while in another year only a partial crop was raised. Nor is this profit confined to large growers. The small growers have done as well, if not better. One grower, with an orchard of less than eight acres, sold his crop on the trees for \$2,500, or more than \$300 per acre. Another small grower sold his crop on one acre for \$500, while the buyer said that he made \$600 on the transaction. One man gathered and packed seven crates from one tree in his garden, and sold them for \$15, or at the rate of \$1,500 per acre. Last year W. O. Tift, of Tifton, sold peaches in New York at \$12 per bushel."

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

Round-trip excursions to Tallahassee, Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati have been arranged for the following dates: August 3d and 4th and 17th and 18th, September 1st and 15th and October 6th and 20th. The tickets are good for thirty days, and the fare from Chicago is \$29.80, and from Cincinnati, \$22.80.

We leave Chicago either by the "Big Four" or the "Monon" routes, and from Cincinnati we leave over the "Queen and Crescent."

We pass by daylight through the beautiful blue-grass region, and make almost an entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to Florida, giving one a most excellent opportunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincinnati and join our excursion, go to your nearest ticket agent and get through rates from him on the special excursion days. Then, if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our own railroad lines while you are visiting Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, and the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston, at low excursion rates, which includes meals and berth on board steamer. For special rates by water from these eastern points address the steamship companies at either New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

For any further information regarding excursions to the Tallahassee hill country, address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Alfalfa-seed.—Mrs. L. D., Aroostook county, Me. For seed of alfalfa, write to any of the large dealers in seeds, who will gladly quote prices.

Tomato-blossoms Falling Off.—H. P., Sonoma, Cal. Why the blossoms should drop before fruit sets I do not know. Some varieties set fruit more readily than others, and possibly there may be some that are self-sterile. Try another variety; or better, several of them. You might also try ashes or mineral manures.

Onion-seed.—E. T., Mendota, Minn. Cut the onion-tops when the stalks turn yellow near the ground and the seed-cells begin to open. Spread the heads thinly in a dry, warm place, and stir frequently to prevent molding and to secure uniform drying. When the heads have become thoroughly dried, flail out the seed and run it through a good fanning-mill.

Propagating New Fruits.—F. I., Wanamaker, Oklahoma, writes: "I have quite a lot of young peach-trees that grew from the pits. This season some are bearing choice peaches. Now, in order to propagate them, do I have to bud, or can they be grafted?"

REPLY:—New fruits are propagated by budding and grafting. The best plan for you to follow will be to get a reliable nurseryman to propagate your choicest seedling peaches by budding.

Saving Cabbage and Turnip Seed.—J. W., Canon City, Col. As soon as the seeds mature, cut the tops. Allow them to cure two or three days in the open air, if the weather permits. If not, remove them at once to a good shelter and hang up or spread thinly. When the tops are thoroughly dried, the seeds may be easily flailed out, and then cleaned by a fanning-mill provided with sieves of proper fineness. If the tops are cured in the open air they must be handled carefully, as the seeds shatter easily. Large cotton sheets are used in handling the dry seed-tops.

Weevil in Stored Grain.—J. F. C., Bloomsbury, N. J., writes: "Is there anything that will drive weevil out of the grain-bin without removing the grain? My granary is infested, and I have failed to find anything that will disperse them."

REPLY:—Bisulphid of carbon is the best destroyer for weevil in stored grain. Arrange the bin so that it can be closed tightly. Throw over the wheat about one pound of the liquid for every twenty or twenty-five bushels, and shut the bin up tight. The heavy vapor from this volatile liquid will penetrate to every part of the grain and destroy every insect in it.

Carolina Poplars.—S. P. M., Birmingham, Ala., writes: "A tree agent is selling 'Carolina poplars' here for shade-trees on lawns and around houses. Is the foliage dense, with uniform and symmetrical crown, or is it nothing but a big forest-tree?"

REPLY:—The Carolina poplar, or cottonwood, is a large forest-tree, but it is a good shade-tree, and has been largely planted in northern cities for that purpose. It is considered the best of the poplars for planting as a shade-tree. It is a rapid grower, and requires pruning. Properly trimmed, it makes a large, handsome tree of dense foliage and symmetrical form. In your latitude it may grow larger than is desirable for a lawn shade-tree. But its rapid growth makes it very desirable here when the object is to obtain shade as soon as possible.

Poultry Queries.—J. W. F., Nocatee, Fla., writes: "1. My chickens droop around two or three days and then die. When cut open, the liver fills the entire cavity of the body. They have a variety of feed and good, pure water, changed twice a day. 2. Where can I get a good, cheap, practical book on poultry?"

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—I have asked our friend P. H. Jacobs about these things. He says: "1. The difficulty in this case is that he has fed his fowls too heavily, causing the enlarged livers, just the same as geese are fattened to secure the same thing. Of course, when the birds reach the stage he describes there is no cure, but to prevent it in other fowls he should turn them out and feed nothing at all in summer, so as to compel them to work at scratching. 2. As to a good, cheap, practical book on poultry, I am frank to say that there is not one that I could safely recommend as the best, and I have written two or three myself. There is a book called 'Poultry for Profit,' written by me ten years ago, but I would gladly change some of it now. I think 'The Business Hen' is a good one, and 'Five Hundred Questions Answered,' published by J. W. Darrow, Chatham, N. Y., is a good one for a beginner. It is only twenty-five cents."

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Ringbone.—J. T., Mountville, Ohio. Please consult brief answer in FARM AND FIRESIDE of July 15, 1896, or consult issue of November 15, 1895.

Front Teats Closed.—F. S., Cuba, Mo. If the teats of a cow have become closed, and are opened by force or in any other way than by milking, an adhesive inflammation will set in, and the trouble is apt to increase.

Probably Horsing.—V. B. C., Prall, Ohio. Your mare, in good condition, eleven years old, and appearing perfectly healthy, is probably horsing when, as you say, she passes every week or ten days water that leaves a pink stain on her white coat of hair.

Abscesses.—M. E. H., Vinland, Kansas. If your cow has been troubled for two or three years with abscesses or boils on her throat, it will be best to have her examined and treated by a competent veterinarian, because such a case will undoubtedly require some surgical operation.

Running Sores.—M. C. S., Shepherdstown, W. Va. The nature of the running sores on the thick part of your colt's hip does not proceed from your description. Possibly the sores may be fistula. It will therefore be best to have them examined and treated by a competent veterinarian.

Itching.—H. M. L., Pulaski, N. Y. The itching sensation of your horse, manifested by rubbing and biting himself, may have various causes. It may be caused by chicken-lice, by horse-lice, by mange, by several other skin diseases, and even by uncleanness. Have the horse examined, and treated accordingly.

Garget.—T. A. B., Winston, N. C., and J. F. W., New Milford, Conn. What you describe are cases of garget. It seems you do not milk often enough, especially in hot weather, when a good cow in full milk should be milked oftener than twice a day. When an attack is on, milk every two hours until the milk presents a normal condition.

Heaves.—H. M. O., Kingston, Minn. If your mare is afflicted with a common case of heaves, avoid feeding bulky food, particularly dusty timothy and clover hay. Make up with grain, and see to it that she does not get constipated; if so inclined, keep the bowels loose with an occasional bran mash. In the winter feed sheaf oats instead of hay.

Probably Tuberculosis.—C. H. B., Willow Branch, Ind. It is possible that what you complain of is simply a case of garget, but it very likely is something far more serious. I have to advise you to have your cow subjected to the tuberculin test. You may ask the veterinarian of your state experiment station to apply it, if you have no competent veterinarian nearer your home.

Leaking Teats.—C. A., Harrisville, Mich. If your cow loses her milk because there is not sufficient contraction at the ends of her teats, you may wash the latter after each milking with an astringent decoction, or with a solution of alum; but if she only loses her milk when the udder becomes too full, more frequent milking constitutes the remedy.

A Swelling of Three Years' Standing.—A. V. H., San Antonio, Texas. Liniments are useless on a swelling of three years' standing. If the swelling is temporarily increased by very hard work, applications of cold water will speedily reduce it to its former size. The interfering (striking together with the hind feet) must be remedied in the blacksmith-shop by judicious shoeing. Any good horse-shoer who understands his business will know how to do that.

Bloody Milk.—E. K., Seward, Neb. Bloody milk may have various causes. In some cows it occurs when they are in heat; in others it is due to inflammatory processes in the udder, or to external injuries or very rude milking; and in still others to a relaxed condition of the capillaries. If the latter constitutes the cause, it will be advisable to avoid all kinds of sloppy and relaxing food, and if that does not suffice, to give a few doses of ergot, provided, of course, the cow is not with calf. In all other cases a removal of the causes constitutes the remedy.

Heaves.—G. G. M., Cuba, Mo. Your horse evidently has what is usually called "heaves." This is not a definite disease, but rather a condition, which can be produced by various morbid changes interfering with the process of respiration, and is defined as a feverless, chronic and incurable difficulty of breathing. In your case, it seems, serious morbid changes are existing, either in the respiratory passages or in the lungs themselves. In most cases of heaves a suitable hygienic treatment will

more or less alleviate the difficulty of breathing, but even this is exceedingly doubtful in your case.

May be a Cataract.—E. W. H., Calhoun, Tenn. What you look upon as a brown-looking growth in your horse's eye is probably nothing but strongly developed uveous bodies, and nothing abnormal. The small, white speck in one eye, very likely, is a cataract speck, or what is the same, an opaque spot in the crystalline lens. A cataract can be removed by an operation, but practically nothing is gained by it, because after the operation, even if ever so successful, the horse will be very near-sighted, and for practical purposes a blind horse is much safer than a near-sighted one.

Abdominal Hernia.—W. K. L., Hermitage, Cal. What you describe appears to be an abdominal hernia. Whether it is safe or not to breed your mare, and whether the hernia will disqualify your mare for work, depends upon the size, the extent and the seat of the hernia, and also upon the direction of the rupture. Taking into consideration that your mare is already twenty-three years old, it is, under the circumstances, at least, hardly advisable to breed her. Whether she will be able to do light farm work, or work in which neither speed nor heavy pulling, especially uphill, is required, you can easily ascertain by careful trial.

Contracted Flexor Tendons.—J. H. N., Jamestown, N. C. Your four-year-old colt has its flexor tendons morbidly contracted, and therefore is compelled to walk on its toes, or is what you call "club-footed." It is possible something can be accomplished by a surgical operation, if well performed, but whether it can or not has first to be determined by a thorough examination. Besides this, if the same condition prevails in both fore feet, only one can be operated on at a time, and the other probably eight weeks later. It requires a good surgeon to make the examination and to perform the operation, hence it will not be necessary to go into details.

Pulled Out the Permanent Nippers.—L. McL., Elyria, Neb. I cannot learn from your description what may have ailed your twenty-three-months-old heifer, but you most assuredly played the animal a bad trick by pulling out her only pair of permanent incisors (the nippers), which, being permanent, were naturally longer and stronger than the other temporary, or milk, teeth. These nippers will never come back, while all others will in time drop out and be replaced by permanent ones. In cattle, the shedding of the incisors takes place as follows: Nippers, at an age of 18 to 20 months; inner middle teeth, at an age of 2 to 2½ years; outer middle teeth, at an age of 2½ to 3 or 3½ years; and the corner teeth at an age of 3½ to 3¾ or 4 years. In cattle, all the incisors are loosely and not rigidly inserted in the lower jaw. There is a slight difference, due to breed, keeping and individuality.

Probably a Tooth-fistula.—J. H. Y., Bushton, Kan. What you describe appears to be a fistula leading to, or rather, starting from, the damaged root of a tooth. First, the fistulous canal must be carefully probed, so as to learn where it leads. It is probable that the probe will come out at the side of a tooth in the mouth; but even if not, by careful probing it can be learned, approximately, at least, how extensively the damage already is. If there is no opening leading into the mouth, or if no opening can be forced into it, or if the diseased tooth is loose or extensively diseased, no healing can be expected unless the latter is extracted. Further, if the external opening leads into the maxillary sinus, it may even be necessary to trepan that cavity. All these operations require a good surgeon, and if you desire to save your colt you will have to employ one. It will therefore not be necessary to go any further into details.

Treatment of Mange.—T. H. K., Seehery Hill, Pa. I readily believe you that you have failed to cure your horses of (inveterate) mange, because you have limited your treatment to the horses, and have neglected to extend it to the premises, stable utensils, harness and all other things that come in contact with the horses. You may even have attempted to cure a skin disease produced by external parasites, with internal remedies, which, of course, are ineffective. The best you can do will be to apply to your state veterinarian, whom I happen to know to be a very competent man, and if you then execute his directions, your horses surely will be cured, provided they are yet worth the treatment. Mange can be cured by a great many things; in fact, by anything that is able to kill the mange-mites. The success of the treatment does not so much depend upon what is used as upon the thoroughness and extent of the application.

Luxation of the Patella.—I. K., Zanesfield, Ohio. What you describe is habitual, or at least a repeated, luxation of the patella, or knee-pan. The luxation, which you say occurs when the horse is standing in the stable, is caused by getting up in a somewhat awkward manner, and will not occur if you prevent the horse from lying down. Where, as in your case, such a luxation has repeatedly occurred, and the ligaments of the patella, as a consequence, are relaxed, a reposition, as a rule, is easily effected, and usually brought about by giving the horse a sudden stroke with the whip in such a way as to cause the same to

move sideways. You may succeed in preventing future luxations, especially if the horse is not allowed to lie down for three weeks or more, if you apply a good blister to the sides of and below the knee-joint. The principal effect of this will be that the pain caused by the swelling will induce the animal to avoid awkward movements, and to rest the joint until the relaxed ligaments have become sufficiently contracted and strengthened to prevent any further dislocation of the patella, or knee-pan.

Wants to Know What Was the Matter.—S. Cornwell, S. C. There was nothing the matter with your cow, except that the animal, accustomed to exercise, was suddenly deprived of it when, as I understand you, you took her out of the pasture. This may have somewhat contributed to the excessiveness of the swelling of the udder when calving-time arrived. The advice your family physician gave you was surely safe; namely, to milk the cow even before calving. It is true, as a rule, it is not necessary, and it may not have been in your case, but it surely eased the cow, which, I expect, will prove to be a good milker. The treatment instituted by the other man was, to say the least, a very dangerous one, and I regard it as fortunate that you did not fully execute it and did not compel the cow to stand in the water of the creek. Next year see to it that the cow, if possible, has all the voluntary exercise, up to the time of calving, she is willing to take; and if you fear too much swelling of the udder before calving, do not feed too much during the last three or four weeks before that time. Still, if the udder should again swell to such an extent as to seriously discommode her, adopt the safest course and relieve her by frequent milking; but once begun with it, continue it. There was no inflammation, but only an extraordinary physiological congestion.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western states and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other states in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, September 1, 15 and 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Robert C. Jones, Traveling Passenger Agent, 40 Carew Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Samples mailed free. Prices from 2¢ to 8¢ a roll, 8 yds. KAYSER & ALTMAN, 932-34 Market St., 415 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

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To subscribers and club raisers for an answer to the question,
"Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?"
2,337 other prizes for the next best answers. An opportunity for everybody. See full particulars on page 19.

Every reader of this paper has an opportunity to get that first prize of \$1,000 in cash, offered on page 19.

Smiles.

PHONETIC RHYMES.

There was a young chappie named Colmondeley,
Who always at dinner sat dolmondeley.
His fair partner said,
As he crumpled his bread,
"Dear me! you behave very rholmondeley!"

There was an old parson named Beauchamp,
Who would lecture his flock and hepreau-champ.
"They must learn their letters
And bow to their hetters!"
(He said), "and I'm going to teachamp!"

There lived a young lady named Saint Clair,
Whose eye was the merriest twaint Clair.
She said to her beau,
"I want coals from below;
"Do you mind agitating the taint Clair?"

A fine old landowuer named Marjorihanks,
Found the summer heat dry paths and parjor-ihanks,
So about his estate,
To protect his old pate,
He arranged pine plantations and larjor-ihanks.

A wealthy old buffer named Saint John
Had a fire, and went off for an aint John.
He helped it to play,
But, alas! the next day
He was plagued with rheumatical twaint John.

—London Punch.

HOW HE CUT WOOD.

A LADY residing in the southeastern part of the city had an experience with a tramp the other day which has soured her on that class of mendicants. The fellow came around and begged for something to eat, and got it.

"Have you any work that I can do?" he asked, after satisfying his hunger.

"Well, you might cut that wood," said the lady, pointing to a pile of four-foot stove-wood. "How much do you want for the job?"

"Six bits."

"Well, go ahead," she said.

Shortly after that she had occasion to go down town, and when she left the house the tramp was industriously at work. Upon her return he had finished. Pointing at the wood-pile, he said, proudly:

"What do you think of that? Ever see an old man like me who could cut wood as quick as that? Oh, I'm a lightning striker."

The lady acknowledged that he was a fast worker, and promptly paid him his money. Shortly after his departure she went to the woodpile for sticks, and was surprised on removing a few of them to find that only the top layer had been cut. The body of the woodpile consisted of uncut, four-foot pieces so arranged as to leave large spaces between them. It was quite apparent then that considerable of the wood had disappeared, and that the remaining sticks had been arranged in that way so as not to show the pile had shrunk.

Investigation disclosed the fact that some of the wood had been hidden under a side-walk, while other large sticks had been concealed in various places around the yard, and some of the fuel taken into the woodshed. Yesterday the woman chanced to see a giant stick on top of the woodshed roof. She expects to happen on other pieces here and there around the premises for the next two months, and would not be much surprised to find that the tramp had wedged some of the fuel in the chimney top.—Stockton Mail.

UNCLE ALLEN.

"I believe in a man living up to his principles," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "Now, I have a neighbor who is a howling silverite and is always talking about the crime of 1873, but whenever he finds that somebody has passed a Canadian ten-cent piece on him, he saves it to throw in the contribution-box at church, and I've got him down in my hypo-erite book as the biggest fraud of them all."

WOMAN'S CONSIDERATION FOR WOMAN.

"Mama," asked the little girl, pointing at the woman on the other side of the ear, "what makes the lady wear her riugs outside her glove?"

"Hush," said the mother, in an aggravated stage whisper. "Don't be rude. The lady wears her rings outside her gloves to keep them from blackening her fingers."—Indianapolis Journal.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

The Kola Plant, a new botanic discovery from the Congo river, West Africa, is stated by medical science to be a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever. Its cures are really wonderful. If you are a sufferer you should send your name and address to the Kola Importing Co., No. 1164 Broadway, New York, who, to make it known, will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

"NO CURE, NO PAY."

Judge Joline was all ready to decide what appeared to be a clear enough case in the Camden district court yesterday, when an unlooked-for obstacle arose and he reserved decision. It was in the trial of a suit brought by Dr. G. P. Finlaw, a well-known specialist, against F. Sitley, a prosperous grain dealer, to recover \$150.

The doctor stated his case briefly, explaining that he had attended Mrs. Sitley, and that Mr. Sitley had refused to pay his bill. That was plain enough, but when the plaintiff was turned over for cross-examination to ex-Judge Howard Carrow, as counsel for Sitley, the case took a somewhat different turn.

"Doctor, this is a pamphlet issued by you, is it not?" asked the attorney, presenting a small book issued as an advertising circular by the doctor.

"Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff.

"And are all its statements true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please turn to page 10."

The doctor turned the leaves and opened the designated page.

"Now read the last line."

"No cure, no pay," quoted the plaintiff.

"That will do; that is our case. Mrs. Sitley is dead," and the ex-judge proceeded to gather up his papers.

Judge Joline gave his spectacles a twitch, gave a turn to his fluffy mustache, and said that he would decide the case later on.—Philadelphia Record.

HER REASON.

The young man picked up his hat and looked sadly at the thing.

"There is no hope for me?" he asked, faintly.

"None whatever," replied the beautiful girl, her eyes filled with compassion.

When he reached the door he turned toward her again.

"I have to thank you for one thing," he said, bitterly.

"What is that?" she inquired.

"You have not told me that you would be a sister to me."

"I thought of that," she rejoined, hurriedly; "but I suddenly remembered."

"What?" he asked, shortly, as she stopped.

"That I promised, this morning, to marry your father."—Brooklyn Life.

THE CHIEF OBJECTION.

As a party of bicycle-riders passed her window she tossed her head contemptuously and exclaimed:

"It is simply shocking."

"You refer to the bicycle costume?" said the young man.

"Yes. It is painful in its unsightliness."

"I suppose that you object to it because it makes the young women look so mannish?"

"No. What I dislike is the manner in which it makes the young men look girlish."—Judge.

THE REASON.

"What was the cause of the shouting at the magic-lantern show in the town hall last night?" inquired a prominent citizen of Coot's Crossroads.

"Why, when the picture of Neptune with his trident was thrown on the canvas, all the farmers in the audience cheered for Tillman and his pitchfork," was the reply.—Puck.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

"Mr. Munn!"

"Yes, dear."

"When we were married, didn't you say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow?'"

"I did."

"Then I want to know why you issue them to me on the instalment plan, in such very small lots, and only after wearisome urging."—Truth.

HE FORGOT TO MENTION IT.

Greene—"Say! That shotgun I bought of you blew into ten thousand pieces the first time I fired it off. I don't see how I ever got off alive."

Gunsel—"Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you. You have heard of those new disappearing guns the government is getting? Well, that was one of them."—Indianapolis Journal.

RENEWING THE TROUBLE.

Wife—"The minister made an earnest appeal for contributions in aid of our missionary work in Africa."

Husband—"Well, he'll have to count me out. If he had his way, he'd have us exporting gold to Africa—just as our country is getting on its feet, too."—Brooklyn Life.

INFERENCE.

Helen—"What makes you think that Eve rode a bicycle in the garden of Eden?"

Larkins—"Merely inference. The Bible says she was the first woman to fall."—Town Topics.

A NICE PLACE.

First girl (in an intelligence-office)—"D'ye think that ledly will be aisy to git along wid?"

Second girl—"Yis; she's a reg'lar fool."—New York Weekly.

All lamps smell, if they do not smoke, with wrong chimneys. You want the "Index to Chimneys."

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

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\$50 Kenwood Machine for - \$23.00
\$50 Arlington Machine for - \$19.50
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With allowance for expenses, to one live, wide-awake man or woman in each town or city, to introduce goods on a brand-new scheme, never before worked, resulting in quick sale at almost every house. Steady work for the right person. Address at once, LOCK BOX 488, Springfield, Ohio.

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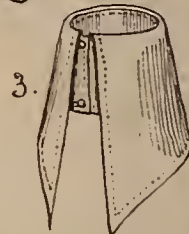
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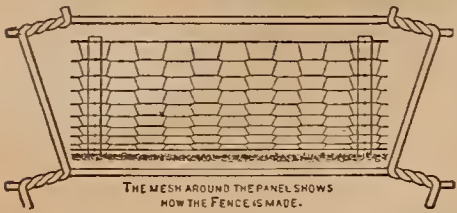
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Alabama.....	11	Kansas.....	10	Nevada.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Kentucky.....	13	New Hampshire.....	4	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Louisiana.....	8	New Jersey.....	10	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6	New York.....	36	Vermont.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	Maryland.....	8	North Carolina.....	11	Virginia.....	12
Delaware.....	3	Massachusetts.....	15	North Dakota.....	3	Washington.....	4
Florida.....	4	Michigan.....	14	Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	6
Georgia.....	13	Minnesota.....	9	Oregon.....	4	Wisconsin.....	12
Idaho.....	3	Mississippi.....	9	Pennsylvania.....	32	Wyoming.....	3
Illinois.....	24	Missouri.....	17	Rhode Island.....	4		
Indiana.....	15	Montana.....	3	South Carolina.....	9	Total.....	447
Iowa.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	South Dakota.....	4		

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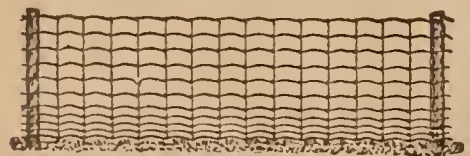


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"My family," said Miss Antique, "came over with the Pilgrims on the Mayflower."

"Did they, really?" exclaimed Hicks. "How very interesting! And were you seasick?"—Harper's Bazar.

NOT FAVORABLY CONSIDERED.

Deacon Brown—"The parson is talkin' about gettin' more salary."

Deacon Jones—"What? An' him gettin' eight hundred now; an' maybe, fer all we know, plaguyarizin' his sermons at that!"—Puck.

HAD SUFFERED ENOUGH.

Mr. Houlihan—"Oi dhreupt lasht noight thot Oi died."

Mrs. Houlihan—"An' how long did yez lay in purgatory?"

Mr. Houlihan—"Divil a minute! Saint Peter said to me, 'Yer kin go roight into heaven ter wunst, Houlihan; Oi know yer wife!'"—Puck.

NOAH'S CLAIM TO WISDOM.

Teacher—"Who was the wisest man?"

Tommy—"Noah."

"Noah?"

"Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE TRUTH NOT HALF TOLD.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with riding your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten miles an hour."

"Ten miles?" said the man, whose new wheel had run away with him; "ten miles? I'll bet I was going three hundred."—Indianapolis Journal.

TITBITS.

The man who hasn't sand enough to refuse a leap-year proposal deserves the kind of wife he will get.—Aetison Globe.

Brown—"Have you read this article upon 'How to tell a bad egg?'"

Jones—"No, but if you have anything to tell a bad egg, my advice is to break it gently."

When a man goes into Wall street and comes out several millions in debt, he is a Napoleon of finance. When he goes in and drops all he owns, he is merely a commonplace, everyday fool.—Texas Sifter.

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practising with our guns at my country place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."—Harper's Weekly.

"Your fine," said the judge, "will be a dollar and costs."

"Couldn't you make it ninety-eight cents?" asked the lady, who had been convicted of riding after dark without a lighted lantern.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Papa," said Jimmieboy, "you are the nicest man in the world."

"And you are the nicest boy in the world," said his father.

"Yes; I guess that's so," said Jimmieboy. "Isn't it queer how we both managed to get into the same family?"—Harper's Round Table.

"Jennie," said little Mabel to her big sister at breakfast, "did you tell papa?"

"Tell papa what?" asked Jennie.

"Why, you told Mr. Buster last night if he did it again you'd tell papa—and he did it again. I saw him!"

And then papa looked at Jennie over his glasses.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Prudence Cumbach, of Corning, New York, has patented a muzzel which can be put on the old man, effectually preventing him from kissing the hired girl. If he does, an electric current is produced which strikes a bell and blows a whistle in the kitchen. The factory is running night and day, and is way behind on the orders.—Middletown Asylum Conglomerate.

The lark was up to meet the sun, and carol for his lay; the farmer's son took down his gun and at him blazed away. The busy bee arose at five, and buzzed the meadows o'er; the farmer's wife went for his hive and robbed him of his store. The ant rose early, his labors to begin; the greedy swallows flew that way and took his lordship in. Oh, bee, birds and ants, be wise; in proverbs take no stock. Like me, refuse to rise till half-past eight o'clock.—Athens Banner.

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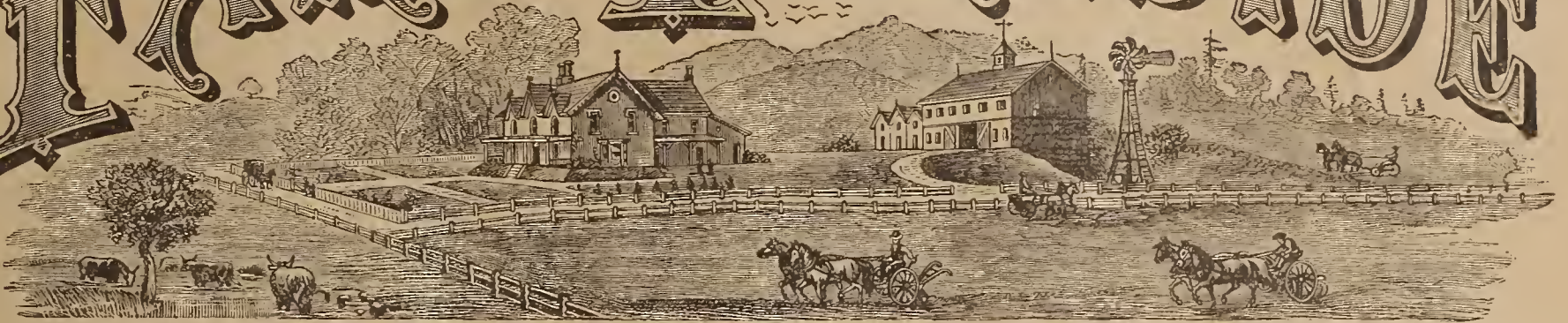
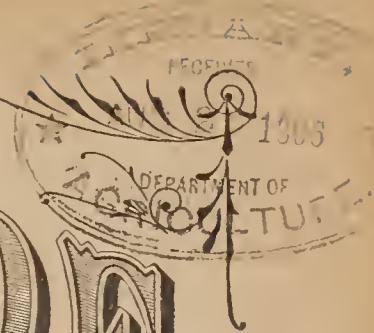
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FARM & FIRESIDE



EASTERN EDITION

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AUGUST 15, 1896.

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actual bona-fide settlers of their homes and miners of their claims, and we demand legislation by Congress which will enforce the exemption of mineral land from such grants after as well as before patent.

"We demand that bona-fide settlers on all public lands be granted free homes, as provided in the national homestead law, and that no exception be made in the case of Indian reservations when opened for settlement, and that all lands not now patented come under this demand."

The declarations on finance read:

"We demand a national money, safe and sound, issued by the general government only, without the intervention of banks of issue, to be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private; a just, equitable and efficient means of distribution direct to the people, and through the lawful disbursements of the government.

"We demand the free and unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of foreign nations.

"We demand the volume of circulating medium be speedily increased to an amount sufficient to meet the demands of the business and population of this country, and so restore the just level of prices of labor and production.

"We denounce the sale of bonds and the increase of the public interest-bearing debt made by the present administration as unnecessary and without authority of law, and that no more bonds be issued except by specific act of Congress.

"We demand such legislation as will prevent the demonetization of the lawful money of the United States by private contract.

"We demand that the government, in payment of its obligations, shall use its option as to the kind of lawful money in which they are to be paid, and we denounce the present and preceding administrations for surrendering this option to the holders of government obligations."

I HAVE met on this journey," said General Grant, homeward bound on his tour around the world, "four great men—Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Gambetta and Li Hung Chang. I am not sure, all things considered, but that Li is the greatest of the four."

Li Hung Chang is now on a tour around the world, and will shortly visit the United States. He has been traveling leisurely through Europe, and has been received with highest honors by the government of each country.



LI HUNG CHANG.

It is honor to merit; for Li is not of royal blood, but by merit alone arose from an humble family to the position of prime minister of China and greatest statesman of the Orient.

INQUIRERS for official information on the financial question are respectfully referred to a pamphlet of fifty-four pages, published for free distribution by the Treasury Department. This pamphlet contains, in the words of its title, "Information respecting United States bonds, paper currency, coin, production of precious metals, etc." It describes every kind of money in use, and gives the history of the laws under which it was issued; presents tables of gold and silver production and of the relative value of gold and silver; and furnishes a summary of all monetary events since 1786. The object of the pamphlet is to furnish reliable information from official sources on all phases of the money question, without making any arguments on the relative merits of gold, silver or paper currency. For copies of this pamphlet address Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.

THE New Orleans *Picayune*, under date of July 30th, says:

"All the accounts which have been received as to the condition of the growing cotton crop indicate that it seldom or never was in a more promising condition at this period of the season than it now is. The marketing of the crop is likely to commence several weeks earlier than usual in most sections of the cotton belt, and picking is already progressing in many districts.

"The splendid promise of the crop has been noted by the trade from the very start, and prices have gradually declined, thus discounting in advance the size of the yield. With spot cotton now at six and one half cents, and fall contracts practically at six cents, it is a question whether or not the yield has not been already discounted fully.

"The new season promises to open with general stocks considerably shorter than they have been in several years; hence, at anything like six cents per pound, foreign spinners are likely to take a very large amount during the early part of the season. Six-cent cotton would be fairly satisfactory to the farmers under existing conditions, as the crop has been economically grown, and the cost of marketing promises to be less during the coming year than ever before. The South now produces much more of the products it consumes than it ever did before, and, agriculturally speaking, it is now independent of other sections of the country. Cotton is more a surplus crop than it ever was; hence, the prospect of six cents, which five years ago would have meant ruin, now has no serious terrors for the southern farmers.

"There can be no question but that the South is destined to supply the world with practically all the cotton it needs, and to grow the staple at a price with which no other producing country can hope to compete. With cotton as a surplus crop practically, and with southern farmers in a position to produce their own supplies, the South need have no fear of any competition.

"Although everything looks rosy for the cotton crop at the present time, bad weather from now on may greatly curtail the ultimate yield, an unfavorable picking season meaning the loss of hundreds of thousands of bales. It is, therefore, not safe to confidently count on low prices for the coming season, particularly as many believe that the decline which has already taken place has fully discounted a very large yield."

The cotton-planters have wisely diversified their crops. They now produce farm crops which they formerly bought from the North and West. This change has been a profitable one. It has enabled them to lower the cost of growing cotton, and they now find six cents a "fairly satisfactory" price.

But this change has taken a good market from the northern and western producers of corn, pork and other farm products formerly sent to the South. They must now find a new market to take the place of the old one, diversify their crops, or endure what the cotton-planters did a few years ago.

THE national convention of the Populist party was held in St. Louis the third week of July. By a vote of 1,042 to 321 the convention nominated for president the standard-bearer of the Democratic party, William J. Bryan. For vice-president, the convention rejected Mr. Sewall, the Democratic nominee, and chose Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia.

Condensed in briefest form, the platform adopted demands national legal-tender currency issued by the general government; free, unrestricted and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; immediate increase in volume of currency; no more bond issues except by specific act of Congress; postal savings banks; graduated income tax; direct legislation through initiative and referendum; government ownership of railroads and telegraphs; prohibition of private monopoly and alien ownership in lands; election of president, vice-president and United States senators by direct vote of the people; home rule in territories and their early admission into the Union; public employment of idle labor, etc.

The three most important planks in the Populist platform relate to land, transportation and finance. The one on transportation may be summarized to government ownership of railroads. The one on land reads:

"The true policy demands that the national and state legislation shall be such as will ultimately enable every prudent and industrious citizen to secure a home, and therefore the land should not be monopolized for speculative purposes. All lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs should by lawful means be reclaimed by the government, and held for actual settlement by settlers only, and private land monopoly as well as alien ownership should be prohibited.

"We condemn the frauds by which the land grants to the Pacific railroad companies have, through the connivance of the Interior Department, robbed multitudes of

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Postage-stamps will be received in payment for subscriptions in sums less than one dollar, if for every 25 cents in stamps you add one-cent stamp extra, because we must sell postage-stamps at a loss.

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When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

FARM AND FIRESIDE,
Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

A Coreless Apple. The accompanying

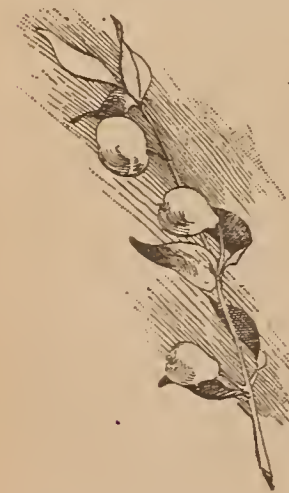
is a reproduction from nature representing five specimens of a new variety of coreless apples. Coreless apples are not novelties. The special merit of this variety is that it is a winter apple of fine quality and good size, worthy in every way of propagation.

There is a peculiar marking in the blossom-end indistinctly shown in the illustration. The indentation is deeper than normal, and there is a formation which appears to be the rudiments or remnants of the core. It reminds one of the peculiar formation in the blossom-end of the seedless Navel orange.

Cross-pollination
of Pear and Apple.

The illustrated article in the July 15th number on this subject has attracted considerable attention. From letters lately received, we give the following from Mr. C. F. Wallace, Lincoln county, Mo.:

"Last summer, on the farm of Mrs. Tobias Wagner, some little girls called the



attention of Dr. H. G. Callison to some pears growing on an apple-tree. He kept a specimen twig, something like the accompanying illustration, which he showed to me. We then made a visit to Mrs. Wagner's orchard, and two more specimens of pear-shaped fruit were found. The apple-tree was a Red Spice, and very full of apples. On close inquiry, I ascertained that there had been five of the pear-shaped fruits found on the tree. Although the apples were red, the pear-shaped fruit was of a green color. There was a pear-tree about seventy-five feet from the apple-tree, full of fine pears, but I did not ascertain the variety. In most of these specimens the seeds were immature, although one had two plump and well-developed seeds; but they were not preserved, as we did not suppose they would grow. Now, with the two instances given in FARM AND FIRESIDE I am satisfied that the horticulturist will soon be able to produce a new fruit."

Production
and Prices of
Farm Products.

Under this heading, in his seventh biennial report, the Wisconsin commissioner of the bureau of labor says in part:

"During a period of at least ten years there has been a continuous depression in agriculture. . . . While the causes producing the present depression were in operation prior to that time, farming was profitable up to ten or twelve years ago. My tables not only show the extent of the fall in prices, but that this fall is largely, if not entirely, due to the fact that our power of production increases at a much greater ratio than the consuming power, resulting in what in a sense may be called overproduction.

"From 1870 to 1875 the average yearly value of the products of one acre each of wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes and hay was \$156.34. From 1890 to 1895 it was \$91.38—a fall of \$64.96, or of about 41.5 per cent.

"The depression has been severe since about 1884. About this time a rapid fall set in, which continued until temporarily checked by the short crops in this country in 1890 and in Europe in 1891 and 1892. The slight advance from this shortage relieved the situation somewhat at the time.

"During the last twenty-five years the percentage of the fall in freight rates is greater than that of the fall in prices generally, and the reduced cost at which grain and other merchandise can now be moved from interior points or where produced to the centers of population has undoubtedly resulted in a gain to both producer and consumer.

"To ascertain the extent of reduction in the cost of production in agriculture from this reduction is almost impossible.

"The result of progress and invention is more products with a given outlay of labor. The cost of production has evidently not been reduced in proportion to or to the same extent as the fall in values.

"Prices on all products of human industry are governed by the great and unchangeable law of supply and demand.

"That our consuming power is not increasing as fast as our productive power is plainly illustrated by the following table, in which is shown the percentage of increase of population and production and of the area under cultivation from 1870-74 to 1890-95:

	Percentage of increase.
Population.....	62.74
Production of wheat.....	\$1.71
Production of corn.....	70.69
Production of oats.....	162.08
Production of hay.....	147.52
Number of cattle.....	125.64
Number of hogs.....	56.60

Why Buy What We Can Produce? A correspondent asks this pertinent question, and says: "The increasing importation of purely agricultural products, raised on foreign soil that is no better adapted to their production than our own, should arouse every American farmer to the disastrous results to the great basic industry of agriculture that will surely follow unless a speedy reform is inaugurated.

"At the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the imports of breadstuffs amounted to \$1,981,425; of fruits and nuts, \$18,754,771; of hops, \$484,415; of sugar, \$126,871,889; and of tobacco, another of our staple crops, \$13,139,572, amounting in the aggregate to \$161,232,072.

"The continued annual importation of foreign products to so vast a sum should not be looked upon with the least degree of favor by any American farmer who has the welfare of his country at heart. The tendency to purchase from foreign countries what we ought to produce in this has had much to do in bringing about the depressed condition of agriculture which now exists. Why not call a halt now? Why not stop purchasing with gold what we can and should produce to meet the wants of American workmen who are employed in our manufactories, mines and other industrial pursuits?"

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Why Suffer? I have a horror of the physician's lance and the dentist's forceps, and can well understand the German poet (Heine) who remarked that he would rather endure the most terrible pangs of conscience than a severe tooth-ache. In short, I do not like to suffer

physical pain, nor to see others suffer, be they man or beast. On the other hand, I can see operations performed and blood spilled, when I am sure the patient is under the influence of an anesthetic, and therefore unconscious of pain. I can see animals killed, when it is done decently and without much physical pain to the poor brutes. I am not too sentimentally sensitive to kill chickens or ducks in any way that the market demands, or to castrate cockerels or castrate young animals of any kind. Here we simply face a necessity.

In these matters brutes have one great advantage over humankind. They do not usually suffer in anticipation. The fear of pain or suffering is often, if not ordinarily, the most dreadful part of an operation—like having teeth extracted or a boil lanced.



CORELESS APPLE—ONE HALF NATURAL SIZE.

If I could rid myself of the dread of the operation, the latter itself would be a comparatively easy matter. A person with sufficient nerve to come to a dentist's chair without fear will seldom need to take gas. We often have our flesh torn or cut without knowing it is done, and without the least feeling of pain; but when we expect the tear or cut, how it will hurt! The brute, when an operation on its body becomes necessary, knows nothing of our intention to insert the knife, or break out a tooth, and consequently there is either no pain, or the pain is over by the time that it is felt.

Caponizing
Cockerels.

Some time ago one of our readers, a veterinary surgeon besides, suggested to me the plan of using chloroform on my cockerels when putting them on the caponizing-table. I did not feel disposed to adopt this practice. To any one who has learned to caponize a chick with neatness and dispatch, it is quite evident that the pain to the bird connected with the operation is too slight and too soon over to justify us to resort to the use of chloroform. We can and should be merciful, as every merciful man is merciful to his beast, but there is no need of our being hypersensitive and sentimental.

Needless
Cruelty.

I usually define cruelty as the needless infliction of pain. Thus all cruelty is not only needless, but a crime. In killing animals, or operating on them, it is a cruel proceeding to add to actual suffering; also the fear of death or suffering. We should avoid this as far as possible. The killing of smaller animals, especially calves, sheep and lambs, is in many cases attended with considerable cruelty. In many instances the knife alone is used, and often in a way far too slow. Sometimes the skinning process is begun even before the animal is dead. We do not like to suffer; why should we make poor brutes suffer? Let us be decent. A smart blow with the hammer upon the forehead, followed by the use of the knife, will do the business for a calf or hog, while a sheep or lamb can be quickly and decently put to death by one stroke of a sharp ax across the neck laid on a block.

Cruelty
to Horses.

The horse is almost as highly sensitive to pain as is man; yet how awfully do we treat this noble animal! Perhaps we pet it for a few years, and take the very best care of it, showing it off in all its beauty and perfection before the gilded carriage or coach. Then we make it work hard for a few years more, hitched before

a heavy farm or street wagon; and finally we let some brute of a man, some street peddler, raggman, or a soulless fellow of some sort, have it, to let him starve, ill use, and pound it to death, or let the street-cars wear out its life by the endless tramp over hard pavement, or sell it to some heartless butcher to torture it to death and turn its flesh into sausages. Often, when I see a fine young horse, I cannot help pitying it, in the contemplation of what the future has in store for the poor brute. Surely there is great room for the spread of the gospel of mercy.

Then there is this practice of "docking" horses' tails. The operation is surely a very painful one, and causing protracted suffering. Perhaps the "gracefully" curved stnb may look very aristocratic and beautiful in the eyes of the city fop, but it

Restrict
Vivisection.

Perhaps not in all details, but in a general way, at least, I am in sympathy with the aims of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the American Humane Education Society. One of these aims is the legal restriction of vivisection in our schools. In "Our Dumb Animals," President George T. Angell asks this question:

"Will some one kindly tell us about how many experiments on living animals have been made in Massachusetts during the past twenty-five years, how many hundreds or thousands of animals have probably been operated upon, what new discovery thus obtained has been made by any Massachusetts man which is now used by physicians for the relief of human suffering, and the name of the discoverer, and date of the discovery, and where made?"

Where vivisection is necessary for the discovery of new truths in pathology, etc., and when carried on as decently as possible by mercifully disposed persons, all objections will have to be waived; but in most cases these experiments in vivisection in schools are wholly useless and unnecessary, and they simply furnish a course in devilry, where young people are taught to rid themselves of every feeling of mercy and humanity, and to take delight in seeing creatures suffer, and to inflict pain—all in the holy name of science. Vivisection—the cutting to pieces of live animals—is not to be prohibited, but it should be restricted, and the sooner this is done, the better for our civilization.

Home Schools
in Mercy.

What our young people need, and need badly, is more instruction and better examples in mercy. This, indeed, would be more useful and more effective in relieving a large share of earthly suffering than all the knowledge that could be learned by the practise of vivisection in our schools and colleges. Make decent men of our boys rather than educated devils. Insist that your boy and your hired man approach horse and cow with a kind word and a kind act, with an apple, a handful of grain, or at least a loving pat, rather than with an oath or a club, and above all, set the good example. Discourage the use of guns, except on rats, ground-hogs, or other pests. Never allow a bird to be shot. In these and other ways cultivate a merciful disposition in yourself and all around you. T. GREINER.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

COVER FAILURES.—Should the farmer depend solely upon clover as a fertilizer? I cannot think that this is necessarily true, and yet very many have made it their sole reliance so completely that when it fails they break the land again for wheat, as a preparation for another trial of clover. Failures have been frequent and widespread in late years, and I meet men who are at an utter loss to know what to do with fields that do not get a stand of clover. Being a grand fertilizing plant, it is regarded a necessity to the rotation, and there is little or no thought of other means of building up the soil, excepting the use of commercial fertilizers. The stable manure is in small supply on half our farms, complete dependence upon costly chemicals is out of the question, and the result is that the breaking-plow is used for another grain crop and another trial of clover when the spring seeding has failed for any reason. This plan would not be wholly unsatisfactory if experience had not taught that partial or complete failure of the clover is probable on much land, and that the repeated plowings for grain rapidly reduced the scant store of plant-food in the soil.

WHAT CLOVER DOES.—The best way of proceeding depends upon local conditions on the farm that has a failure of the clover, but it may be helpful to consider just what this plant does for the soil. Much has been made of the power of clover to add nitrogen from the air to the soil, and this is an important item; but there is not a bit of doubt that this peculiar power of leguminous plants has been dwelt upon too much to the exclusion of other effects they have upon the soil, and its importance has been exaggerated. Careful experiments have shown that clover does not take its nitrogen from the air when the supply in the soil is sufficient for its needs, and yet we know that a rank growth of clover on good land makes it much more productive. This fact, in connection with the experience of those who have used non-leguminous plants for green manuring, indicates that it is not the nitrogen-gathering feature of manurial plants that gives them their chief value.

HUMUS IS NEEDED.—Much of our land has been tilled until it has lost a large part of its humus. The result is that the soil tends to pack, the air does not enter it freely, natural chemical changes are checked, moisture is not retained during droughts, and unproductiveness increases. We have found that clover changes all this, but when it fails to make a catch, we can use other and faster-growing crops to furnish the needed vegetable matter. Some of them cannot add any nitrogen from the air to the soil, but they supply the chief want of this worn land by filling it with decaying vegetation when the growths are plowed under.

INDIAN CORN AND RYE.—There are many ways of supplying this humus, and the best one for the individual farmer must be determined by himself. In the Ohio valley, where the wheat harvest usually ends in the last week of June, the wheat-stubble that has no clover in it may be turned with a breaking-plow, and corn may be immediately drilled in. The ground should be rolled firm before drilling, and the seed should be put in sufficiently deep to insure germination. If no severe drought occurs, the corn will grow six feet or more high before frost. It should be turned under in September, and rye sown. By the next spring the rye will furnish much additional organic matter to the soil, and the ground will be in good heart and ready for a spring crop. The chief expense of this method of adding fertility consists of the labor of plowing the ground twice, but no cash is paid out for more commercial fertilizers and clover-seed. When one can get the clover without fail in the wheat-stubble, it is preferable; but when he cannot, then this extra labor insures two manurial crops that cause no loss of time in the rotation, and supply one great want of old soils.

RYE AND CLOVER.—If there is a partial stand of clover, and pasturage is wanted, a better plan would be to sow rye in the standing clover with a sharp-toothed grain-

drill, early in the fall. In the following February clover should be sown in the rye, and in this way a stand is pretty well assured. When a field does not catch readily in clover, a seeding on rye intended for grazing is preferable to a seeding on wheat. One reason for this is that the grazing prevents the clover-plants from being stunted by the cover crop, and they are hardier than when fully protected from the sun until harvest. The rye furnishes pasturage, and no time is lost.

OTHER MANURIAL PLANTS.—It is better to use any rank-growing plant for fertilizing purposes than to leave ground bare or to plow continually. It is all right to prefer clover—nothing is better—but the plant that adds goodly quantities of organic matter to the soil is building it up to the point of profitable production. It helps to make future seedings of clover surer, and in most soils it produces sufficient disintegration to make a profitable plowed crop possible without heavy applications of costly commercial fertilizers; or in case these are usually applied, the humus makes the application more effective. DAVID.

"PLANTS FOR SALE!"

The above sign is occasionally seen posted on some leading thoroughfare, at a cross-roads, or in some public place. Growing plants for sale is a profitable business, if properly conducted and advertised. It is especially profitable in connection with some other business, and it is a branch of horticulture that old or crippled men, or even women, can conduct with pleasure and profit to themselves.

I have always grown plants in connection with trucking and poultry-raising, and have limited myself to tomato, cabbage and sweet-potato plants, three of the most salable plants in this section. One must, of course, suit himself to circumstances, surroundings and individual tastes.

I sow tomato-seed, for early tomatoes, about the last of January or first of February in hotbeds, transplant in cold-beds under glass from the first to the middle of March, and the plants are ready for setting in open ground the first of April. Tomatoes should always be transplanted before putting in the field or garden, if one wishes best results from them. The per cent of loss in resetting into the patch is then small, and the plants are thriftier and hardier. A nice, stocky plant, such as is produced by allowing plenty of space, air and sunshine, and grown not too rapidly after putting in the cold-bed, should have ripe fruit in eight weeks from the time of setting in open ground. This result, however, cannot be obtained ordinarily unless the vines are trained to stakes and trimmed to one or two stems, and the suckers kept removed.

There is not a large sale for tomato-plants in this section, especially among the farmers. The season is long, insects that injure the tomato are not numerous, and the majority of people prefer sowing seed themselves. Tomato-plants do not bear shipping well, either, which is another disadvantage. Extra care is necessary.

Cabbage-seed in this latitude should be sown from November till the first of February. I sow in November in cold-beds, and in December in hotbeds. In general trade I do not find that it pays to transplant the cabbage. It is more profitable to grow them close and sell at lower prices. I do not mean, however, that the plants should stand so close as to be spindling, tender and worthless. If grown slowly, and given plenty of air and sunshine, and not allowed to stand too close in the plant-bed, an excellent cabbage-plant can be grown without transplanting. To suit all customers, I have three grades of plants—transplanted, cold-frame and hotbed—each of which sells at a different price.

The most serious difficulty with the cabbage-plant is its damping off. I remedy this evil by giving the plants plenty of open air and sunshine, not crowding them too closely, keeping the bed at a moderate temperature, and never allowing the surface of the ground to keep damp if it is possible to avoid it. An ounce of prevention in this case is worth a pound of cure.

Many people need to be informed that cabbage-plants properly hardened off will stand light frosts and freezes. They also need to learn that very early cabbage is not so subject to the various and numerous insect enemies that prey upon the cabbage in this latitude. Granting a good season, it is very difficult to grow cabbage here that heads later than the middle of July.

Sweet potatoes should be bedded about four weeks before time to set in open ground, if bedded in a hotbed or forced under glass. If bedded in cold-beds in open ground, six or seven weeks is necessary to produce plants of setting size. The sweet-potato plant is very hardy except to cold—it is very susceptible to frost. Early settings in this latitude are put out the last of April and first of May. Most people, though, set plants in May and the first of June.

There is a great difference in varieties of sweet potatoes as to earliness, productiveness, eating and keeping qualities, but the bulk of trade demands but two or three varieties—the Nansmond or Jersey for the North, and the Queen and Yam for the South. There is occasionally a demand for some new variety, as the Bunch yam, the last few years, for instance.

Another year I expect to advertise onion-plants from seed for sale. Many people have yet to learn that the easiest and best way to raise nice onions is by transplanting seedlings. These plants are not difficult to raise, and they stand shipment and transplanting well. People in the North are familiar with this new plan, and so are the truckers of the South, but southern farmers know little of it.

Tomato-plants, transplanted, I find profitable at seventy-five cents per hundred, cabbage-plants at from twenty-five to fifty cents per hundred, and sweet-potato slips at ten and twelve and a half cents per hundred for local trade. I have only moderate demands for tomato-plants, but I have never produced as many cabbage-plants as I could sell. Sweet-potato plants sell well some seasons, other seasons the demand is light.

Cabbage, sweet-potato and onion plants may be mailed loose when they reach their destination from ten to forty-eight hours. I mailed plants this season to Georgia that reached there in good condition, and they had no packing, such as damp moss or cotton, at all. This method enables one to ship by mail at very little cost. By careful packing I have shipped successfully from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande.

Careful advertising, and proper discrimination as to the kind and quantity of plants to raise, together with a knowledge of how to grow them, determine the measure of success. It is, generally speaking, a pleasant and profitable business, and requires but little capital.

Tennessee.

JOHN C. BRIDGWATER.

THE FARM DAIRY.

There are few farms upon which at least a few cows are not kept. These cows are expected to provide milk, cream and butter for the use of the family, and usually they are expected to furnish a surplus of the latter, to be exchanged at the store for sugar, coffee, rice, tea, spice, etc.

If one or two cows will not answer these demands, the number is increased until they fill the requirements. Too frequently cows are found that will not give sufficient returns to pay for the food they consume. In such cases they are not only kept at a dead loss, but they reduce the profits from those that would otherwise bring good returns. The true policy would be to detect these poor cows as soon as possible, and dispose of them. Better build up a good herd, or none at all. Where convenient, it is safest and quickest to buy a few choice cows to start with; but since choice cows usually command fancy prices, it is thought to be running too much risk. But where the herd is to be built up, remember that it is essential to breed only to well-bred males.

A mistake quite frequently made is to suppose that if one has a good cow, she may be bred to most any kind of a male, and thus produce good offspring. But while it is important that both should be well-bred stock, it is of special importance that the male should be of good blood.

In selecting a male to head your herd, inquire particularly as to the history of his dam. The characteristic traits are said to be transmitted from mother to son, and from father to daughter. Therefore, if you want a male that can transmit the qualities of a good milker to his daughters, see if he possessed a good mother from which to inherit these qualities. Otherwise you may not breed up in years.

The first year that young heifers are milked, they should be kept in milk as long as possible, to reduce, if possible, the property of persistent milkers. Another important factor is that the heifers should come in with their first calves in May and

June. The udders can be much better developed and a greater flow of milk secured than if fed upon dry provender.

The milking should always be well done, thoroughly done, and, if possible, by the same individual each time. The last milk drawn is much richer in butter fat than that first drawn. Some people do not believe this, but it is nevertheless true. A cow that tested five and six tenths butter fat to every one hundred pounds of milk was half milked, and a sample of the milk then taken. She was then thoroughly milked, and a sample taken from the very last drawn. The first showed only two and two tenths, while the last showed twelve and two tenths.

Good shade, pure water and salt should always be in access of the cows. Many times all of these are unknown to cows except on rare occasions, but we cannot expect a cow to give us good results unless she be given the proper attention. The common barrel-salt is better for cows than the rock-salt, which has been so highly recommended. Rock-salt will answer for sheep or young cattle, but for milk-cows it does not fill the requirements.

In tests we have made in the matter, it is shown that as much as twenty per cent better results were obtained from the use of common salt than were secured by careful weighing when they had access to rock-salt alone, and frequently we have noticed a shrinkage in the flow of milk when the common salt was exhausted, even though an abundance of the rock-salt were still remaining in the salt-box.

Constant watchfulness is essential if we would reap the highest results in anything, and it usually pays to see that every condition is complied with.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

PICKED POINTS.

FLY-TANGLEFOOT.—A subscriber asked me how fly paper or tanglefoot is made. Take equal parts of melted rosin and castor-oil, and mix them; but do not use a particle of water in the operation. Spread the mixture on paper which is thick enough so it will not strike through. Leave a border by which to handle the paper. This is generally considered better than fly-powder, because it holds the insects fast; by eating the powder they die all about the room. Sprinkle a very little sugar in the center of the paper.

MAKES IT TASTE BETTER.—Hotels set the fashion to have oatmeal mush as a breakfast dish. The best class of farmers has followed the custom. Sometimes wheaten grits are used in the same way, and often rice. Now, nearly all the grains when thus cooked alone have a disagreeable, insipid taste—"dish-vatery," Aunt Nabby calls it. To give any of these dishes an agreeable flavor she cooks with them some kind of tart berries or fruit. Sour apples answer well, but they must be cut fine to cook through with the grain. In lieu of fruit, some sort of sauce should be on the table to mix with the mush. Good-by to plain mush when the fruit flavor is once tasted.

LAWN-MAKING.—A person who is erecting a new house this summer wishes to know the quickest and best way to make a lawn and have it grassed thickly and permanently. I think the method pursued by Mr. J. H. Hale, of Connecticut, meets this case. Plow the ground deep, fertilize heavily with well-rotted barn manure, and pulverize thoroughly. Of course, drainage should be first attended to if necessary. Cut sods about a foot square and very thin, and then before placing them, scrape off as much of the earth from the under side as possible, and so really there is only left a thin skin of grass. These sods are placed carefully and well wet down, and covered with a good sprinkling of rich loam, followed by another wetting, and then an "everlasting pounding;" add another layer of loam and more raking, water and pounding, and the system is complete. This method of root-pruning of the grass stimulates growth of new feeding-roots, which quickly take hold of the prepared ground underneath. A blue-grass sod is best for this purpose. Making a lawn surface by sowing grass-seeds takes so long to secure a turf that it is discouraging. In this case one has a thick, smooth turf at once, a feature which every householder can appreciate. A lawn laid in season to receive the September rains will be well rooted by winter.

DR. GALEN WILSON.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

REMEDY FOR CELERY-BLIGHT.—The most effective application which I have ever made over celery for the purpose of conquering the blight consisted of a simple solution of copper sulphate, a level teaspoonful to the gallon of water. At least I have succeeded in bringing a box of plants, which were just about gone with the blight, back to life and health. I have not yet experimented enough with such solutions to discover how strong we can use them with perfect safety. But the solution of the strength mentioned seems to have had no ill effect in any way, not having scorched a single leaf. I have sprinkled liberal quantities on plants with the ordinary garden-sprinkler, and repeated the dose several times. I suppose a good deal of the solution soaked into the soil about the roots, too, the last time. As the plants then showed a considerable amount of diseased leafage, I cut them back severely, also removing all leaves that were killed by the blight, before applying the fungicide. At present every sign of blight has disappeared, and the plants appear to be remarkably healthy and thrifty. Of course, this box of plants stood in the greenhouse and was well cared for and watered. But the disease had begun, or rather, developed, in the greenhouse where the plants stood in partial shade.

A patch outdoors, from plants in a similar box similarly affected, was treated in the same way, but only two applications have been made. The disease seems to be checked, only a few blighted leaves now remaining. Heavy rainfall and cooler weather, with frequent cloudy conditions, have undoubtedly favored the recovery of the plants, and possibly, if I had cut the plants back and removed all diseased portions as I did with the others, I might have succeeded in removing every trace of the blight out of the patch, too.

This is only one experience of this kind, and I cannot yet draw final conclusions, but I have great hopes of being able to control the disease now, and at any rate shall fight it out on this line all summer. If we can conquer celery-blight by this simple means, many of my friends will like to know it and make profitable use of it. But I advise copious applications of the solution, not a mere misty spray.

CULTIVATION IN ORCHARDS.—I wish that I had a chance to accompany all the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who are interested in fruit-growing through the apple and pear orchards of this vicinity, and impress upon those who have eyes to see the great importance and great effectiveness of thorough cultivation and liberal feeding. The trees in sod, where no manure, or only small amounts or at long intervals, has been applied, have this yellow foliage and little and inferior fruit. The trees that stand in soil that has had its share of manure, and even occasional tillage, are mostly of dark green color in leaf, and loaded down with fruit. This difference is especially observable in the Bartlett pear orchards of the vicinity—and we have a great many hereabouts. Some of these orchards now have a wealth of fruit, and I know of several which will give to their owners over 1,000 bushels each. This will probably mean an income of \$1,500 to \$2,000, and will pay many times over for the thorough manuring and thorough tillage that these orchards have received.

A SPINELESS GOOSEBERRY.—From C. H. Josten I have circulars, etc., describing and picturing a new type of gooseberry; namely, one without spines. There can be no doubt that such a fruit will be a good thing; and no doubt, either, that varieties that one can harvest without fear and trembling will sooner or later supplant the thorny kinds of to-day. We have just been harvesting our crop of the ordinary American varieties, and know what a drawback these spines are in the cultivation of this otherwise quite satisfactory fruit. Unfortunately, I did not obtain plants of the spineless type this spring, and it will be some years, therefore, before I can pass judgment on the novelty. The first gooseberry-bush without spines that has been seen was a result of chance. It was found in a sow-

ing of gooseberries made about 1860 by the late M. Billard, a French seedsman. From this first start, a Mr. M. Edouard Lefort commenced about 1884 to raise the series of spineless gooseberries now offered. These are in four varieties—Souvenir de Billard, Edouard Lefort, Madame Edouard Lefort and Belle de Meaux. Edouard Lefort is described as being perfectly smooth and oval, one and one half inches long by one and one fourth inches in diameter.

I am well aware that the climate of England and France is more congenial to the gooseberry than is the climate of the United States. Large gooseberries are not

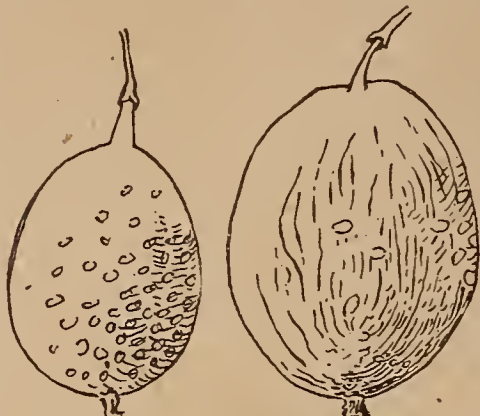


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

an uncommon thing in the European countries named. Here it is only lately that I have succeeded in raising large berries, especially since the advent of the Columbus, which seems fairly proof against mildew, for even in this dry season I have found no sign of it yet on any of my plants. In Fig. 1 I show the natural size of one of the larger berries as gathered at this writing. As the berry is yet quite green and hard, and in ripening must swell out considerably, I think I will get some berries that may come not so very far from reaching the size of the one variety (Edouard Lefort) of the spineless, as given in the original description (one and one half by one and one fourth inches), and shown in Fig. 2. I have no doubt that it is possible to grow gooseberries of that size. And yet the picture of the berry in Mr. Josten's circular is surely overdrawn. At least I am convinced that we have no variety of gooseberry as yet which will give us the size, as we must infer it, from Mr. Josten's picture, which shows the fruit in "one half natural size" (see Fig. 3). When the introducer will see the fruit shown in dotted lines, the exaggeration will, I think, become clear enough to him. It is enough, too, if we can find a gooseberry-bush without thorns that will give us a full crop of good, fair-sized berries. The fruit of the Columbus is large enough for

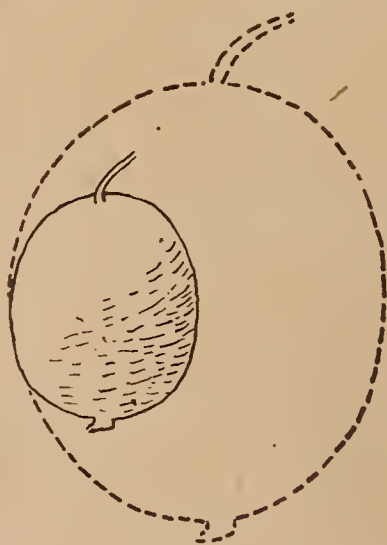


FIG. 3.

all practical purposes. The chief question, of course, is whether the new spineless sorts will stand our climate as well as the Columbus.

THE COLUMBUS GOOSEBERRY.—Just at present I wish that all of our friends could come and see some of my plants. Some of the branches are so loaded that from the under side nothing but berries can be seen. In fact, they form a complete, solid mass, no leaf or stem appearing through them. We have seen pictures of branches loaded with fruit, and considered them overdrawn; but I can show some branches that fully correspond with the illustrations. The secret of success is suitable soil (clay loam) and plenty of suitable manure (compost and ashes), with good tillage. Heavy mulching will be resorted to hereafter.

T. GREINER.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INSECTS. AND HOW TO DESTROY THEM.

Having spent nearly all of my life in the horticultural branch of farming except the three years I lost in the Union army, I think I am competent to give some advice in regard to the true method of destroying insects. Instead of using the expensive methods of spraying trees to destroy the eggs, I destroy the insect, and therefore there will be no eggs. Let any one who owns an orchard or garden try my plan, and see which is the cheaper and the surer method. All nocturnal insects are fond of a light. Therefore, have your tinner make you a few flambeaus such as are used in processions; or if they are expensive, take old tomato-cans, crimp in a top in each with a nozzle the size of your thumb, fill the can with cheap kerosene through a small hole in the top. Cover the hole with a piece of tin, to keep out the fire from the wick. Make a wick to fit the tube, punch two small holes on each side and run a piece of bale-wire through the holes, making a bale by which to hang the can; hang several in your orchard on one of the limbs—lower ones are the best. Then hang one or more in your potato-patch, one in your sweet corn, and one or more in the squash and melon patches. These pests leave their hiding-places under old weeds, fences, or any rubbish that will protect them from the rays of the sun, and come forth as soon as it is dark. The first thing they see is the flame of the flambeaus, and they then forget to lay eggs. One quart of coal-oil is enough to keep a light all night. Let every neighbor follow my plan, and there will soon be no nocturnal moths. The cabbage-moth cannot be destroyed by this process, as she lays her eggs under the leaves of the cabbage in the daytime. Strong saltpeter-water sprinkled over the cabbage will destroy the young worm.

Kansas.

FENILON ATKINSON.

PRUNUS SIMONI.

This morning I picked from a tree in my garden, only four years old, three Prunus Simoni plums, which weighed exactly seven ounces. All the fruit on the tree will average two ounces each and measure six inches in circumference. They are of fine flavor, and evidently very valuable for this section. They have a very small pit. The Botan Japanese plum can't be beat. It is very sweet and of fine flavor. They weigh one ounce each. My trees have not done well this year, on account of the drought in this county.

Maryland.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Plant for Name.—J. W. P., Empire, Ohio. The plant is known as bitter-sweet. Its botanical name is *Solanum dulcamara*. It is a near relative of the potato and tomato, and, like them, probably contains some poisonous principle in its leaves. The fruit is edible. Its near relative, *Solanum nigrum*, or common nightshade, produces a large amount of fruit that is often used for cooking purposes.

Plant-lice.—H. P., Grove City, Ohio. The insects working on the ends of the branches are commonly called plant-lice. The best remedy for them is to spray with strong tobacco-water. If the trees are small, a better way is to dip the ends of the branches into the tobacco-water. If they are let alone they will check the growth of the branches. The borers should be dug out now, and again in the autumn the trees should be looked over for them.

Propagating Raspberries, Blackberries and Dewberries.—S. G. M., Columbia, Va. Raspberries and blackberries do not propagate readily from cuttings either of the soft or hard wood. Some varieties produce such a large number of suckers that no other method of increasing them is used; varieties of the black raspberry class generally increase most easily from tip layers. Dewberries are generally grown by layering the long canes the latter part of the summer. These produce roots in many places. The canes are cut up in autumn with some roots on each cutting, and the rooted wood is planted out the same as ordinary cuttings. In one year they make good plants. All the blackberries and many of the raspberries increase from root cutting. These are made by cutting up the larger surface roots of the kinds wanted in late autumn into pieces about three inches long. They are then mixed with sand in nail-kegs or boxes, and buried outdoors until spring. In the spring they should be brought into a cellar or other moderately warm place, where they should remain until they are calloused and starting buds, when they should be sown rather thickly in warm, rich land in rows three feet apart, covering the cuttings about one inch deep. They should make good plants the first year. Special attention should be given to prevent the cuttings from either drying out or getting too wet, and do not plant them out until well calloused.

Not Culture in British Columbia.—E. P., Port Hammond, B. C. It seems to me very probable that butternut, black walnut and chestnut will all grow well in British Columbia. It is certainly so very promising, and at the same time so inexpensive, as to be well worth trying. You can buy one-year-old seedlings or the fresh seeds in the autumn to start with. I would not start with anything older than one year. They all grow best on good bottom land, but succeed on any good tree-soil. The seedlings should be put about ten feet apart each way, but must be thinned out when they crowd one another. In planting the seed, put three or four in a place, and then thin out to one plant in a place when one year old. You should also try pecans and the paper-shell hickory.

Failure of Strawberries in Wisconsin.

—J. S., Hudson, Wisconsin. The strawberry crop has been a total failure in most parts of Minnesota and Wisconsin. I think it is one of the effects of the drought of 1894-5, which left the subsoil very dry. This, coupled with the lack of snow last winter, resulted in so weakening the plants that while they had strength to flower, they could not set fruit. Some weak varieties were killed out last winter, and all kinds looked poorly early in the spring, but the favorable weather this year has prevented many kinds from dying, and the plants are mostly vigorous now. Where the beds were mulched very heavily or otherwise well protected, the crop is all right. The sets put out early very uniformly did not grow well, but those set late after new roots had formed, and the plants partly re-covered, did nicely.

Red Raspberries from Tips.

—K. M., South Orange. I think there is no red raspberry on the market with bright color that propagates from the tips, but there are a number of varieties, supposed to be hybrids between the blackcap (*Rubus occidentalis*) and the common red raspberry (*Rubus strigosus*), that are of a dark red color, and which increase most easily from tip layers. Among these are Schaeffer's Colossal and the New Columbian. Both of these kinds are very prolific. These hybrids sometimes are quite bright red in color, as I know from having raised many of them from seed, but they are generally purplish. In the year of the world's fair I fruited for the first time about two hundred seedlings of Schaeffer's Colossal, itself a hybrid, and found thirty-eight plants that bore fruit. I thought, good enough for exhibition at the world's fair; and some of these were of excellent color, although those of the best color have since been lost by cane-rust.

Pear-trees Not Bearing.—J. W. W., Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "Kindly inform me what is the reason my pear-trees, that have been set out five years, do not bear. I see in the city and in the country trees one third the size of mine bearing."

REPLY:—It is impossible to tell you without knowing more of their circumstances. From what you say, I presume the trees have not flowered. Some varieties of the pear bear much younger than others, and five years might not be an unusually long time to wait for such a variety as the Tyson to come into fruiting in rich land. When growing in rich soil, trees generally do not bear as early as when in poor soil, but they do better when they once commence to bear. Then again, some land seems to predispose trees to early fruiting. If the trees were very vigorous, I should favor cutting back the new wood about two thirds during the early part of July, which will check the tree and probably cause the forming of fruit-buds.

Diseased Grapes.—A. B. K., Hoopston, Ill., writes: "My grapes are full of warts on the green leaves. What can I do to save the grapes? What is the name of the disease?"

REPLY:—The trouble to which you refer is probably caused by what is known as the leaf or gall form of the phylloxera. This is a native insect which is especially fond of our native grapes of the riparia class, that is, the common frost-grape of our woods, and such cultivated varieties as have no wool on the under side of the leaves, like the Clinton. It infests the roots as well as the leaves of many kinds of grapes. It is fatal to most of the European varieties of grapes, and its introduction into Europe threatened to destroy the vineyards of France and Spain. While our American varieties are often attacked by this pest, it seldom causes them serious injury, except, possibly, when the leaves are badly infested. It is doubtful if there is a vineyard in this country that is free from this pest on the roots. On the roots it shows as a minute, brassy-brown, wingless louse.

Sleep

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Our Farm.

SOME DISEASES OF SHEEP.

THE gadfly (*Estrus ovis*) should be guarded against during the month of August particularly. It alights upon the sheep's nostrils, and there deposits its eggs, where they hatch, and the larvæ then ascend the nostrils and locate in the sinuses of the head. Here they remain until the next spring, when they descend to the ground, and in hot weather arise again as flies. They rarely cause the death of an animal, but they irritate much and sometimes throw the sheep into a bad condition.

No remedy is known. Efforts in the line of prevention are the flockmasters' only resort. If the animals can have a dark shade to resort to in the heat of the day, when these flies abound, they will occupy it and protect themselves. Tar daubed on the nose is effective, but it is so much trouble to corral the animals often to attend to this that it is rarely done. Some salt them in V-troughs, and keep the sides smeared with tar. This method is not reliable. The animals daub their under jaws, where not needed, and rarely touch their noses on the opposite side. The best method I have found is to bore two-inch holes in a log of wood, place it against a fence, fasten a wide board over to shed rain, fill the holes not quite full of salt, and keep the sides of the holes next the fence well tarred. By this means they tar their own noses where needed, and often enough.

The lung thread-worm (*Strongylus filaria*) is probably the most destructive sheep parasite in the United States. When it once becomes well established in a flock it is likely to end the existence of every one of them, unless the well ones are isolated and placed upon ground where no affected animals have been within a year or two. The most marked symptoms of this disease are a bad cough, dropsical condition, "paper skin" and a gradual pining away. The disease is contracted by grazing after affected animals. Treatment, when the difficulty is well established, is very unsatisfactory. Slightly affected animals are successfully treated with spirits of turpentine. When one purchases sheep to keep, if he does not know to a certainty that they are free from this parasite, they should be quarantined a month and be closely watched. When any are affected, they should be got rid of as soon as possible, and no more be brought on the farm in two years.

The liver-fluke (*Distoma hepatica*) and tapeworm (*Tænia plicata*) are ugly, troublesome parasites. Salt and spirits of turpentine are standard remedies for them; but as with all disorders, prevention is better than a cure. Both of these parasites are propagated by eggs dropped in pastures by these and other animals, and then taken into the systems of other sheep when grazing. It is believed that liver-flukes exist only in sheep. They possess the peculiar power of self-impregnation should a second individual not be present for copulation. The tapeworm may be propagated by other animals than sheep. Dogs, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, skunks and some other wild animals are subject to them, and may drop the eggs as they pass over the fields, and sheep pick them up when grazing. Eggs of most of the internal parasites are tenacious of life when surrounded by proper conditions, the principal two of which are warmth and moisture, with freedom from anything of a salty nature or strong-smelling substance.

Eggs of all similar parasites are very much prolonged in their time of vitality by a certain degree of moisture; and this is the reason why it is so unwise and dangerous to pasture sheep on low, damp land, or to permit them to drink stagnant water. The wise shepherd never does it. On high and dry lands it is supposed that the vitality of these eggs is destroyed by the heat of the sun unaccompanied with moisture. Sheep seem to know these things by instinct, and avoid low places unless compelled to seek them by hunger. Place these animals in a pasture a part of which is high land and the rest low, they will

gnaw the grass almost down into the turf before they will venture upon the low land. This of itself should convince us that sheep never should be pastured upon low lands; nor is it safe to feed them hay grown on such. There is one exception to this rule, and that is along the shores of salt-water, as far inland as tide-water and the influence of sea-breezes extend. Sheep in the South are not troubled with internal parasites, even on low land, for they do not exist. Nor are they troubled in the interior of the South, because the timber is nearly all pine; they have access to it, they eat it, and pine is death to worms. Sheep on low, wet land along tide-water do not even contract diseases of the feet. The germs of foot diseases do not exist where influences of a salt-water sea prevail.

DR. GALEN WILSON.

SURFACE TILLAGE HINDERS EVAPORATION.

For the conservation or preservation or holding of moisture for germinating the seeds of wheat or other grains, or timothy for fall seeding, no practice equals in importance that of the early plowing of the wheat or oat stubble or clover sod, and promptly harrowing and rolling the land at 9:30 and 11:30 A. M. and 3 P. M., and just before finishing the day's work.

This may appear to be uncalculated and too troublesome to pay. Nevertheless it does pay. It is the only method by which the moisture found in the soil at the bottom of the furrow-slice can be conserved and retained beneath the rays of an August sun.

A recent invention by a Texan farmer of a plow having a rapidly rotating harrow just at the side of the right or left edge of the mold-board effects a similar object, without, however, having the additional advantage of a well-rolled surface.

Where midsummer plowing can be obviated, it should be. In wheat culture, it can be economically done by turning under a good clover sod as early as the ground can be plowed in the spring, planting the field to corn, cutting and removing the corn, harrowing down the high-cut stubble, and drilling in the wheat.

The cultivation of the surface-soil constitutes a mulch. A mulch is anything spread on the surface to hinder the evaporation of the moisture induced by its capillary flow to the surface, where, if unchecked, either by a covering of waste material, such as rotted straw, etc., or by fining the surface and forming a mulch in that way, the process of evaporation will go on uninterrupted.

Experiments conducted at the Wisconsin experiment station established the fact that the proportionate evaporation from a square foot of uncultivated soil was 808 pounds of water, while that from cultivated ground was 665 pounds, or a difference of 143 pounds in favor of the cultivated area.

The retention of moisture in the surface-soil previous to the time of seeding to wheat, winter oats, rye or timothy in September is of great importance, for without it the best of seed germinates but slowly, and a feeble growth is a sure result.

The wise farmer who lives between the lower Ohio and upper Missouri rivers should spare no effort to conserve sufficient moisture to quickly germinate the seed of the fall-sown crops in case of unusually dry weather just previous to seeding. My experience has demonstrated the value of the practice, and I therefore unhesitatingly affirm that the theory advanced is a correct one, and in full accord with the irresistible logic of ascertained facts.

W. M. K.
Near Washington, D. C.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE.

For some time it has been demonstrated that electricity applied to soil in which seeds are planted stimulates their growth. At Amherst College and Cornell University experiments have been made in a limited way testing the influence of electricity on the growth of fruits, flowers and vegetables.

The first real electric farm and garden in practical operation on a large scale is on the Jersey coast, about fifty miles from New York City, and the first consignment of vegetables raised by electricity is about to be placed on sale in the New York market. The owner of the farm is Thomas Flemming, who is a thorough gardener

and electrician, having served an apprenticeship in both lines.

A large stream of water flows through the farm, and this is used in generating the electricity. Plows, rakes, harrows, mowing-machines are all worked by electric motors, and the dropping of the seed is performed by planters that can be regulated to meet the required distance.

The cultivation of the plants after they have come up is done by small plows. Weeds are electrocuted. A small electric wagon goes across the field or between the rows of plants and drags a heavy wire netting upon the ground. A powerful electric current is applied to this, and every weed or vegetable growth that it touches is instantly killed. A lighter current applied to the plants stimulates a rapid growth and increases the size.

The effect on flowers in the greenhouse raised under the influence of the electric light is very curious. At first the light proved injurious to many blossoms. The color of tulips was deeper and richer for a few days, but they lost their brilliancy when exposed to sunlight. The color of scarlet flowers turned to grayish white, and while all bloomed earlier and produced larger blossoms, they soon faded. By reducing the intensity of light and covering them with opal glass globes, the injury to their quality was lessened.

These flowers seem abnormal monstrosities. They are double the ordinary size, and exceedingly brilliant when kept in dark rooms during the daytime and used only for evening decoration. Mr. Flemming hopes by another winter to ship specimens of these flowers to New York, exposing them for sale only at night in stores lighted by electricity. They are to be used for bouquets or corsage bouquets at night.

The explanation of the increased growth of plants under the influence of electricity was thought to be the extension of the working season for them—the continuous light preventing them from resting at night, but it is now generally conceded by scientists that electricity helps the plants to assimilate the nitrogen of the atmosphere and favors them in taking up certain mineral salts of the earth.

A point of great importance which Mr. Flemming expects to prove is that the cost of producing fruits, flowers and vegetables stimulated by electricity will be less than when cultivated in the ordinary way. He is a practical man as well as theorist, and utilizes power in every available way in order to produce the greatest results with the least possible expense.

The public will watch with interest the progress of Mr. Flemming's work. It may be found that we are just at the beginning of a new era in agriculture, and that the farmer is no longer to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, as he has done since the primal curse. Under the influence of electricity, the lost Eden may be restored, and thorns and thistles no longer cumber the ground.—*Chicago Chronicle*, June 16th.

THE BEST TIME TO CUT TIMBER.

On page 5 of the August 1st issue W. M. K. is no doubt about right as to the time for underbrushing to the best advantage.

As to the best time to cut timber I am not yet fully convinced, but must admit that the purpose for which timber is to be used has much to do with the matter; still, there is undoubtedly a best time for cutting timber for the special purposes for which it is to be used.

The common and most approved practice is that of cutting timber in the winter, when it is desired to convert it into sawed lumber, posts, rails, railroad ties, etc., where toughness and durability are essential. This practice may have become general on account of the cooler weather for hard work during the late fall and winter months.

Possibly, if in cutting timber in midsummer the outer bark is promptly removed, so that the sap-wood will be quickly deprived of its moisture, and insects will not be able to find a suitable place for depositing their eggs, the midsummer is equally as good a time to fell timber as in midwinter.

For forestry purposes and encouraging a rapid second growth from the base of the stumps, fall and winter cutting is much the best. The weather at the time of cutting has its influence, and has no doubt been instrumental in the formation of opinions that might, under other circumstances, have been somewhat modified.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MICHIGAN.—Ionia is located on Grand river, with a good farming country all around it. Peaches here are about half a crop; pears are not a quarter of a crop; plums are about half a crop; apples are an extra large crop, and the trees are breaking down under the heavy loads. I notice that the peach orchards that had the best cultivation are the best. I have fruit the third year in succession. They have all the fruit they can bear up with propping. I manure the soil every year, and go through with the cultivator. D. H. S.
Ionia, Mich.

FROM NEBRASKA.—Some time ago I read an article in your paper giving the figures of the value per acre of farm crops in the North and South. While I presume they are correct, they are to an extent misleading. Here men put in some wheat, ten to thirty acres of oats and from sixty to one hundred acres of corn to the hand—at least twice as much as is done south of Mason and Dixon's line. This year our fall wheat was fair; spring wheat and oats poor. The prospect is good for the corn crop. The bugs were bad this year, and those who did not use Paris green will get no potatoes. The wild-grass crop is good. Sorghum and millet were never better. Our principal grass outside of the native wild-grass is alfalfa. Some varieties of apples have a fair crop, others none. Land is worth from ten to twenty dollars per acre, according to distance from town and improvements. Most of the people in this part of the country are eastern people.
Superior, Nebraska. G. M. J.

FROM COLORADO—SAN LUIS VALLEY.—The San Luis valley, in southwestern Colorado, is shaped like a horseshoe, with the open end facing south. The San Luis valley is a high plateau surrounded by mountains. Its altitude is 7,000 feet. It is as level as a floor. Most of its area is uncultivated, and presents the appearance of the Great American Desert, with a sandy surface overgrown with sage-brush and grease-wood, and little tufts of wire-grass here and there. Horses, native cattle, wild antelopes and jack-rabbits run and graze together, finding an astonishing amount of nutriment in what little pasture there is. The valley has no rains but light showers in July and August, and but light snowfall in the winter. This desert-looking country needs only the touch of water to yield prodigious crops; but there is the trouble. If there were only water enough for the whole valley, we would look to its future as a valley of great wealth. Its growth will always be restricted, by the nature of the seasons, to the cereals and vegetables that grow uninjured by frost; fruits, corn and garden truck out of a quick growth are excluded. The most successful crop is wheat, followed by potatoes, oats and cabbage. Wheat often yields forty-five bushels per acre. The straw of both wheat and oats is of the rankest growth, and often stands above a man's head, although it is not six inches high by the first of June. Potatoes run from two to four hundred bushels per acre, on ordinary land, without cultivation or fertilizing, but this crop is gradually being limited to the demands for home use. The prize cabbage of the valley last year weighed fifty-five pounds. The parts of the valley now under cultivation are irrigated by water from the mountains that so nearly surround it. The Rio Grande river, rising in the northwest of this valley, is entirely drained for water in the summer months, when the snows have been nearly melted at its source, and the other little streams that pour down the mountain-sides are used up before they reach far into the valley. Sometimes the roads are flooded with water which has been turned aside from the irrigated fields as waste water; perhaps all of this moisture will creep along on the blue clay beneath the surface and subirrigate the whole country for several years afterward. As the new lands take less water each year, there may be enough for the whole valley by and by, and the outlying farmers will no longer cry over this "spilled milk." Alfalfa has been raised in the valley in a few places only, and with great success, but seeding with either alfalfa or timothy, as a rule, has been an expensive failure with the farmer. Cattle have a liberal range in the mountains on the west side, and generally pass the winter fairly well without other feed. A few sections raise hay, such as the Rock creek country, along the San Luis river, but only on lands irrigated by flooding. Current prices at present are, hay, baled, \$8 a ton, and oats sixty to seventy cents per hundred weight. All grain is sold by the hundred weight, and the sack is included in the sale, unless otherwise specified. Pork and mutton prices are low, cattle high, and wheat and potatoes have no market. The flouring-mills and elevators of the valley are nearly all owned by one company, the Colorado Milling Company, which practically controls the market. They have three large mills located along the center of the valley. After crossing the San Luis valley four times at different points, and traversing its entire length from south to north, the writer has concluded that the question most vital with the people is not that of production, but of transportation, as there is only one railroad.

E. C. C.
Altman, Col.

Our farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

THE COST OF LABOR.

It seems to be the general impression that poultry pays better in winter than in summer. This is not due to the better prices in eggs, but to the low cost of labor in winter; that is, in the winter season there is no employment on the farm that brings in cash returns, and time is consequently lost if the labor is not applied in some manner. In the spring and summer the farmer has but little time to devote to poultry, leaving such work to the women or children. The hens on the farms have always been regarded as unworthy the full attention of the farmer himself, and he will sometimes work hard, from early in the morning until late at night, out in the fields, and receive much less as a consideration than would have been derived had he given a flock of fowls the same labor that he so willingly bestows on the land, or on other farm stock. It is the labor the farmer sells, whether in the form of meat, milk, butter or crops, and it is the labor that makes poultry pay.

Those who endeavor to secure the most eggs by selecting the "best breeds" have found that, after all, it is the labor and care given them that makes the profit. Ask any number of poultrymen their opinion as to which breed is the best, and it will be found that they do not agree, some preferring one breed and some the others. A farmer may secure what he supposes to be the best breed, only to be disappointed, while the breed which is rejected may prove profitable with his neighbors, because of better care.

The hens should not pay more in winter than in summer, but no doubt the farmers are better satisfied with the winter results, due to the giving of more attention to the hens because no other farm work is urgent. Women and children cannot properly care for the fowls when the ground is covered with snow. There is something more to do than to throw down corn for them. They must have water that is not frozen, the eggs must be collected to avoid freezing, the floors must be clean, a variety of food must be mixed, and sick fowls must be cared for, as well as looking after other details.

SUMMER AND BEGINNERS.

The summer season is the best time for a beginner to use incubators, for the reason that less difficulty will be experienced. Eggs are now cheaper than in winter, and also more fertile, less expense will be incurred for heat, and the chicks can be more easily raised. A beginner cannot make much in the way of profit at first, but he can pave the way for next winter by learning now, so as to be prepared to hatch for market when the proper time comes. Many beginners get disgusted because they do not commence to learn until they wish to raise broilers for market, when they lose the first and best hatches, because they have to learn how to avoid mistakes.

HAVE THEM FAT.

All fowls now going to market should be fat, as greater weight and higher prices are thus obtained, and they also sell immediately on arrival in market. Do not confine them alone in coops, as all birds will lose weight if so treated, but put about a dozen in small yards and feed four times a day. Give a morning meal composed of ground oats, one of crude tallow and one of bran, by weight, adding an ounce of linseed-meal to every pound of mixture. At night feed whole corn. The other meals may be of a variety.

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CHEAP FOODS AND POULTRY.

The large crops of grain and potatoes raised this year in the whole country should encourage poultrymen, and induce them to keep larger flocks. Eggs are now getting higher, and sell at prices far above any other article produced upon the farm at the same cost. Not only is corn cheap, but also oats and wheat, with potatoes above the demand. The prices for poultry should be better, as many buyers will prefer the cheaper poultry to beef. There now exists an excellent opportunity for an experiment in the matter of learning if poultry and eggs pay. If the proper management is given in the matter of keeping the hens comfortable, the profit will not be doubtful at present prices of food, as poultry and eggs are always salable during every season of the year.

IMPORTANCE OF CAREFUL FEEDING.

Two flocks of the same number of hens, given equal advantages, feeding one flock during the day, allowing a full meal at night, and the other flock three times a day, allowing both flocks free range, will show quite a difference in results. The flock that receives only one meal a day will lay more eggs than the other, and the eggs will give better hatches of chicks. The reason is that as one flock comes out in the morning it must work for food, while the other, being well fed, will patiently wait for the next meal to be provided, the consequence being that indigestion ensues, disease appears, or the fowls become too fat to be productive layers. Save your food and compel the flocks to work and exercise, as exercise is essential to the thrift of the flock.

THE BLACK LEGHORNS.

Of all the varieties of Leghorns none excel the Blacks as layers, and they are perhaps also somewhat smaller than the Browns, Buffs and Whites. As foragers they are ahead of all breeds. Give them a field on which to work and they can take care of themselves, as they are never idle, are always on the alert for insects, and seldom fail to lay unless out of condition. The standard requirements of the breed are not favorable to breeders, hence the Black Leghorns are somewhat rare, and perhaps inbred. When used as a cross with Langshans, an excellent laying fowl is produced that nearly equals the Leghorn, and which possesses the hardiness of the Langshan.

EGGS PAY IN SUMMER.

Every farmer should have a large flock of fowls, because during the warm season they give almost a clear profit, the farm affording ample room for foraging and enabling the hens to secure a variety. It is not advisable for the farmer to have large flocks, however, unless he is willing to bestow some attention on them, as even in the busy season it may be necessary to keep their quarters clean and prevent the spread of lice. Food will cost little or nothing in summer if the hens have a range, and if they produce eggs they will give almost a clear profit, owing to the reduction in expenses. It is better to have only a small flock if the farmer is too busy to look after the fowls.

LOSSES IN THE BEGINNING.

Not one half of the young chicks hatched on the farms are raised, and strange to say, while farmers will allow a large number of hens to sit and bring off good hatches, they find at the end of the year that the chicks hatched out in the spring are gone, yet they are unable to account for the loss. Now, the fact is that the family cat gets her share, as do hawks and rats. The loss by drowning in wet weather, or at the drinking-troughs, from getting their bodies wet and chilled, may be safely given as causes, also. The use of proper appliances, such as small coops and runs, safety drinking-troughs and protection from the storms, would save a large number.

COMMON FOWLS.

The supposition that common fowls are harder than pure breeds is not borne out by the facts. Those who hatch chicks of the common kinds lose a large number of them, only the strongest surviving, and every year they are more and more inbred. The pure breeds suffer from being pampered by their owners in many instances, in which cases they do not compare favor-

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ably with common fowls; but common fowls are of but little value compared with the pure breeds, which have been found to be more profitable in every respect.

EGG-EATING HENS.

Hens are never known to eat eggs unless eggs are broken in the nest, and the hens then learn to eat them. It is a vice difficult to cure, as the protection to the eggs is at the sacrifice of time and labor or an inconvenience in some other direction. The best plan is to use a soap-box, open at one end, so as to compel the hens to walk in, and have the box sufficiently high from the floor to prevent the hens from eating the eggs from the ground. That is the easiest, best and most feasible method known.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Lice.—J. H. K., Towaliga, Ga., writes: "How can I destroy lice on chickens?"

REPLY:—Clean the poultry-house of lice, dust the hens well with Persian insect-powder, and give them fine, dry earth in which to dust.

Gapes.—J. H. S., Marion, Pa., writes: "Give a remedy for gapes. We have used the horse-hair method without success."

REPLY:—Gapes are avoided by keeping the chicks on clean ground. A drop of spirits of turpentine on a bread-crumbs, twice a day, is the best remedy.

Mediterranean Breeds.—W. H. S., Fitchburg, Mass., writes: "What are Mediterranean breeds of fowls?"

REPLY:—They are breeds which originally came from the Mediterranean region, principally Italy and Spain, and comprise the Leghorns, Black Spanish, Minorcas and Andalusians, all of which are non-sitters.

Cholera.—A. L., Petersburg, Pa., writes: "Please give a remedy for cholera."

REPLY:—There is no sure cure for cholera. A teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a half gallon of drinking-water is the preferred remedy. What is supposed mostly to be cholera is indigestion, due to feeding grain, the fowls being too fat. Withhold food until the difficulty ceases.

Breed for Town—Droopy Fowls.—E. B., Cumberland, Wis., writes: "Which breed is most suitable for town lots, and the best to raise chicks?—My hens droop, do not eat, combs turn dark, and are apparently stupid."

REPLY:—Probably the Brahmas, as they do not fly, and are contented in confinement, being also excellent mothers.—The cause is probably the large lice on their heads. Anoint heads with melted lard.

Number in a Flock.—"Subscriber" writes: "Are a cock and two hens enough to start with a certain breed, or how many hens should be used, providing one tries different breeds?"

REPLY:—Where one must pay high prices for birds it is usual to purchase a trio (male and two females), but it is better to use a male and from eight to twelve hens of each flock, if it can be afforded.

Late Chicks Dying.—S. G. M., Columbia, Va., writes: "My early chicks did well, but those hatched in May and June, although receiving good care, droop and die. I found no lice."

REPLY:—It is the large head-lice which usually destroy late chicks. It frequently happens that no small lice (mites) are found, but close search on the heads will disclose the large ones. Apply a few drops of melted lard on heads of hen and chicks.

Two thousand three hundred and thirty-eight prizes will be awarded. Have you tried for one? If not, do not put it off any longer. The sooner you send the more likely you are to get a big prize. See page 19.

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Our Fireside.

THE LITTLE RED RIBBON.

The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!
The summer-time comes, and the summer-time goes—
And never a blossom in all the land
As white as the gleam of her beckoning hand!

The long winter months, and the glare of the snows;
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!
And never a glimmer of sun in the skies
As bright as the light of her glorious eyes!

Dreams only are true; but they fade and are gone—
For her face is not here when I awakened at dawn;
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose
Mine only; hers only the dream and repose.

I am weary of waiting, and weary of tears,
And my heart wearies, too, all these desolate years.
Moaning over the one only song that it knows,
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY MAUDE MORRISON HUEY.



THREE times had Aunt Hepsibah carried the dish of potatoes, the bowl of gravy and the cracked platter of salt pork to the table, declaring she "wouldn't wait for Jedediah another minute, so there!" She was "jest goin' to eat." And three times she had gone and stood in the kitchen window, watching the muddy spring road, until the potatoes were cold and the grease in the cracked platter turned white and hard; then she had set them again in the oven and dropped herself wearily into the wooden rocker by the window, utterly discouraged.

"Laud alive! I should think he'd be bungry 'nough to mosy long home. He didn't eat sech an overly scrumptious breakfast to hold out all this spell; I thought he'd be pieciu' 'round 'fore noon. He hain't got no appetite, Jedediah hain't, an' I don't know es I blame 'im much. 'Twould go on satisfied, mostly, if it was overly big, I reckon.

"What with the cow well nigh dried up (she bain't comin' in fur a month, nuther), an' not a speck ner a smitch o' green stuff—not even a dandyline 'r a cowslop—there hain't much to hev an appetite fur, that's a fact; but I should think he'd come 'long home if he was ever a-comin'. Pertaters b'iled with the skins on hain't no good after they've been warmed up forty times. Jedediah knows I allus cook 'em that way. Some folks says they hain't fit to eat, but I reckon it's 'cause they're too lazy to peel 'em. Land knows I'm sick o' pertaters. Wish't I never'd see another one fur a dog's age. Seems 's if we live mostly on pertaters an' gravy, with once in awhile a little snn-thin' else along to make ye furgit it.

"Thet pork's set in the oven an' frizzled till there's jest nothin' left of it but rine an grease. Jedediah knows I allus hev dinner ready at twelve. I hope he'll enjoy eatin' thet gravy; there's a crust over it an inch thick by this time. I took the very last drop o' milk in the house to make it, too. It's bad 'nough to scrimp on butter an' eggs, but when it comes to scrimpin' on milk, I feel 'sif 'twus goin' too far. I feel like standin' up ag'in' the fence, 'long with the spring cows.

"If Jedediah'd 'a' hed any gnmpion last year he'd 'a' put in a patch o' passnips. Land knows I reminded 'im of it often 'nough; he can't say thet he didn't think of it. A mess o' passnips'd taste real spruigy an' good. I heard Jedediah say this mornin' he was a-hankerin' fur a mess, but I reckon he'll hanker a spell 'fore he gits any, an' he'd order. He might 'a' got out an' dug some o' that boss-radish ef he'd felt anyways concerned, not sozzle 'round from one day's end to another an' wait fur me to do it. Needn't tell me the ground's fruz with all them puddles all over it. I should say it was mud clean through to Chiny. I should think ef I grated it I'd be doin' my sheer. It never'd hev got set out ef it hed waited on Jedediah's notion. I hanted at 'im fur two hull years fur that little patch o' boss-radish, an' it ended up in my puttin' on my bunnit an' goin' over to Grandma Brown's after the roots my own self, an' it wusn't Jedediah that dug the holes an' sot 'em, nuther.

"I guess Jedediah'll 'gree, by the time he's sot down to 'taters an' salt pork fur a month longer, thet it mought 'a' been 'bout es well to took old Cartisses' sugar-bnsh on sheers, an' been a-eatin' warm bisenits an' syrup 'casion-ly; but land alive! 'twus altogether too much bother fur Jedediah. He wa'n't able to do nuthin' much. He hed the rheumatiz an' the liver complaint an' kidney disease an' the dumb ager, an' you'd a thunk the man was a-goin' right into consumption, the lung troubles he hed. He couldn't take no sugar-bnsh, but he could go trillin' way off to the end o' nowheres a-huntin' rabbits 'long with Deacon Plunkett; his rheumatiz didn't hinder a mite. I couldn't see the sense of it, somehow. Anyhow, I hope Jedediah'll hanker a spell fur maple syrup. It's only his just come-up-ence.

"I s'pose Jedediah thinks there hain't no use in comin' home. He's prob'ly settin' 'round Mis' Hackett's kitchen, talkin' to thet shifless

man o' her'n. I wish Mis' Hackett'd set the dog on 'im, like I've felt like doin' more'n once to her'n. It does seem 'sif them two men's jest persect. They're both of 'em too lazy to bresh the flies off of 'em, I say, an' I'll stick to it, too, ef one of 'em is my Jedediah. I bet Mis' Hackett hes a hard time findin' victuals fur all her nine. I don't know how she does it. Land knows, I find it hard enough to keep Jedediah satisfied, so'st I dast look 'im in the face 'thout feelin' 'sif he wanted to eat me. I don't know what I'd do ef there was any more mouths a-gapin'. Guess I'd jest git on the table an' say, 'Here I be, come an' swaller me; an' when you're done, I hope you'll be satisfied.'

"Dear me! I wish Mis' Hackett'd scald Jedediah; he deserves it. Ef he don't come pretty soon, I'll put on my bunnit an' march right after 'im," she added, tersely, rising with spirit from the cushioned rocker and going out on the door-step. "I s'pose he thinks Mis' Hackett'll invite him to dinner, ef he hangs on long 'nough; but I hope she hain't no such fool. I never invited her'n, an' I wouldn't, nuther, not ef he staid here till doomsday."

She shaded her eyes with one toil-bardened hand and the corner of her green gingham apron, and looked up and down the long, dismal road. The shining top of a black carriage came bobbing along the other side of the rail fence. Aunt Hepsibah stepped further out on the porch and threw the green gingham apron over her head.

"Tain't none o' the Beechers, ner 'tain't Deacon Plunkett's mother from Ebbenville. They drive one white horse. I seen 'em goin' by last summer. Land o' goodness! I hope they hain't a-comin' here," and Aunt Hepsibah hurriedly smoothed back the locks of grayish-brown hair that fell about her face. "It does look a leetle bit like Jedediah's brother Reuben's team; he allus did drive a span o' bays, an' he writ jest las' summer 'bout hev'n a spankin' new topped buggy."

The buggy moved slowly nearer, and Aunt Hepsibah waited to see no more. "I'm jest sure it's Reuben," she groaned; "can't I see his long, white whiskers clean here, an' Martby settin' there beside 'im, spick an' span in her new black silk? They've druv clean from Cooper City this mornin', an' they'll be 'most starved to death.

"Oh, dear! whatever'll I do?" Aunt Hepsibah wrung her hands in despair, and looked at the unappetizing array of shriveled potatoes in their dry, crinkly jackets, and the bowl of brown-crusted gravy. She picked the gravy up desperately and scraped it into the pigs' swill. "There, they won't hev to eat that, I reckon, not if they starve." She was about to plunge the potatoes in after it, when the thought occurred that they might do to warm up; so she carried them into the pantry and concealed them under the corner of the bread-cloth. The carriage was just driving in the big gate when Aunt Hepsibah, having cleared away the last crumb of the much-abused dinner, folded the table-cloth nicely in the center of the table.

"Land sakes! Martby's jest as high-toned as ever. I never was no hand to put on airs like thet," said Aunt Hepsibah, smoothing down the scanty folds of her dismal frock humbly, as she watched the black silken flounces come rustling up the front path between the brown withered poppy-stalks of a summer ago. Aunt Hepsibah put on her most hospitable smile and ushered them into the humble sitting-room, settling the black silk flounces comfortably in the newly cushioned rocker, and stowing the wraps away on the best spare bed in the corner. She had started a fire in the "settin'-room" stove and inquired all about the family, from Reuben's oldest boy, John, "who was out in Kansas, som'ers," to Martha's sister's little girl, "who was allus sickly." Then Aunt Hepsibah came back to the kitchen. There was a look of woe in her eyes as she went to the window and took one hurried look down the road for Jedediah. He was nowhere to be seen. She blew her nose very hard several times on her green gingham apron as she went to the woodpile for wood. There wasn't a stick there, she knew, but she supposed she could pick up chips. Those hideous people had to eat; she couldn't let them sit in there and starve, though she would like to. "T'would serve 'em jest right fur comin' at this time o' the year, 'twixt hay and grass." She picked up a pau of chips and put them on the kitchen fire, then she grabbed her sun-bonnet and went down the path to the barn as fast as her portly frame would allow.

"There's pertaters; I'll warm them up, and—oh, dear! and—if there'd only been some berries 'r fruit o' some kind last summer; but there wa'n't a smitch o' nothin' but rhnbub, an' I canned rhnbub till I was sick o' the sight and smell o' it; but it's all gone now, an' there hain't a thing but jest pertaters. Goodness gracious! why don't folks know 'nough to stay to home when they know there's nothin' to eat in the hull kentry?"

"Well, I'd like to know where that ole domnick's nest is, enyhow. Jedediah said 'twus up here in the manger," she groaned, fumbling around in the hay. "I don't believe there's a blessed egg in it, so! I believe Jedediah jest lied on puppus."

"No eggs, an' no butter, an' no milk, an' no sass, an' not a blessed thing into the garden," she said, hurrying out of the barn. She then grabbed the hoe and tried to loosen some of the horse-radish roots, but only succeeded in chopping off a few whitish tops. She sat down on a board laid across the top of the soft-soap

kettle, and was just blowing her nose vigorously, when the squeak of a boot in the soft mud made her look up. It was Jedediah. He hung his head sheepishly as he drew near, expecting the usual reprimand; but Aunt Hepsibah only pointed one finger at the shining string of fish dangling from Jedediah's shoulder, and gasped:

"Fur land sakes, Jedediah!" Words were beyond her.

"Yes, an' look in this here pail," he said, growing hopeful at Aunt Hepsibah's lack of anger; "it's maplesyrup, sure's you're born. I was jest comin' up through the bush where Hackett was finishin' b'illin' down, so I sot down an' waited fur 'im to come up. He 'lowed it'd taste good 'long with hot biscuit, seein' we hedn't hed any. Them's trout, Hepsibah; do ye see?"

"Jedediah," said Aunt Hepsibah, a little anxiously, as she followed him into the house, "be you sure ye hain't laid yourself liable? Fur land's sake, Jedediah!" she added, laying her hand gently on his rough coat-sleeve, "it was nothin' short of an act of Providence. It's nothin' short of it. Fried pertaters an' trout an' warm biscuits an' maple syrup. It's good 'nough fur anybody, so there! An' to think, all the while I was wishin' Mis' Hackett'd scald ye!"

A RIGHTEOUS REVOLT.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

MISS PHOEBE PIKE lived alone on the second floor, and kept house in a prim and orderly way.

Miss Jane Baxter lived alone on the third floor, and also kept house. Her way was different from Miss Phoebe's.

Both had comfortable apartments, each amply large enough for two such lonely bodies as they, and each slept in a huge and voluminous bed in which the slender little ladies were quite lost. Being alone in the world and without encumbrance, one would have thought that they might easily and pleasantly have consolidated homes and housekeeping for the sake of company and as a saving of expense. But though each had, during the past twenty years, given casual thought to such an arrangement, the subject had never been broached. "For," as Miss Baxter said, nodding her head energetically and independently, "there are reasons." And, as Miss Phoebe sighed softly, and shaking her gray curls deprecatingly, "there *are* reasons."

As I have said before, they held different theories of housekeeping; perhaps these were the reasons.

Miss Phoebe lived a very quiet and secluded life with her canary-bird and her windowful of plants. She had many friends, for everyone liked the gentle little old lady, but she seldom went out, except for a walk on pleasant days or to take tea with a neighbor. At other times she was busy with her fancy work, her modest housekeeping arrangements and the care of her three rooms. For Miss Phoebe was the pink of neatness, and the smallest speck of dust was a mountain of misery to her tidy soul. She always retired promptly at half-past eight. She could not understand Miss Baxter at all.

Miss Baxter was a new woman; no one would dare call her an old maid. She wore no gray curls, or at least they were all tucked away under a crimped brown "front," and she despised housekeeping. She had a latch-key, and was never at home, except to sleep, and eat her very erratically prepared meals. She loved "society," and was also a naturalist. Chronically, and whenever she had nothing else upon her mind, she was collecting specimens for her herbarium and mineral cabinets, or analyzing specimens already collected, in a neighboring chemist's laboratory.

But Miss Baxter's eccentricity which most tried the soul of the quiet lady on the floor below was her nocturnal housekeeping. It was meet and right that housekeeping should be done by the light of day. But Miss Baxter never returned from her daily rambles or evening "parties" before ten o'clock; and then, and then only, did she cook and eat her dinner, and after that wash all the accumulated dishes of the day—always with the window wide open. Poor Miss Phoebe, with her sensitive nerves, would always spring wide awake at the first ominous rattle of the dish-pan; and the sturdy masculine tread coming and going directly over her tired head would drive her almost to distraction. Miss Baxter's stove stood just over her bed, and the ceiling was very thin. Often the naturalist would sit down for an hour or so "before dinner" to analyze some particularly interesting plant, and then the tramping and the rattling, often accompanied by vocal selections in a never too musical voice, were protracted until after midnight.

During these twenty years sundry gentle expostulations from Miss Phoebe, both for the principle of orderliness and for her own personal comfort, had failed to work any reform, and had merely added to the strain upon relations never too sympathetic.

Night after night Miss Phoebe would silently cry upon her fat pillow from vexation, weariness and sheer lack of sympathy. For she knew that any one else would laugh at this "small trial," if she should tell of it, as she would never think of doing. Once she had even roused courage, and in desperation had thumped boldly on the ceiling with a broom.

But with a sudden cessation of the racket overhead, Miss Baxter's penetrating voice had come down through the open window most distinctly:

"Hello, Miss Pike! You fallen out of bed?" Miss Phoebe had shivered with shame lest some one should have heard, and subsided into silent endurance after this. She never repeated that challenge.

But at last Miss Phoebe discovered that this had gone on too long. She resolved on revolt, and she formed a plan. If she could not drive Miss Baxter away or stop this midnight nuisance (she would not appeal to the landlord), she could at least give her fellow-lodger such a fright as should help pay off some of those old scores on the account of sleepless nights and shattered nerves. And yet Miss Phoebe was not vindictive; far from it—the most kindly and generous of souls. But Miss Baxter was a tyrant, and she was mortally afraid of fire.

It was half-past eight, Miss Phoebe's inviolable hour for retiring, and yet, though undressed and ready for bed, she still sat in the dusk of her room, apparently waiting. She had turned out the light, and was now rocking peacefully back and forth, an expression of beautiful serenity upon her face, but with an unmistakable twinkle in her blue eyes.

The hour went by, and the half hour; it was ten, and with the stroke of the town-clock Miss Phoebe heard the rattle of a latch-key, then the sound of a tread on the stair, and after that the usual bang, tramp and rumble overhead. But to-night it seemed to Miss Phoebe less hard to endure all this, for revenge was at hand.

At last, earlier than usual, the sounds above ceased, and soon a prolonged and nasal burbling proclaimed that Miss Baxter's labors for the day were over. Then Miss Phoebe softly rose and tiptoed about the room. She brought out a pile of newspapers and some old cotton rags. She also found a small tin foot-tub, which she placed close beside the open window; and then twisting up some of the cloth and paper, she lighted and placed it in the tub. She then stole back to bed again and waited.

In a few moments there was a slight sound overhead. The guttural music ceased. There was a pause; then a hasty step crossed the room, and Miss Phoebe distinctly heard some one several times sniff fiercely at the open window above. She arose quietly and added more fuel to the flames. Soon a nervous voice strayed down from above:

"Miss Pike, Miss Pike, do you smell fire?"

No response; Miss Phoebe kept discreetly silent. There was another interval, then louder and more excited sniffs, and once more the steps crossed the room in evident perturbation. Miss Phoebe traced a scuffling at that point of the ceiling where she knew Miss Baxter's wardrobe stood, and then in a few moments the door above opened and a step came wildly down the stairs. Some one knocked at her door.

"Miss Pike, Miss Pike! I smell smoke! I'm afraid the house is afire!" croaked Miss Baxter's voice, now hoarse with fear. But still Miss Phoebe held her peace and feigned sleep.

"Laud! she'll be burned alive!" rather impatiently than sorrowfully, and the feet tramped on down-stairs. Miss Baxter was evidently going to investigate the shop and the cellar.

Her search was probably unsuccessful, but her fears were in no way allayed, for fresh paper and rags were now burning, and soon she came tramping wildly over the stairs again, and tried to wake her fellow-lodger; they two were the only occupants of the building at night.

But Miss Phoebe was chuckling in her bed over the success of her revolt, and was apparently not to be roused. She concluded soon, however, that she had frightened Miss Baxter enough for one night, and extinguishing the smoldering papers, drew the tub back softly out of sight. But the smell of smoke was evidently as strong as ever on the floor above, and soon to her horror Miss Phoebe again heard the cry of "Fire!" shouted from the third-story window.

"Fire, fire! Help!" shrieked Miss Baxter, wildly, for the front door was locked, and in her nervousness she could not remember where she had put the key.

Miss Phoebe lay trembling now with apprehension, for the cry was shortly echoed from surrounding windows, and soon the fire-engine came rattling down the street.

"Where, where?" cried the firemen, and the small crowd already gathered to the white figure leaning from the upper window.

"I think—I think in the second story—Miss Pike's room," stammered back the now thoroughly frantic woman; "but come up and get me first. She's asleep and don't know."

Miss Phoebe trembled afresh. There was an ominous pause, and then a head appeared, looking into her window. She nearly fainted with mortification and horror at the sight, and her row of curl-papers fairly stood on end till she had the presence of mind to hide them under the blanket.

"Hello!" shouted a man's voice; "there ain't no fire here," for the open window had carried off all traces of smoke from this room.

"Oh, save me, save me!" wailed Miss Baxter from above, and the fireman mounted to investigate the next floor. Indeed, she insisted upon being carried down straightway, clinging wildly to the fireman's neck, and only ceased crying "Fire, fire!" when safe in the

street below. There she fainted with fear, and was carried into a neighbor's house.

The firemen overran the house, and even insisted on investigating Miss Pike's chamber, much to her horror and disgust. But they found no trace of fire anywhere; and as she did not confess her guilt, they never found the true source of Miss Baxter's alarm. Indeed, the whole town, though she indignantly denied the theory, credited it to nightmare, and there was much mirth at her expense. But little Miss Pike became the heroine of the place.

"She never woke up till it was most all over," they said, "and didn't scream or get scared at all like Miss Baxter, that went nigh daft with fear."

Moreover, the latter strong-minded lady declared that it had been a warning to her, and that she should never live so high up again. She moved to a neighboring tenement on the first floor, with windows close to the ground, capable of a speedy and graceful exit without the aid of a ladder.

So as a heroine of the town, and as one who had surpassed her wildest hopes by being actually relieved of her obnoxious neighbor, Miss Phoebe had reason to congratulate herself upon the success of her revolt, and slept thereafter in peace and with a sound conscience.

But her reputation for bravery lasts to this day; a thing incredible for one who is afraid even of the smallest mouse.

THE SUCCESS OF "HESPER."

Do you consider 'Hesper' your best novel, Mr. Ruthvener?

"Certainly I do; in fact, it made me, as a novelist. My former books were dead failures from a commercial point of view."

The genial interviewer smiled.

"Ah! that only proves the ignorance of the British public. Admitting, if you

will allow me to say so, that your last story was far more sympathetic than its predecessors, it cannot be denied that they have achieved great success since the appearance of 'Hesper.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Ruthvener.

"Can you suggest any reason for the undoubted improvement—the sudden development, I might call it—of your talent?"

"I attribute it all to sympathy. No more than the first page of 'Hesper' was written before my engagement."

"I have heard that April is the month fixed for the wedding."

"That is quite right. Miss Bruton is going shortly to Nice with her father, and I shall follow as soon as possible."

"Miss Bruton is obliged to winter abroad, I believe?"

"She can't endure these long Arctic winters of ours."

"You are fortunate to be able to spare time to share her exile; yet surely you will regret leaving London, the scene of your triumph?"

"Of course," said Mr. Ruthvener, seriously. "Still, you know, a literary man needs frequent changes of air. I have just come back from a stay at Melton, a few snatched weeks of recreation. Hunting is my hobby."

"The writing of 'Hesper' must have entailed a tremendous amount of study. May I ask, Mr. Ruthvener, whether you accept the popular reading of the moral of your story?"

"What is it? Let me hear your version."

"That love is not noble unless allied with self-forgetfulness."

The author pushed his fingers nervously through the curls of his dark beard. "That was—something of the idea I had in my mind," he answered.

When the interviewer left him alone he sat down by the paper-littered table, and laughed softly to himself. "I must tell that to Gladys," he was thinking. In pursuance of this intention he wrote a letter:

"MY DARLING GLADDIE:—As soon as the interview appears you shall have a copy of the journal, but I cannot resist telling you a joke on the subject. I am informed that the British public has discovered the moral of 'Hesper,' which is to the effect that 'love is not noble unless unselfish.' Sometimes love does have to bear a great deal silently, eh, Gladdie? But Lilly (my betrothed!) can't have guessed that sublime truth when she wrote what she calls 'the rough draft of the novel.' She believes that I love her, that her share in the book was of no account, that its success was due to my revision of the MS., that she will soon be quite well, and that in April we shall be married. What can she understand about love's unselfishness? The poor, foolish child is quite happy. You understood, when you promised to wait for me. And you need not be jealous, sweet, that her 'rough draft' earned me fame. I value success solely for its money-producing properties, for we shall not be economical, you and I—we care too well for all the good things of earth. To-day I must go and see her, Gladdie, and act my part with what skill I can command, cheered always by the expectation of our future. We can afford to be patient for a little while; by April flowers will be growing on Lilly's grave. Good-by, then, for awhile, my reward."

The letter was without any signature, but Mr. Ruthvener smiled as he read it over. Later he went out, called a hansom, and drove to the town mansion of his future father-in-law. The old man came to meet him in the hall, clasped his hand tremblingly and drew him into the library.

"Bad news, Tom, bad news, but bear it, like a man. Lillian is worse. You knew there was no hope—that your engagement was a farce (God forgive me for using such a word!)—but Sir Drane gives her up now. We shall not get her home from Nice this year, we mayn't even reach Nice with her. The end's near, Tom, quite near."

Ruthvener bowed his head in silence. The father went on, coughing now and again as an excuse for the broken nature of his speech. "Your love has—brightened the end for her—poor little girl!—for you must love her in some way or another—no one could help doing that. I'm grateful to you that you've never let her guess it isn't the right way—and you won't have to pretend much longer. She took such a liking to you from the first—devoured all your books—believed in you—made a hero of you; in short, crowned you with the bays long before the critics did. To-day she's not quite happy; there seems to be something on her mind. Go in and find out what it is, Tom."

There was a sunny room on the second floor, where birds and flowers flourished. Lily's couch was near an aviary cage, in which canaries of all shades enjoyed their existence, and the scent of many-tinted roses filled the air.

She was a little girl—brown-haired, not beautiful at all. After some general conversation, the father slipped out of the room, leaving the author to a tête-à-tête with his betrothed.

Ruthvener sat by the couch, holding her hand, regretting that she would keep her eyes fixed on his face. She was happily speculating about him, until she remembered her trouble.

"Tom," she said, anxiously, "I don't think I shall get 'Clandina' finished."

He started. So she knew that she was dying!

"Don't bother about it, dear."

"But if you don't have it soon you won't have time to 'lick it into shape.'"

"Messrs. Badcock will have to wait, Lil. By the by, I was interviewed to-day, and brought your name into my confessions. That won't vex you?"

"No, indeed. What did you say of me?"

"The fellow asked me to what I attributed the undoubted improvement—the sudden development—of my talent. I told him it occurred soon after my engagement."

The little girl's face brightened wonderfully. "I am so proud to have helped to make you famous," she whispered, "but I often wonder why I make so much difference. Is it because we think alike?—we do on nearly every subject. That I should have 'discovered' you is a real feather in my cap. Do you remember—? A fit of coughing checked her reminiscences.

"I am anxious to know whether you read my books before or after you met me, Lily."

"Afterward, dear, and I found out at once that the critics had not understood them."

The author glanced at his own reflection in the mirror on the opposite wall.

"Ah! I thought it was after we met," he said, smiling. "Naturally I believe that the critics were wrong and you right, Lil; but how much of my success do I owe to you?"

"A great deal to my—sympathy—I hope, Tom—but nothing—oh, nothing at all—to my writing. How could that be? I am only an ignorant little girl, while you are a wise, experienced man. But I am so sorry I can't finish 'Clandina'; you would have liked the idea—her character would have seemed so real when we had discussed it, and you would have taken away all the crudeness of the story when you had rewritten it."

A canary close by began to sing boisterously, in a voice louder than the tones of his mistress.

"You mustn't talk any more, Lil," said the author.

"I must, Tom; I want you to promise me something."

"Is it that I will finish 'Clandina,' if you cannot?"

"No; of course you will do that. It is—that if I die soon, before April, you won't let yourself mope. You won't give up working, you will strive as hard as though I were with you, to be the first to say, 'Well done!'"

The canary went through his whole song, again, before the author answered, "I promise, Lil."

"And you must always strive for the best, Tom. You won't have to pot-boil, for I shall leave you the little fortune mother left me."

"Lil, Lil, haven't I sponged on you enough? How many hundreds have you paid for printers and advertisements?"

"Don't be ungrateful, Tom. 'Hesper' more than paid back the hundreds, and what is yours is mine. If I die I shall not miss my money, dear, while you, the living, will find it useful. Father knows—he is quite willing—you won't have much, only just enough, until your fame is coined into gold, my dear one."

As Mr. Ruthvener walked away from the mansion he was thinking again, "I must tell that to Gladys."

A series of mediocre novels by Thomas Ruthvener followed the production of "Hesper." The critics discerned in one only, called "Clandina," some traces of the power, pathos and originality of idea that had made his

earlier book a great work. But the reading public, which had learned the name of the author by heart, will forgive anything to a man who has once succeeded, so his novels were always in demand at the libraries. His brother writers, sympathetic, tender-hearted fellows, shook their heads pityingly when they spoke of him; the papers published pathetic paragraphs about his private life. Had he not once owned to an interviewer that a woman's sympathy had developed his talent? And that woman, his betrothed, had died some months before the April date fixed for their wedding.

The author had indeed married, a year later, a curate's daughter from the neighborhood of Melton, but public opinion did not attach much importance to that fact. No doubt he had sought comfort—more sympathy to further develop his talent, but the novels written after his marriage were but gracefully commonplace.

Only his wife, whose Christian name was Gladys, knew the secret of the success of "Hesper."—*The Queen.*

MISS NANCY.

NOVEMBER was growing old, and Miss Nancy Camp, who sat at the window watching the gray clouds shift across the sky in heavy masses, wished in her secret heart that it was gone.

"Who'd 'a' thought it would be come off so cold after such a warm spell, Nancy?" said a voice from the little bedroom that led out of the kitchen.

"It's moderating. I reckon it's going to snow," responded Miss Nancy.

"It's jest like that November when Jim Wilmot went out West," continued her sister, reminiscently.

"Yes," was the low response.

"'Twas a real warm Thanksgiving, and then a day or two after it begun ter snow, and the twenty-eighth—you remember, Nancy—'twas the time they had the celebration in the school-house, and you and Jim went—my, how it did blow and sleet! And on Sunday it was so drifted that Cousin Anne Camp—she thet was a Stevens, you know—couldn't git ter meeting. It was the first time in 'leven years that she'd missed hearing Elder Dickens. She felt real bad about it," added Miss Abby.

Miss Nancy drew her chair nearer to the window and brushed her hand across her eyes. There was no sound from the little bedroom for awhile. The big, old-fashioned clock on the high shelf ticked away the minutes, and Miss Nancy rocked by the window, with her hands folded in her lap.

"There's some one a-coming across the old bridge," said Miss Nancy, eagerly. "See who it is, Nancy. Likely as not it's that school-teacher thet hoards down ter Foster's, though it don't sound like their team. She must be a powerful sight of trouble to 'em."

Miss Nancy pressed her face against the pane obediently, although there was a mist before her eyes that blinded her a little. The wagon came nearer and nearer, until she could see that it had but one occupant—a man of about forty, apparently, with a beard that perhaps added a little to his age.

"Who is it, Nancy?" questioned Miss Abby, fretfully. "It ain't her, is it? My! it sounds as if it was coming in—here."

"I don't know," answered Miss Nancy. "Like enough he wants some directions."

"He? Lauds! It's a man, then! Be sure you tell him us—"

But there came a heavy knock on the door, and Miss Abby subsided. Slowly Miss Nancy crossed the room and turned the knob. There was nothing said for a moment. The man looked steadfastly at the figure before him; at the simply made woolen dress with its pure white collar and cuffs; the slender, blue-veined hands; the face with its firm mouth and faded blue eyes; the hair parted smoothly and with that same little wave in front that he remembered so well, and the high, shell comb that was new to him. He saw the wrinkles, too, but he saw more—the years of toil and trouble that must have wrought them. All this he noted, and then held out his hand.

"Nancy! Have you forgotten Jim?"

She gave a startled glance into his eyes, and a little crimson flush crept into her cheeks. It reminded him of that time he had kissed her in the garden at the back of the house.

"Who is it, Nancy?" whispered Miss Abby, from the bedroom. "Do tell him ter come in and shet the door, and—I want some more fennel."

"Yes, Abby," answered Miss Nancy, opening her lips with an effort.

Jim Wilmot came in, and closed the door softly behind him.

"Is Abby very sick?" he asked.

"She hasn't walked for six years," answered Miss Nancy, mechanically taking some fennel out of a dish on the table and going into the bedroom with it.

"Who is it?" whispered Miss Abby again.

"Jim Wilmot," responded her sister.

"Jim! Lands o' Goshen! Well, well! Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' turned up after all these years? Do tell him to come in here fore he goes, Jim Wilmot! Well, I never!"

Miss Nancy gave a little pat to the pillows, and then entered the sitting-room again.

"If you'll stay to supper, you'd better put your horse and team under the shed. We haven't a hired man now."

"Thank you," he said, gladly.

She sent him a little shy glance as he went out of the door.

In a few minutes he was back again, but the talk was a little forced. He told her how rough the life was out West when he first went; how, after many discouragements, a little prosperity came to him, and then he came back on a visit to his folks, who told him that they two lived together at the little house, and that Abby was "sickly," though they didn't know she was a regular invalid.

Miss Nancy wondered, looking at the firm chin, and the hair that had been so brown now streaked with gray, if it was not very long-some out there, and if he had quite forgotten the old days.

The clock at last warned her that she must be about her preparations for supper, and after excusing herself, she brought in a dish of oranges to peel. She worked swiftly, though her hands trembled and felt "all thumbs." She had almost finished her task, when an orange slipped out of the dish and rolled on the floor. Both stooped to pick it up, and their hands met.

"Dear!" he said, holding out his arm.

Miss Nancy gave one glance into the face so near her own, and in a moment was crying softly on his shoulder.

What mattered the years of waiting, the years of toil and trouble? Nothing mattered any more.

The clock ticked on, and Miss Abby awoke from the little "cat nap" she had been enjoying.

"Nancy!" she called, sharply.

Miss Nancy started, and raised her crimson face with its new expression from its resting-place.

"Wait a minute, dear heart," whispered Jim. "I want to know when you'll go back with me. I went away to make a fortune and a home for you. They're waiting. When will you go?"

"When will I go?" echoed Miss Nancy, bewilderedly.

"Nancy!" called Miss Abby again.

"I'm 'fraid I don't know what—what you mean, Jim," faltered Miss Nancy.

"Why, back out West. I've got a pretty little place there, with thirty acres or so, and nary a mortgage. You'll have neighbors, for there's three other farms near; and you sha'n't work, Nancy, I'll get a girl."

"And Abby?" asked Nancy.

Jim Wilmot started.

"I had forgotten her," he said, helplessly. "But where's the rest of the relations? Or why couldn't she go to a 'home' or—something?"

The flush in Miss Nancy's face faded, and a little line of pain formed around her mouth.

"She'd never stand it to leave this place. She's lived here all her life, Jim," she said, slowly.

There was silence for a moment, then she continued, steadily:

"I shall never leave her; so good—good-by, Jim."

"And you'll sacrifice yerself and me fer a notion?" he replied, hotly. "All right, then, I sha'n't leave my farm and settle down in this humdrum place jest fer the sake of your sister. Good-by, Nancy." And five minutes after the horse drove out of the yard and down the hill, while one lonely woman strained her eyes for a last glimpse of it, and the gathering flakes of snow were already filling up its tracks.

She stood there a long while watching the sullen clouds and the snow that was coming thicker and faster. Little puffs of wind blew the flakes of snow against the pane, and Miss Nancy wondered vaguely if they felt unhappy because they melted so soon.

At last she roused herself and went into the bedroom. Miss Abby, tired of calling, had fallen asleep. She was thankful for the respite, and going out softly, prepared her own supper and the invalid's, while the wind blew furiously around the little old house and fairly shook its foundation.

She sat by the fire with her head on her hands long after her sister had eaten her supper, and being satisfied with the evasive answers to her many questions, had gone to sleep again. But the fire died down and it grew chilly in the little kitchen, so finally she, too, went to her night's rest. It was very late when she dropped into a light sleep, and the morning soon came.

The day passed drearily. Miss Abby talked incessantly of Jim—Jim, until her sister felt she should scream or go mad; but she did neither, and was only a little more tender, a little more patient.

The night set in with a regular snow-storm. Miss Abby declared they would be snowed in by morning. The wind blew down the chimney with moans like an uneasy spirit.

In the morning Miss Nancy was startled by the darkness in the little rooms. The wind had blown the snow in big drifts against the windows and door. What Miss Abby had feared had come to pass, and they were snowed in. But there was no cause for worry as yet. There was plenty of food in the pantry and wood in the wood-box. There was no stock to suffer, and some one would surely go by before the day was over and discover their plight.

She lighted a lamp and did her work, though in rather a half-hearted way; and the day passed, and no one went by, and the snow piled up higher and higher around the house.

Miss Abby was very little frightened at their

situation. Indeed, her sister hardly knew what to make of her; she seemed a little wandering, and confused things strangely.

The next day, late in the afternoon, it stopped snowing, but no one went by, and the darkness came on again. Another long night. Miss Naney left a lamp burning in the kitchen, and then went to bed.

Very early in the morning she was suddenly awakened by a shout and the sound of some one kicking on the side of the house. She hastily dressed, and then entered the sitting-room.

"Hi!" some one called.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me—Atwood—down to the foot of the hill, yer know. Wife was sick and I had ter go fer the doctor. Be ye suowed in?"

"Yes. Will you git some one to dig us out some time to-day?"

"All right. I'll git Sam, if he'll come. Be back in an hour or two."

Miss Nancy sat down and waited. The wood was almost gone, and she was glad Mr. Atwood had discovered their predicament.

The clock had just struck six when she heard a shovel strike the house.

"We're here, Nancy—be out in a shake," said Mr. Atwood.

"All right," she answered, and went into the bedroom to tell Abby.

But her sister was sleeping quietly, so she tiptoed back again.

After an hour's hard shoveling the door opened, and in the gray light of the morning she saw Jim Wilnot standing before her. Mr. Atwood, after assuring himself that everything was safe, went around to the drifts before the windows, and commenced work again; but Jim did not go.

"Naney," he said, "I was a fool the other day. I'm going ter sell my farm and come back here. I can't live without you. Naney, will you marry me?"

"And Abby?" she questioned.

"Abby shall live with us. You sha'n't be separated."

"But it's so 'humdrum' here, Jim, and you'll be homesick after the West again," protested Miss Nancy.

"Praps so, a little," he admitted. "But I must hev you, Naney. Will you forgit what I said the other day, an' marry me?"

"You know I will, Jim," she said, in a whisper, and he kissed her fondly.

And in the bedroom Miss Abby lay asleep, a sweet peace upon her wrinkled face. She had gone beyond all shadows into the reality.—*Jean Elginbrod, in Waverly Magazine.*

FORGIVEN.

I dreamed so dear a dream of you last night!
I thought you came, I was so glad, so gay,
I whispered—those were foolish words to say—
I meant them not—"I cannot bear the sight
Of your dear face. I cannot meet the light
Of your dear eyes upon me. Sit, I pray,
Sit here beside me; turn your look away,
And lay your cheek on mine." Till morning bright
We sat so, and we did not speak. I knew
All was forgiven; so I nestled there
With your arms around. Swift the sweet hours
flew,
At last I waked, and sought you everywhere.
How long, dear, think you, that my glad cheek will
Burn—as it burns with your cheek's pressure still?
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

PAUL KENTON'S AWAKENING.

BUSINESS is business, Miss Mathers, and hereafter your wages as copyist will be five dollars and a half a week. There are plenty of girls who own machines who are willing to do for five dollars the same amount of work for which I am now paying you six. However, considering your circumstances, I do not mind giving you five and a half. Shall I expect you next Monday on the new terms?"

Kate Mathers looked at her employer with a touch of scorn and pity in her blue eyes, then said, gently:

"I shall be at my desk, sir, on time."

Opening the office door, she passed out into the night.

"Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!" That was her heart cry. And truly, Paul Kenton knew not what he did. Acting solely on business principles, he did what he had been taught from childhood was his duty to do—he considered the interests of the Kenton firm and worked for its pecuniary success. And in order to obtain that, must he not observe the petty details? Even as far back as Noah's time, when drops of rain combined to flood the world, the little things have gone to make the great. To save at the bungalow and lose at the spigot had never been his philosophy. What were Kate Mathers' private affairs to him? What if he had been told that she was an orphan with a sister and a brother younger than herself dependent upon her? Was that any reason why he should continue to pay her six dollars for work that he could get done for five?

He arose and reached for his hat. He had intended going through a lot of private correspondence that had come in on the late mail, but somehow he could not see about it. He did not admit the fact even in the "secret chamber of his soul," but the memory of a pair of blue eyes, scornful yet sorry, did in a certain way annoy him. And so he opened the office door and passed out into the night;

and as he raised his face, cold, proud, stern in all its outlines, upward to the heavens, lo! the stars, like Kate's eyes, looked down in pity on him. Why? Because money is ours only for a little while; it is ours only by the law of outward physical possession; we can touch and hold and use it for a time, but we cannot take it within ourselves or make it a part of us. And there is other wealth in the universe beside gold—myriad things that gold cannot buy.

In the vast domain of spiritual life Paul Kenton was a stranger. He recognized no part of its existence within him, save now and then a vague longing, and even this was crushed back, forgotten in his favorite pursuit of material things. Surely, his feet walked in the shadows of earth, and the light of the stars gleamed very far above him.

Night, night all about, but night made luminous by a thousand lights. It was nearing Christmas, and all the city wore a look of festivity. Before one of the shops stood Paul Kenton, watching—what? The automatic toys in the window. There was something about these mechanical devices of human genius that fascinated him, and the interest he took in them was almost pathetic. It made one wonder if he never had a childhood, if in all the years of his youth he had but few joys. Do we ever thus yearn toward and strive to attain the things we have missed out of life? Was Paul Kenton's interest in the puppets before him humanity's avenue of approach to a soul unconscious of itself?

The climbing monkey traveled up and down its string, the train of cars rolled swiftly along their track, the village blacksmith toiled incessantly, the group of daceers never panned, and the old woman in the corner kept nodding her muslin-capped head.

"Midge," said a childish voice, "isn't it a beauty?"

Paul Kenton turned toward the speaker, wondering what particular toy in the display had excited his admiration, and found that the little fellow was not looking at the brilliantly lighted window at all, but at something which he held in his hand. It was an orange, big, round and golden. The sunny face under the shabby cap was bent over it exultantly.

"Kate will be pleased, sister," he said, with a long-drawn sigh of delight in the anticipated happiness of another.

"Yes, she will be glad you remembered her birthday," said Midge, thoughtfully; "but somehow I think, Tim, she would rather you kept it and ate it yourself."

"What!" cried Tim, in astonishment. "Eat it? Me? Why, I bought it for Kate."

"I know," answered the girl. "But you earned the money for it by carrying coal up three flights of stairs for Mrs. Harmon, and it made you look so white and tired, and Kate would be sorry, Tim, and I—I think you better eat it."

"I don't want to," declared Tim, stontly.

"Yes you do," urged Midge.

"No, I—I don't like oranges very well, you know."

"Why, Tim Mathers, what a story! You know you just love them."

"No," slowly—the lie, after all, was hard to tell—"they don't seem to agree with me."

This last rendered Midge utterly speechless, and she could only stare at Tim in open-eyed wonder at this sudden depravity. Tim himself felt rather guilty, and hastened to excuse the baldness of the untruth by saying:

"Kate has been so sick, Midge, and even now she says the fever in her veins often runs like fire and that her tongue is dry and hot, and—"

Paul Kenton strode up to the boy and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"She," he said, pointing to Midge, "called you Tim Mathers, and you speak of Kate; is she your sister?"

"Yes," answered Tim. "She has been sick."

"How long?"

"Three weeks."

"With a fever?"

"Yes." Tim hesitated a moment, then went on: "You see, sir, she used to write or do something like that in an office down town, and they used to pay her six dollars a week. But one night she came home and said the man was only going to give her five dollars and a half after that, and she needed every cent of the six for our rent and food and coal, to say nothing of clothes. And Midge here, she thinks sister Kate just cried over it, and worried about it, until she was down sick, because the next day she had a fever, and she has just laid there ever since." There was a lump in his throat, but Tim swallowed it manfully. "We haven't any father or mother, you know, or any who seem to care much about us, and Kate, I suppose, didn't see how she was going to get along, and—and—"

The little fellow quite broke down under the weight of it all, and his voice died away in a sob.

"But your sister is better?" asked Paul, huskily.

"Oh, yes, sir! Much better," replied Tim, with a child's quick transition from grave to gay, from despair to hope. "But she is still too weak to work, and that troubles her."

"How have you managed during her illness—I mean, how have you lived?"

"The neighbors have helped us some, and I have earned a little money by selling papers and running errands, and Midge washes dishes

for Mrs. Harmon and sweeps her kitchen, and altogether we have not been very cold or hungry."

Paul Kenton's eyes darkened with horror. Not very cold or hungry—that meant how much! Then there were human beings in this world who had not enough to eat. He supposed everyone contrived somehow to satisfy hunger, and yet—

"Tell me the name of your sister's employer."

"Kenton—Mr. Paul Kenton," said Tim.

"I am he!"

The man said it, not audibly, it is true, but in mental articulation very slowly and distinctly, as if he wished the fact the word announced to stand forever in his memory. Until now his hand had rested on Tim's shoulder, but he withdrew it, thinking perhaps if Tim knew he might instinctively shrink from his touch.

"Here is a silver dollar, my lad," he said. "Go and buy one of those toys within."

"No, I would rather give the money to Kate," was Tim's prompt answer.

"Very well; then I will buy you a toy myself. It will be a new experience for me to purchase a gift."

"Haven't you any little boy or girl or sister, to buy birthday and Christmas gifts for?" asked Tim, wonderingly.

"No one," replied Kenton.

"And didn't anybody ever buy you a present?"

"No."

"Oh!" Tim felt very sorry for this desolate man. With quick resolve, and a child's blissful ignorance of any lack of propriety in what he did, he said:

"Then you must come to our house to-morrow afternoon. It will be Kate's birthday, and we want to surprise her. Sally Mason—she lives next door, you know—has promised to pop some corn for us, and Mrs. Harmon will make some molasses candy, and altogether it will be nice and jolly. Will you come?"

Paul Kenton stared wistfully at the eager face.

"No—yes, I will come," he answered. "You live—where?"

Tim told him, and Paul, hitherto so cold and proud and stern, felt the thrill of a new emotion within him as he repeated gently:

"Very well, I will be there, Tim. Good-night."

Home! Yes, this massive pile of stone and brick and mortar, with its luxurious interior of rare woods, its costly furniture, its perfumed exoties, its gleaming services of silver, its fine linen and china, its rows and rows of valuable books—yes, this was home, the only home Paul Kenton had ever known. The hard, grasping old man who had reared it as a monument to his pride, and whom Paul had called "father," was dead; his stately, fashionable stepmother still lived within its walls. But Paul had spoken truly when he had told Tim that his real life was lived alone, with no one to share in its joys or sorrows; that he had known nothing of holidays or holiday-making. Thus far it had never occurred to Paul that these things rightfully belonged to and were a natural part of childhood; that it was the law of youth to enjoy, and that as "a broken law always brings suffering," the absence of such enjoyment had in any wise affected his true nature or his life. His baby feet had been set in the path the man was to tread, and up to the present he had been absorbed in adding to the Kenton fortune. But now he was beginning to realize that there were other and higher things in life than money. The eager longings of years gradually assumed tangible shape within him, and he could have wept at the memory of his sordid, cheerless childhood and youth.

"'Tis never the foam brings the brave bark home;
It reaches the haven through tears."

It was a cheerless-looking place. And during the three weeks when Paul had accounted for Kate Mathers' non-appearance at the office on the ground of anger at the reduced wage, she had lain here ill, suffering. The man looked about him more closely. How easy for a human life to burn itself out in surroundings such as these! He knocked at the door; Tim opened it, and led him with boyish delight into the little sitting-room, and straight into the presence of Kate.

"Mr. Kenton!" she exclaimed, startled to find that Tim's new friend was her former employer, but not half so overcome by the fact as was Tim himself, who grew red and white by turns, and finally sank on the nearest chair in speechless agitation.

Paul was self-possessed and calm; advancing, he wished Miss Mathers many happy returns of the day, and hoped he found her better. She assured him that she was very much improved, but he, looking down at the wasted form reclining on the old sofa, at the wan face and shorn head, and the thin, white hands lying against the dingy blackness of her gown—so thin and white that he could see the blood flow in and out her fingers—felt how weak and helpless she was, and how long it would be before she would be able to take up life's battle again and earn the beggarly pittance that meant life to her and to Midge and little Tim. Five fifty—even six dollars—think of it! The sluggish blood within him quickened, and creeping upward, dyed his cheek with shame, and Kate, seeing it, understood, and again was sorry.

Klud little Tim was the soul of hospitality,

and it was not long before he rallied his forces and set about providing for the comfort of his guests. He took Paul's hat and coat, brought a chair for him, replenished the fire, that the bare little room might seem more warm and bright and cheery. A half hour's pleasant conversation followed; then, as the short winter day was drawing to a close, Tim lit the candles and spread a table with his little birthday feast. Besides the corn and candy, there was the orange he had bought for Kate, and another for Paul.

"I thought as you'd never had a present I'd give you one," said Tim, modestly; "it's all I could afford, you know."

With an odd sensation Paul took the fruit and tried to thank the boy. But a mist had gathered before his eyes and shut out from their vision the fragile little body that had known both cold and hunger, and yet was the earthly habitation of such a flower-like soul, and he could utter no word.

Tumult without and a knock at the door. Paul hurried into the hall and gave some directions. Then there was confusion within, and a sound of heavy boxes being deposited and unpacked, and soon the little sitting-room looked like a veritable shop, for there were stores of food and fuel, books and papers for Kate and toys for the children. Best of all to Tim there was a wonderful jack-knife with seven blades. He had wanted a knife all his young life, and now that the ambition was realized, he could hardly believe himself to be awake.

It was a wonderful time for the children—just like Christmas, they declared—but Kate was strangely silent. She continued unusually grave and quiet during the days and weeks that followed, and that found Paul so often in her humble home. But the soft pink of returning health, and the life and light of returning strength and spirits came slowly back into face and form, and one evening she told Paul she thought she would be able to return to her desk on the following Monday, provided he still needed her services as copyist.

"Will you come to me on my terms, Kate?" he asked.

And she, thinking he referred to the amount of wages she was to receive, made answer:

"Yes, on any terms you desire."

In spite of all the novelists may say, there are few "set" offers of marriage. Lovers somehow come to a mutual understanding without knowing just how it happened. All Kate remembered about it afterward was that Paul bent his head and kissed her, and that his proud eyes were strangely tender, and the flush on his cheek was of joy, not shame; for at last his soul had entered into its heritage of love and peace and gladness, and he would be a lonely man no more.

A lamp with wrong chimney stinks if it does not smoke. Get the "Index to Chimneys."

Write to Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, for it.

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

BECK DANDRUFF CURE

To the thousands annoyed by and suffering from the itching, and disgusted with the dirt attendant upon DANDRUFF, we are glad to guarantee an absolute and permanent cure. As an earnest evidence of our good faith in this matter, we have made a large deposit in First National Bank of Springfield, Ohio, (Hon. A. S. Bushnell, Gov. of Ohio, is its Pres.), to be used exclusively as a fund from which to return the money paid by users of the great and only BECK DANDRUFF CURE if it fails to cure as guaranteed. Don't miss this chance.

MADE FROM A PRESCRIPTION BY
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THE EMINENT BERLIN PHYSICIAN.

Remember, Beck Dandruff Cure is perfectly harmless to everything in the world except the ugly parasite causing dandruff. It kills this parasite. It cures the disease by removing the cause. Would you like to be cured?
It never fails, because it cannot fail.
It has cured thousands, and it will cure you.

WE SEND BY MAIL ANYWHERE IN U. S.
ONE DOLLAR A PACKAGE
MONEY REFUNDED IF IT FAILS TO CURE.

Remember that in each and every package is
A Straight, Unqualified Guarantee
that it will cure the worst case of dandruff in existence, no matter of how long standing.
Do not forget that every package contains

An Order for One Dollar
on the First Nat'l Bank of Springfield, Ohio, to be paid to any who have used this wonderful remedy. Beck Dandruff Cure, according to directions without being entirely cured.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO
THE BECK DANDRUFF CURE CO.,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO,
SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. AND CANADA.

Have you read the \$3,000 prize offers on page 19. If not, do so now. The sooner you send the more likely you are to get a big prize.

Our Household.

MILKING-TIME.

Come, pretty Phyllis, you are late!
The cows are crowding round the gate;
An hour, or more, the sun has set;
The stars are out; the grass is wet;
The glow-worms shine; the beetles hum;
The moon is near—come, Phyllis, come!

The black cow thrusts her brass-tipped horns
Among the quick and bramble thorns,
The dun cow rubs the padlock chain,
The red cow shakes her bell again,
And round and round the hawthorn-tree
The white cow bellows lustily.

The wistful nightingales complain
From hush to hush along the lane;
The ringdoves coo from fir to fir,
And cannot sleep because of her;
The eve-jars prate on every side—
Oh, Phyllis, where do you abide?

Now, fairies, fags, elves, goblins, go
And find out where she lingers so,
And pinch her nose and chin and ears,
Nor heed her cries, nor heed her tears;
At any farm 'twould be a crime
To be so late at milking time!

—C. W. Dalmor, in the *Speaker*.

DAINTY SERVING.

EVERY woman likes to have a dainty, prettily laid table, and many a housekeeper is unhappy because she cannot afford fancy or elegant dishes; but any woman with a bit of garden space can arrange to set a handsome table with only plain, common dishes.

The value of flowers cannot be overestimated as table-decorators. Some seem to be peculiarly appropriate for certain meals. In our own family—although we are busy, hard-working farmers—the children supply a bowl of morning-glories for the breakfast-table, and the pretty dew-laden bells of white, pink and blue seem to ring a merry "good-morning" to us that helps to give the day a good start.

In serving cold slaw or salad of any kind, unless one has a handsome salad-bowl (and few of us can afford one), cut firm, ripe tomatoes in two, scoop-out the centers, fill with salad, and stand on a plate or platter that has first been covered with crisp lettuce-leaves. What decorated china could give such pretty colorings, or add a charm equal to this? If preferred, they may be served on small side-dishes, on which a lettuce-leaf has been laid.

For a change, when making the salad, reserve two or more of the large, regular cabbage-leaves from near the outside, lay in water to keep crisp until wanted, then arrange two, three or four of them, according to their size, on a platter or large plate, and fill the leaves with the salad. No decorated china can equal the quaint shape or delicate coloring produced in this way without expense. If a few sweet-pea



or nasturtium blossoms and leaves are laid on the platter beneath the leaves, the effect is heightened.

In serving cold or canned meats, the platter should first be covered with lettuce-leaves, then on the leaves around the edge may be added squares, circles or diamonds of beet pickles, or hard-boiled eggs cut in

thin slices, the golden circle surrounded by the ivory-white ring being in pretty contrast to the green leaves.

Nasturtium-leaves, which are often used in salads and sandwiches, may be substituted for lettuce-leaves in serving cold meats, and a few bright blossoms added about the edge of the platter with beautiful effect.

Hot meats may be served with the platter's edge completely hidden by parsley-leaves, a few of which may be added to each cut as it is served, and be more attractive than a decorated platter would be.

Stamped linens are now so cheap, and outline embroidery is so quickly and easily done, that any housekeeper should be able to have a number of pretty doilies for her table. If they be worked in Asiatic wash embroidery-silks, the flowers may be done in natural colors, and be laundered as often as necessary, without fading.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

THE EASIEST WAY TO CAN FRUIT.

I wish to tell the lady readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE my way of canning fruit:

First rinse the jars out with warm water with a little baking-soda in it, then rinse with cold water, and turn upside



down to drain. Put the fruit into a porcelain-lined kettle, with a half teacupful of sugar to each jar (half gallon), and let it cook well, but not enough to mash. Place the jar on a plate on which is laid a wet cloth, and with a tablespoon fill up and close at once. Wrap dry cloths around the jars, and let stay until cold. This is for glass jars. I never break a jar or have any fruit to spoil.

ROSE S. DEATON.

A SUMMER TOILET.

For a guide to a new costume, we give a very stylish toilet, which can be copied in any of the season's materials; also a very simple and effective child's dress.

So many are fond of dressy aprons, and the one we illustrate is particularly dressy. It can be made of wash silk and be a very dressy affair, or of very simple material.

A very pretty dresser-towel is embroidered in a large monogram, and trimmed with crocheted wheels and insertions.

OUR SUMMER LIVING-ROOM.

It is out of doors, of course, and the particular spot in our yard where the family most frequently gathers has come to have all the homelikeness and individuality of an indoors living-room.

A jovial old minister remarked recently, "The room we use commonly is the only one in the house," and so he did not deign a look at the parlor, but spent the day with us in what we have fallen into a way of calling simply "the room."

I have often reflected upon the truth of that chance remark. Had our friend visited us a few weeks later he might very truly have said, "The only room in your house is outside of it."

Under the spreading branches of maple-trees the hammock swings from morning until night; chairs, rustic seats and pillows

made for rough use are left out the whole season, only hammock and cushions being taken in at night. During a rain some member of the family makes a spirited dash for the yard, turns the chairs over so that the water will drain off, and leaves them in that humble attitude to the mercy of the weather. The chairs are very strongly built, and painted frequently, so that they stand this hard service very well.

Two of our rustic seats are well worth special mention. Some Portland cement, left over from work about the stables, was left standing in a barrel. It hardened to solid stone in the barrel, was easily removed, sawed across the center, and behold, two stump seats that will last for centuries. Another of our seats is a real stump or section of a log. These are grouped at the base of a large tree, and to our partial eyes are artistic as well as useful. They are so near the roadside that more than once I have seen a weary wheelman dismount, look half apologetically at the house, then yield to the inviting shade and sit down to cool off. It is needless to say stock laws are enforced, and there is no fence between our yard and the public road. We suffer no undue intrusion on this account, as ours is a quiet country road, and we gladly offer the kindly shade of our dooryard and the cupful of cold water to the occasional passer-by who needs it.

Often in the morning we come to the hammock or easiest chair to shell our peas and peel our potatoes, and in the afternoon we sit with our sewing or books. But it is evening which endears the spot to all. Friends and neighbors gather from far and near; children romp and play, while the older people discuss topics of interest until the sun goes down, and twilight deepens to darkness, or brightens to moonlight. More beautiful than any work of art is the landscape before us; richer than any upholstery the velvet of the grass, the graceful drooping of the branches, bright touches of color added by flowering vines and plants.

I cannot but think that this close communion with nature on one hand, and hearty good-fellowship with our kind on the other, is making our summer living-room a potent factor in the great work of character-building.

Under the open sky, at one with nature in her happiest season, we must unconsciously outgrow mean and petty thoughts, and give entrance to a little of the joy that is ours for the taking.

BERTA KNOWLTON BROWN.

RUGS.

Rugs are very convenient and useful, and as boughten rugs are quite expensive, the farmer's wife tries to manufacture something of the kind at home, and often the process is quite tedious, and the result not always satisfactory.

Carpet-weavers have turned their attention that way now, and are making rag rugs for the small sum of thirty-five cents, where you furnish your own rags. They are pretty, too. The rags should be about one and one half or two inches wide, depending on thickness of cloth, or about four times as wide as the ordinary carpet-rag.

There are four or five threads of warp, then a space of about an inch, the same number of threads again, then a space, and so on across the width of the rug.

The effect is very pretty. The ends are

woven in stripes of fancy colors, to suit the choice of designer, and the center is usually a dark or dull color. Old pants or overalls make a good material for that, as they are strong rags, good color, and will wear well, as the part of the rug most used is usually the center. A knotted fringe of the warp makes a pretty finish for the ends. The usual width is one yard. Two



of these just alike, and about three yards long, sewed together, would make such a nice crumb-cloth to use under the dining-room table. The extra length would increase the cost, but would then be much cheaper than a sale rug for that purpose.

Very handsome rugs are made from old ingrain carpets, but I do not know as ordinary weavers do that work. There are firms in the cities who make that a business, and I have seen some of their work that was just beautiful.

Clean up the old carpet nicely, send it to the weaver's, and it comes home a beautiful rug of any size you may have ordered. The average cost of weaving these is somewhere about eighty-five cents a square



yard. The carpet is cut in bias strips, I think, which gives the surface of the rug a rough, fuzzy appearance that looks very soft and inviting to weary feet.

GIPSY.

A thousand dollars in cash is the first prize. An opportunity for all. See page 19.

A WONDERFUL PICTURE.

Unusual interest centers in the castle of Blenheim, because the young Duchess of Marlborough was a New York woman.

In the rare collection of paintings handed down from the first Duke of Marlborough there is one painted by Raphael in 1505. It was painted for the church of Servia, in Perugia, and is considered the rarest and costliest picture in the world. It has been valued at \$350,000.

The picture is the Madonna and the child upon a throne, with a figure of a saint on

Toads used to be on the French flag, but after Louis VII.'s vision he changed the emblem to the fleur-de-lis.

So each year the little flag with the French flower inwrought goes to Windsor castle, by way of stirring up the remembrance of the duke's victory for the English over the French in the olden times.

M. J. S.

PACKING THE LUNCHEON.

The luncheon-basket is so important a factor in the household economy that much

Always put fresh fruit into the luncheon-basket, for it is not only tempting to the palate, but is healthful as well.

With all this variety given, the luncheon with its daily surprises will be a meal to be really enjoyed; not only that, but those that partake of it will find that they will be in better health than when they ate constantly so much cloying sweet as they got in the omnipresent pie and cake. Then, too, the daintiness in the packing gives a zest to the appetite. The clean paper napkins, the shining spoons and forks and glass, are all pleasing reminders of the care that some one took in preparing the basket as well as in filling it.—*Golden Rule*.

AUGUST BREAKFASTS.

CANTALOUPS.—Take the small, round cantaloups, keep them in the refrigerator, or as cold a place as possible, over night. In the morning, cut them into halves, remove the seeds, and serve for breakfast, one half on each plate.

SLICED TOMATOES.—Keep the tomatoes in a cold place over night. In the morning, peel and slice them, and serve for breakfast, where each one can dress them to suit individual taste.

BLACKBERRIES.—There is no time of day when large, juicy, ripe blackberries taste better than when served with sugar and thick cream for breakfast.

APPLE SAUCE.—The delicious flavor of cold, tart apple sauce is sure to be appreciated on a hot August morning. For variety, a little ginger or cinnamon may be added to the apple sauce when it is cooked.

BROILED HAM.—Slice ham thin, trim off the fat, pour boiling water over it, then drain and wipe the slices dry. Broil quickly, take up on a hot platter, dust a

A PREFERENCE.

When it comes ter selectin' a summer resort, I somehow don't keer for the prominent sort, Whur the bills is so long an' the dresses so short, Though they seem to be liked, as a rule. But whenever I'm restin' from work on the farm, An' the clouds seem ter melt 'cause the sun is so warm, I puts fur the place thet'll ne'er lose its charm, Whur the shadows dip deep in the pool.

Thur ain't no piazzas, thur ain't no brass band, Ner nobody out promenadin' the sand, Ner people a-grabbin' the cash from yer hand, Ez ye try to keep up with the style. But the smooth velvet moss whur the branches bend low Invites ye ter rest while the lazy hours go. An' yer says ter yerself thet ye're lucky to know

Of a summer resort thet's wuth while.
—*Washington Star*.

PAINTED WARDROBE HOLDER.

Gigantic pansies alternately of lilac and yellow, or shades of lilac alone, are painted in close rows after nature and in oils, on a ground stained dark green. The wooden board on the pattern holder is one foot nine inches long, four and one half inches wide and one half inch thick, the length being reckoned out so that the pansies may appear as whole blossoms at the ends. A steel hook is screwed into the middle of each pansy, which is four and one half inches in size. Sunflowers instead of pansies may be painted, if preferred, as they are even more decorative.

HANDY STEPS.

Who does not know the inconvenience of reaching the dish on the high shelf, and the

either side, that of St. Nicolas and St. John the Baptist, both life-size.

The picture is called "The Blenheim Madonna," because it is in Blenheim castle. That palace was named from the battle of Blenheim, Bavaria, which the English won, led by the Duke of Marlborough, over the French. The battle occurred in 1704, and that same year, as a reward of merit, Queen Anne gave the land, a very large tract, to the duke, on a part of which stands the castle of Blenheim. This English Blenheim has been handed down from duke to duke to the present day.

In Sonthey's poem, "The Battle of Blenheim," he makes Petrekin ask his grandfather:

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

But the old man, having no very clear idea of the reasons, replied:

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

And because of this famous victory, the old Duke of Marlborough built and named the castle.

Most everybody knows that the fleur-de-lis is the flower of France, and every year the Duke of Marlborough sends to Windsor castle a little flag, on which is embroidered a French fleur-de-lis. This is called a sort of rent, just as in Pennsylvania there is a little church that pays a red rose every June for rent. The little flags sent each

more care should be taken in preparing it than is usually bestowed upon it. The school boy or girl, the young man or woman that lives at a distance from work finds the luncheon a necessity, and happy is the one that has some one to prepare it who takes a little thought and makes a variety in this most difficult meal.

In the first place, too prominent a place is given to sweets. Cakes, doughnuts and pies too often form the staple parts of the contents of the basket. This should be changed, and the sweets should be taken, as at other meals, as a finish.

There are always sandwiches, and these

need not always be of ham or tongue; there is cold chicken, roast beef, roast or boiled lamb, or, in the absence of meat, cheese or egg sandwiches, and, very nice occasionally, a sandwich of baked beans. Cut the bread thin for any sandwich; trim off the crusts, butter the slices; place on one slice the meat or whatever you may

little pepper over and pour a little melted butter over each slice. Serve with poached eggs.

HASH ON TOAST.—Chop cold, lean meat very fine. To a pint of the meat allow a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of flour and a teacupful of cold water. Put the butter into a frying-pan; when it is melted, stir in the flour and let it brown slightly, then pour in the water, stirring it until it thickens. Put in the chopped meat, and season with salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. As soon as it is very hot, serve on slices of buttered toast.

FISH PYRAMIDS.—Pick any kind of cold fish free from bones, and skin and cut fine, put it into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of flour in a half teacupful of milk; season with pepper and salt, stir it until hot and thick, add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and arrange on slices of buttered toast, heaping it up in the center, pyramid shape. Smooth the sides with a knife, and garnish with parsley.

MUSHROOM TOAST.—Peel a quart of meadow mushrooms. If they are not small ones, cut them in quarters. Put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; season with salt and pepper, and cover the saucepan. Do not have the fire very hot, and stir them often for fifteen minutes. Then add half a pint of cream, and let them simmer five minutes longer, but not boil. Pour the mushrooms and gravy over nicely browned slices of toast.

MAIDA McL.

TO LET A COLD HAVE ITS OWN WAY is to assist in laying the foundation for Consumption. To cure the most stubborn cough or cold, you have only to use judiciously Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

book at the top of the bookcase? One stretches in a way that is perilous to muscles and sinews, and then looks around for an object on which to mount. An upholstered chair is too good to tread on, and a chair with a cane seat is not safe. Having experienced these hindrances a hundred times, it is strange that we so long neglect to get a proper stepping-place. I am delighted with a set of steps which combine beauty with utility, and cost so little that the amount shall not be told, lest you refuse to believe. But try to imitate them and see how cheap and useful they are. Show the picture to a smart man in a planing-mill, tell him the height you wish (my top step is seventeen inches from the floor), and have him cut out and fit together the parts,



year from Blenheim castle, now for so many years, must cover a large space on the wall of Windsor castle, where each time they are hung.

There is a curious legend among the French about the fleur-de-lis. They say that the flower grew upon the grave of a knight, and that his grave was opened, and it was found the root came from his lips.

use, season to the taste, then press the other slice of bread over it. Wrap your sandwiches in a Japanese paper napkin to keep them from the rest of the luncheon. You may have a salad by putting it into a jelly-tumbler and putting the cover on closely, so that it will be carried without spilling; and you may carry preserves, jellies, and even custard, in the same way.



but do not fasten them till you carve the ends, or decorate them with scorched work. The steps look well embellished with a strip of red leather, pinked on the lower edge, and tacked in place with brass-headed nails. My steps are black walnut, carved in slight relief. I would not sell them for ten dollars, though they cost only—but that I am not going to tell! K. K.

Our Household.

GOOD LIVING AT SMALL COST.

AS IN the past economy was a household god not to be despised, so to-day how to make its acquaintance a practical benefit is the cause of many sleepless nights and aching brains. Constant forethought is the keynote, without which "Take ye no thought for the morrow" would be taken literally, and the evil day of settlement be a surety.

How to sustain a large family well with a limited income can best be solved in profiting by the experience of others, for in this way most of our knowledge is gained.

It is my purpose to give in as few words as possible the table economy of an experienced housewife with a family of seven to care for, in hopes that thus I may be able to lighten somewhat the heart of some burdened sister. Without giving a



bill of fare for each day, I will give the cost of materials, quantity, and manner of preparation, for we must remember that there is also economy of time and labor, which must be considered in the preparation of food for a family.

The meats will first be considered, for that is where we are easiest tempted to extravagance. If upon Saturday, which is generally baking-day, and a good fire needed, a fifty-cent piece of beef is purchased, instead of shank-bone, and a good, substantial soup prepared, the meat can be made to serve for several meals in different forms. For the soup, put the meat into a pot of boiling water, add a little salt, and allow it to boil three or four hours, adding a little water as it boils away; remove the meat, thicken with potatoes cut in small pieces, and small white beans which have been previously cooked in a separate vessel. (A pinch of soda in the water in which the beans are cooked will prevent the unpleasant feeling occasioned by eating this vegetable.) Just before serving, season to taste with butter, pepper and salt, a little egg-thickening made by mixing flour and cold water to a smooth paste, and an egg beaten into it; stir constantly when adding to the soup, and boil. Some of the meat can be served for supper, cut in thin slices; some cut up fine and mixed with water and cut-up potatoes, boiled, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, and thickened slightly with flour, after which it must boil. Or if a drier hash is desired, which can be served on toast, less water and more potatoes are necessary. The remaining piece of meat cut in small bits, mix with cracker-crumbs, season, and stir in a well-beaten egg; mold in a roll, bake until a nice brown; a little water and butter should be around the meat when



baking. When cold, slice thin. This is a nice way to serve remains of fish, liver or chicken.

A good substitute for meat is

PONDS.—

- 1 pound of good sausage,
- 1 pound of good pudding,
- 4 quarts of water,
- Corn-meal to thicken.

Put the meat into cold water, and boil until it can be broken into particles; season highly with pepper and salt, and add corn-meal until the spoon will stand up when stuck in the middle, cook until all the raw taste of the meal disappears. Put into bread-pans to cool; when ready to use, turn out, cut in thin slices, and fry crisp, like mush. This quantity will make three meals for seven people, and in cold weather can be kept for days.

WHITE PUDDING.—

- 4 pounds good suet, chopped fine,
- 4 pounds of flour, and one pint extra.

Chop suet, and mix well with the flour; season highly with pepper, salt and ground cinnamon. Put away in crocks or buckets until used. One good pint of the mixture tied in a stout piece of muslin is sufficient for a meal; boil, and when it presses as though the water had penetrated, turn out

on a plate and set in the oven until a nice crust forms on top. Serve very warm, else it becomes unpalatable. Some put it into skins, which is very nice, but much trouble.

When the remains of a turkey are not sufficient for a second meal, cut stale bread into small bits, seasoning with butter, salt and pepper and the cold gravy; mix with the meat which has been cut from the bones, cut into bits, and warm in the oven. We think this second meal the best.

These rules provide a variety of meats with very small outlay.

Dried beef, which comes put up in tin boxes, for twenty-five cents, is very refreshing, either served in the delicate bits, cold, or warmed in butter or cooked with eggs.

Any one of these meats for breakfast, with potatoes cooked in one of the numerous ways of which they are capable of being served, or mush and cream, or any of the many cereals which can be bought for a trifle, are good. Bread and coffee are good enough for the best of mankind. If warm cakes are preferred, the following will be found inexpensive as well as good:

WAFFLES.—

- 3 pints of flour,
- 1 teaspoonful of salt,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of baking-powder,
- 1½ tablespoonfuls of lard, worked well into the flour,
- 2½ pints of milk,
- 2 eggs.

DROP BISCUITS.—

- 1 quart of sifted flour,
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder,
- 1 teaspoonful of salt,
- 1 pint of milk,
- Butter size of an egg.

Drop into well-greased gem-pans, and bake in a quick oven.

GRAHAM GEMS.—

- 3 pints of Graham flour,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of baking-powder,
- 1 egg,
- A pinch of salt.

Beat well, and bake in hot gem-pans.

Corn-meal gems are made in the same way.

M. E. SMITH.

FOR THIN WOMEN.

Thin women should dress to conceal their angles and to keep their bones in the background. Plain bodices which permit the collar-bones to reveal their presence, tight sleeves which announce the existence of sharp elbows, and backs calling attention to conspicuous shoulder-blades, are all to be avoided.

In order to give herself the appearance of gracious roundness of figure, the thin woman should have skirts that flare as much as fashion will permit. Skirt skirts make her look like an exclamation-point. She should wear bodices shirred at the neck and at the waist, allowing fullness over the bust. The sleeves should be full to a point below the elbow, in order to avoid a display of sharpness at that crucial point. If wrist-bones are prominent,

long cuffs or frills of lace should help to conceal the painful fact. Collars should not be plain, but they should be gathered or laid in folds.

BEWARE OF FRUIT-SKINS.

Fruit-skins carry germs, and are no more intended for human sustenance than potato-skins, melon-rinds or pea-pods. The bloom of the peach is a luxuriant



growth of microbes, that of grape only less so, and when these skins are taken into the stomach they find more favorable conditions for their lively and rapid development, which cause the decay of the fruit before it is possible to digest it. This is the reason many persons think they cannot eat raw fruit. If they would in all cases discard the skin, they could derive only good from the fruit itself. Nature provides the skin for the protection of the fruit from the multitude of germs which are ever ready to attack it, as is evidenced

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

To cleanse dairy utensils, such as churns and milk pans, dissolve Ivory Soap in warm water, then wash the articles and rinse well. The Ivory Soap will leave neither odor nor taste.

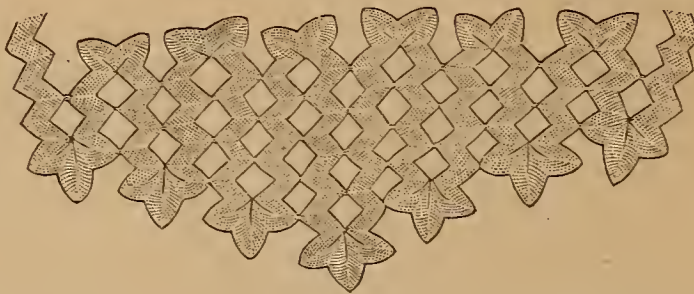
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

when the skin is bruised or broken in any way. The microbes at once begin their work of decay, and the fruit is unfit for food. Children are chief offenders in respect to this rule, and should be carefully watched and frequently cautioned. A daintiness as to the condition of fruit should be cultivated to prevent its being eaten unripe or too old, on the verge of decay. Remember that it is sweet and ripe fruit, in prime condition only, that is recommended.—*Philadelphia Times*.

TO DRIVE AWAY FLIES.

Housekeepers are always glad of any information that will help them to conquer those enemies of their summer's peace—flies. Here are two items that experience has proved of use in the battle:

We all know how flies settle upon a screen door in rainy weather, or those of the kitchen in any weather, waiting for an opportunity to slip in as soon as it is opened. If a cloth dipped into kerosene is rubbed over the outer side of the wire and



frame of the screen the flies will not settle upon it. They do not like kerosene. One application will usually prove effective for several days.

The other agent—oil of lavender—is for the purpose of disposing of such of the enemy as have already gained an entrance to the house. Darken all the windows but one. The flies will soon congregate upon that, for flies enjoy sunshine as thoroughly as moths detest it. Now with an atomizer spray the window-casing with the oil of lavender, and either leave the open bottle upon the sill or saturate a small cloth with some of it. The flies will soon become stupefied, and can then be brushed down and disposed of. If an atomizer is not at hand, rub the casing with the saturated cloth. It is also a good plan to rub the oil over any place that the flies particularly like to light upon. A hanging-lamp has often a great attraction for them, but if the shade and chains are rubbed over with the oil they will not light upon it.

FLY-PAPER.

The world's supply of sticky fly-paper comes from Michigan. There are several small factories, but the one great producer is a single factory employing about six hundred hands all the year round, which ships its product to every land. The factory is surrounded by a high picket fence, and sentinels are on watch night and day to keep intruders out. The most intimate friends of the proprietors are never invited to enter the premises. The preparation is not patented nor copyrighted, as to gain the protection of the government they would have to name the ingredients

that go into the sticky formula, and that would give trade pirates a chance to operate. Only the proprietors know the formula, which they mix in secret, allowing no employee to be present, and they have successfully guarded this secret for over twenty years. None but the most trustworthy men are employed, but even the most trusted employee in one department is never allowed to learn more than one branch of the business, nor visit any department but his own, but when once engaged, has substantially a life job.

POINTED BRAID TRIMMING.

As so much more muslin underwear is worn in these days of thin dresses, we are glad to go back to some of the old-time trimmings that better stand the ravages of



the laundry. For edging skirts these will be found very durable.

ODDITIES OF MARRIAGE.

Half the weddings in the country are celebrated on Wednesday and Thursday. Saturday has more than the average number. Friday is not a favorite, as few marriages are celebrated on that day. Widowers are more inclined to marry than bachelors, and widows more inclined than spinsters. Both facts are eloquently in favor of the comparative advantage of matrimony. For one bachelor that marries between the ages of fifty and fifty-five, seven widowers remarry between these ages. These are marriages out of an equal number of each class. The actual number of bachelors married will be the greatest, only in proportion as they exceed by seven to one the actual number of widowers living at these ages. Under the same conditions, for every spinster married between thirty and sixty-five, two widows are remarried.

A HINT ON MENDING.

To mend neatly a very large hole in fine woven underwear, baste a piece of netting over the opening and darn over it. When finished, cut close the edges of net uncovered. Thus mended, the garments will be stronger than when new, and look far neater than if darned in the ordinary way.—*Brooklyn Times*.

Secure Reliable Strong

easy to hook; easy to unhook;
if you do the hooking and unhooking.
Can't let go itself.
The DeLong Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?

Richardson & DeLong Bros.,
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Also makers of the

CUPID Hairpin.

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Refreshments

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Handy Tablet

requires neither sugar nor
spoon to make healthful
and refreshing drinks the
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Sample Box, 10 cents.



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Our Sunday Afternoon.

SOME TIME.

Some time, some day, the dark clouds will be
rifted,
Some time will the pain from this sad life be
sifted,
And hearts aching now will with joy be up-
lifted,
Some time, some day.

Some time, some day, thro' the bitterness
springing,
Will fountains of light sweet heart-peace be
bringing,
Clear skies, soft winds, and sweet wild birds
winging,
Some time, some day.

Some times, some days, there are burdens of
sorrow;
Be patient, dear heart; faith hath light—we
may borrow,
The Savior holds for us a golden to-morrow,
Some time, some day.

Some time, some day, this drear earth will be
vernal,
There'll be rest, sweet rest, on fair hills eternal;
For sorrowing hearts there'll be joys supernal,
Some time, some day.

—Gertrude Judson.

ONLY FORTY CENTS FOR THE HEIRS.

A STRIKING illustration of the manner in which a large estate may be literally eaten in the process of probate was given recently in the probate department in the superior court of Los Angeles county, California.

In December, 1870, Encarnacion Bucina died in Los Angeles, leaving an estate valued at twenty thousand dollars, which has been in the courts on litigation ever since, dragging along until it was almost forgotten by those who had originally instituted the proceedings.

When the public administrator came into the court a few days ago to file his accounts and settle the business of the estate, it was found that after all claims and costs of administration had been allowed, there was but forty cents left to be divided among the heirs.

During the time that has elapsed since the death of Bucina all of the heirs had either died or left the country, and there being no claimant for the remnant of the competency, the judge, after mature deliberation, ordered the full amount turned into the county treasury, thereby closing the account.

There have been numerous cases where large estates have dwindled into insignificance after they had passed through the hands of the administrators, but this is believed to be the first on record where the entire property has been consumed in the mere matter of paying routine legal expenses where there has been no particular contest and no charge of dishonesty on the part of those who had the matter in charge.

START THINGS RIGHT.

Thelwall once said to Coleridge: "I think it is unfair to influence the minds of children by inculcating opinions before they shall come to the years of discretion so they may choose for themselves." Coleridge made no reply, but asked his friend to visit his garden. When inside he said: "This is my botanical garden."

"How can that be," asked Thelwall, "for it is all overgrown with weeds?"

"Oh," said Coleridge, "that is only because my garden has not come to the age of discretion. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil in favor of roses, berries and delicious fruits."

You get nothing good out of a garden till you put something good in. There must be seed or there are sure to be weeds. Do not make a mistake. The word of God must be planted in the heart if good results are to be attained. A precious harvest only comes from sowing precious seed, and caring for it after it is sown.—*The Christian*.

ARMENIAN MARTYRDOM.

There have been more martyrs in Turkey in the recent massacres than the total number in the first three centuries—50,000 massacred; 400,000 homeless, 21 pastors killed, with horrible tortures in some cases. Only one Protestant pastor denied the faith. In the midst of all the horrors, the diminished contributions of the American supporters have necessitated a cut of one half in the meager support of the work, to its inestimable harm.—*Missionary D. A. Richardson*.

AN AGE OF ADULTERATION.

Commissioner Wells, of the dairy and food department of Pennsylvania, has made a comprehensive investigation of food products with reference to the presence of adulterations. Among those which he found sophisticated are the following:

Allspice, which often is mainly composed of ground and roasted cocoanut-shells; baking-powder; beef, wine and iron prepared as a tonic; butter, buckwheat flour, candy, catchup, cider, cheese, cinnamon, cloves (the latter made almost entirely from ground cocoanut-shells, the odor and taste of cloves being scarcely perceptible); coffee, consisting chiefly of coffee screenings or damaged coffee, but sold at a high price as a pure article; fresh "Java," made from wheat and barley hulls, roasted with sugar and containing no coffee; codfish, not codfish at all—merely cheap dried fish; cream of tartar adulterated with flour; flaxseed adulterated with starch; fruit "butters," such as apple-butter, peach-butter, etc., very seldom pure, being adulterated with starch waste and salicylic acid; the same is true of grated pineapple; ginger, adulterated with ash, rice-hulls, rice flour and cayenne pepper; lard; maple syrup, made from commercial glucose, thinned with about twenty per cent of water; mixed spices, orange-juice, lemon-oil, lemon phosphate, molasses, mustard, olive-oil, pepper vinegar, vanilla extract, all kinds of preserves, extract of strawberries, and tea. To add to the deception, a few apple-seeds are scattered through the so-called fruit jams, or timothy or other seeds are added to the mixture to represent raspberry, strawberry, etc.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

AN UNEXPLORED MOUNTAIN.

Among the many objects of interest that have been brought to light by the Anglo-Venezuelan dispute, there is perhaps none that claims quite so much attention from the scientific world as the so-called mountain of Roraima. Situated in the southwestern corner of Sir Robert Schomburgk's alleged boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela, this wonderful geographical phenomenon, although long known, has elicited but little interest. In point of fact, however, it is a veritable scientific sphinx, the message of whose riddle has come down intact and unread from far geological epochs to the present time. This stupendous mountain, or isolated tableland, which the native Indians call Roraima, or the mysterious, rises high in solitary grandeur above the surrounding mountain system, its perpendicular rocky sides rendering it absolutely inaccessible to the foot of man or beast. Crowning this impregnable fortress of nature is a tract of territory estimated to contain upward of one hundred and forty square miles. Unlike other inaccessible mountain summits of the world, this elevated region is no mere wilderness of snow-capped ridges. On the contrary, all the indications, including the positive evidence of the telescope, point to its being covered with forests, intersected with rivers fed from lakes, and to its possessing a climate that must, in the nature of things, be temperate—that is, neither wintry, despite its altitude, nor tropical, despite its equatorial position. It is to be hoped that science will not much longer delay in vesting from it the secret it has inclosed and been waiting to divulge through many ages. The possible result would justify almost any cost that may be incurred in pursuance of this object.

ONE SIN.

There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body; one sin destroys the soul.

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous the man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin, Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all of his hopes. The strength of a chain is measured, not by the strongest, but by its weakest link, for if the weakest snaps, of what use is the rest? Satan is a close observer, and knows exactly where our weak points are; we have need of very much watchfulness,

and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not. Either our pride or our sloth, our ignorance, our anger or our lust would prove our ruin, unless grace interposed; any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yea, our virtues and graces might be the gate of entrance to our enemies. O Jesus! if thou hast indeed bought me with thy blood, be pleased to keep me by thy power, even unto the end.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

THE INEFFICIENCY OF WORDS.

The wife who would depend upon her words alone to express her love and her allegiance to her husband has a very poor medium of expression. It is the little acts, the constant thoughtfulness, the unselfish caretaking, that shows her affection. And so with us. We ought, many of us, to speak more earnestly in prayer-meeting, to take a more active part in the public services. But there is a life that speaks more distinctly than words in a prayer-meeting. It is the basket left at the door of the poor. It is the kneeling form at the bedside of the dying. It is the extended hand held out to the stranger. It is the beaming face reflecting the love of Christ. And the church member who depends entirely upon words for expression of his love for God or man, or his allegiance to his church, is a very shallow church member, however finely he may speak, and however beautifully combined his sentences may be. He loves God most who acts most like him, does most for him.

ANYTHING.

A Babylonish garment or a wedge of gold, hidden, will bring failure where we expected victory. Anything allowed in the heart which is contrary to the will of God, let it seem ever so insignificant, or be ever so deeply under cover, will cause us to fail in time of trial. Any root of bitterness, any ill feeling cherished toward another, any self-seeking, any meanness or harsh judgments indulged in, any slackness in obeying the voice of the Holy Spirit, any doubtful habits or surroundings, any lust, lying or looseness, anything in any way out of perpendicular, will weaken, and if indulged in will cripple and paralyze our spiritual life. Our blessed guide, the abiding and indwelling Holy Spirit, is always quietly and secretly discovering these things unto us, so we see them and know them to avoid them, and be without excuse and without blame. Anything contrary to his will—we should put away—everything, anything.—*King's Messenger*.

WELL ANSWERED.

"The infidel sneeringly remarks, 'Two thirds of the church members of this country are women.' We do not see anything in this of which the country need be ashamed. Put over against this another fact; out of 45,000 convicts in our state prisons, more than 43,000 are men. Now, where should the sneer be placed?"

Yes, and the writer might have safely said that the great majority of men in our state prisons do not come from the church-going class, but quite to the contrary. When a well-known Christian disgraces his profession and goes to prison, how all the scoffing, sneering tribe dilate and magnify that fact! When a notorious unbeliever commits a crime, it excites comparatively little remark. Why? Simply and only because unbelievers themselves expect Christianity to make a man better than infidelity can. Behold the unconscious tribute that unbelief must pay to the Christian religion, because it cannot help it.

NOT AT REST.

Why does the skeptic ever insist on talking about a religion which he says is a fable? Why does the stock-broker ever and unceasingly talk up a bad lot left on his hands? Why did the foes of our Master refuse to be satisfied until not only the victim of their hate was crucified and buried, but a seal must be placed on his grave, and a guard patrol the tomb by night? They could not hush those mutterings of fear and remorse. There may not be a breath of wind, yet there comes to the silent ship resting on the silent ocean a ground-swell that ever rocks it, but not to repose. Thus men try to seal down their sins, and lock the sepulcher, that they cannot disturb their peace, but all in vain.—*Presbyterian*.



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Read at once the particulars on page 19.

Inflicted with **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

Selections.

DAINTY POWDER-PUFFS.

A NEW count in the indictment against woman in the matter of her craving for plumage ornamentation is found in the way in which it is said the needs of her dressing-table are supplied.

An English journal warns the Loudon ladies that their powder-puffs, those airy necessities of the toilet, are heavy with the blood of slaughtered innocents.

It is stated that as many as twenty thousand young swans—cygnets, as they are called—are killed every year to supply this dainty fluff, to say nothing of innumerable young birds of the eider duck and wild goose variety. The bulk of these are imported—the swan and geese from the islands of the Baltic and from Norway and Sweden, and the eiders from the northern and more ice-bound seas.

One cygnet will make nearly a dozen average-sized "puffs," which shows how many women must be, to a greater or less extent, addicted to the use of powder.

The puff trade is highly profitable, as may be judged from the fact that the down of cygnet costs a little more than twenty-five cents, the poor creature often being plucked alive, so that it may bear another crop, while the puffs are sold at from seventy-five cents upward, nicely mounted in bone and blue or pink satin, which adjuncts amount to comparatively nothing.

The ladies of Paris and Vienna are the largest consumers of puffs, owing chiefly to their fastidiousness in casting aside puffs as soon as they lose their pristine delicacy.

A FAIR BICYCLIST'S TACT.

I saw an exhibition of tact the other day that is worthy of record in the archives of the nation. It was in front of a drug-store. A young woman physician came riding up on her bicycle, dismounted, and disappeared into the shop, leaving her bicycle leaning against a tree. The champion bad boy of that end of the town happened along with the crowd of admiring satellites the badness of a boy always attracts, and proceeded to have fun with that wheel. The young doctor heard the jangle of her bell, and appeared on the threshold of the shop. The bad boy grinned with the bravado which is the admiration of every other boy in the street. The young woman called to him, and then drawing him aside, I heard her say, confidentially:

"Now, you are the biggest boy out here, and I'd like to leave my bicycle in your care for a few minutes. Just see to it, won't you, that none of the little boys bother with it?"

She went into the shop again, and the bad boy—well, if you had touched that bicycle it would have been over his dead body.

SHOE-SHINING PARLORS.

Mrs. M. L. Edson, of Chicago, one day found herself down town with shamefully muddy boots. There was no place for her to go to have them cleaned unless she cared to make herself conspicuous by taking a chair at one of the street stands. An idea struck her. She made a canvass of the large buildings where many women were employed, and received such assurances of patronage that she rented a vacant store-room on Adams street, equipped it with ten stands, hired ten neat, expert boys, and hung out a sign, "Ladies' and Gents' Boot-blackening Parlor." The enterprise was a success from the start, women hailing it as a long-felt want. Mrs. Edson has now opened a second and larger parlor, and, according to a local paper, it is not an unusual thing to see a dozen well-dressed women having their shoes oiled, meanwhile reading the newspapers, which are furnished gratis.—*Women's Journal*.

ORIGINAL ALARM-CLOCKS.

Mr. Rockhill, in his "Diary of a Journey Through Mongolia and Tibet," mentions a curiously ingenious device sometimes employed by Mongolian letter-carriers. These carriers make very long journeys on foot, and within a time which allows them only the briefest intervals for an occasional nap. To insure themselves against oversleeping, therefore, they tie a piece of joss-stick to one of their thumbs, light it and lie down to rest. When the stick burns down to the flesh, the pain awakens them, and they resume their journey.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF FLORIDA AND THE TALLAHASSEE HILL COUNTRY.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., July 15, 1896.

Florida has a population of 500,000, an area of 37,000,000 acres of land, about 20,000,000 acres of which are fertile, arable soils, awaiting only the sturdy hand of the husbandman to transform them into productive, prosperous farms.

The assessed aggregate real and personal property of the state is about \$100,000,000. She has 3,000 miles of railway lines and 3,000 miles of navigable waterways upon which to transport the product of her mines, her forests, her fields and her groves to the markets of the world; a coast line on the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico of about 1,400 miles, upon which sit in their majesty a number of cities on the finest harbors in America. Her watercourses contain latent power in sufficient volume to drive the machinery of hundreds of manufacturing which only await the capitalist and artisan to utilize them in the employment of labor and the adding to her aggregate wealth.

The marketable products of Florida are now about \$60,000,000, and increasing every year; timber and lumber head the list, followed by phosphate, cigars and tobacco. Cereals and oranges stood about equal; the latter now, however, will drop to a small crop for about three years. Thousands are now turning their attention to extensive and diversified farming. There were complaints last year, the first year after the freeze, but it was rather the complaint of inexperience than otherwise, as the sequel this year clearly shows. The day of the orange may come again, but it will never again stand alone as the representative of the product of the state; it must divide with the pineapple, the banana, the cocoanut, the mango, the pear, the peach, the plum, the hundreds of other varieties of fruits, as well as the product of the farm, the field and the market garden.

The wonderful fertility of the soils of Florida is unsurpassed by any other portion of the known world. The major portion of these deposits is not the result of the overflow of great streams like the Mississippi or the Nile, but gradual deposits of organic matter, the accumulation of years, fitted for the purposes and uses for which the lands are now being bought, by the development of the husbandman. Although the major portion of the soils of Florida is what is known as sandy soil, Middle and Northern Florida have quite a different soil and topography.

As far back as 1823, one of the first American visitors to the then newly acquired domain in Florida, having occasion to examine and report critically upon these lands, made the following report of Middle Florida: "In appearance it is entirely unlike any part of the United States near the seaboard. Instead of being a plain of unvaried surface, it resembles the highlands about the falls of the rivers of the Atlantic states, and is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, threaded by limpid, purling streams, and rendered picturesque by the number of lakes whose pure water reflect the forests of oak that clothe the sides of the hills down to their margins, affording beautiful situations for country residences, where the natural groves of oak, hickory, hick, and magnolia surpass in magnificence the proudest parks of English nobility. The soils of these uplands bear a strong resemblance to that of the best of Prince George county, Maryland; the face of the country, in fact, is not unlike that of the south side of the Potomac opposite Washington."

The Middle Florida crops are composed of every variety of field crops except wheat, principally corn, cotton, potatoes, oats, rye, peas, ground-peas, syrup, hay; hogs, beef, butter and cheese, including all varieties. The South Florida crop is for market garden—beans, cabbage, cucumbers, egg-plant, lettuce, onions, English peas, Irish potatoes, tomatoes, with specialties of oranges, berries, tomatoes, melons, pineapples, bananas, cocoanut, guava, grape-fruit. Besides the market garden, they can raise, and many are now raising, the regular field crops as well.

Middle Florida has now millions of dollars invested in the tobacco industry, and is growing a fine variety of Sumatra leaf, for which fancy prices are obtained.

Money is being realized all the while from the dairy business, some of the dairies turning their undivided attention now to full cream cheese, from which fancy returns are realized. It is estimated that Florida's melon crop will be 3,000 cars. They are now going to market, but as yet no returns are at hand.

Much attention is being paid to immigration and colonization throughout the state, and people are coming and going from every state in the Union. Our limited space in this article precludes anything further than a casual mention of the topic, which will be handled in a future article.

Our weather so far has been fine. We have certainly been without the desolating storms and tornadoes that have devastated some sections of the North and West. While it is warm in the sun, there is always a refreshing breeze. Florida has not a cosmopolitan population; the culture of the North and West has engrafted itself upon society, and in our cities, towns, villages and hamlets are to be found the environment of modern civilization, intelligence, refinement and energy. The time

is not far distant when she will hold the proud position she is destined to hold—the brightest star in the Union. W. G. POWELL.

WILL INVEST IN FLORIDA LAND.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., July 2, 1896.

Mr. T. G. Webber, of Montana, who is now on a visit to the Tallahassee country, furnishes the *Floridian* the following signed article. Mr. Webber says:

"I have been in Tallahassee for about a week, coming here direct from my home in Montana. I am a cattleman, and have been in the cattle-raising business in Montana for the past seven years. I have been all over the Tallahassee country, having been accorded to the fullest extent every facility to look the country over to my entire satisfaction, every courtesy and facility that could be asked or expected having been extended me. I have taken advantage of it to make close observations, not only of the character of the surrounding country, but of the soils, climate, products, water, its adaptability for stock and cattle raising, together with the present and prospective advantages had or to be derived here.

"I am impressed with a great many advantages to be had here over other sections of the country, especially so as compared with the Northwest. The descriptions of this section which had come to my notice before coming here are not only fully borne out, but as a matter of fact they are inadequate, as the hill country of Florida will have to be seen to be fully appreciated. I find the character of the country gently rolling, well watered with running streams and beautiful lakes. Drinking-water I find to be cool, wholesome and refreshing; indeed, the water of the city of Tallahassee is as fine drinking-water as I have ever drank anywhere. The soils are good, though susceptible of improvement by a moderate use of fertilization, as no fertilizers are used in this section. I find a variety of products, with an abundant yield. The country is susceptible of making a fine beef-cattle range, there being an abundant supply of grasses, furnishing green pasturage for cattle the year round, with the possible exception of sixty or eighty days before the opening of early spring. This statement can better be appreciated when it is understood that our cattle in the far West have to feed on dry grasses from the first of November to the first of June; indeed, with a little care in the matter of pasturage here, cattle can be kept at slaughter-pen condition the year round. The amount of pasturage required in my section of the country for one head, will here, with proper attention, sustain ten.

"I do not find a special strain of beef-cattle here, the majority of the cattle being confined to dairy purposes, selling only their 'scalawag' surplus to the slaughter-pen. In my opinion a cross of Herefords with the native dams would make an excellent beef-cattle strain for this section, out of which good money could be made, as the demand for beef-cattle is good. Cattle thrive well the year round, there being no special season for calving, and I am really surprised to find so few cattle pests. I am told that I am here during what is known as your annual last of June and first of July hot spell, said to be the hottest part of the season; and while it is warm in the sun, there is usually a good breeze from the Gulf, and the refreshing showers make the climate, to say the least, more comfortable and pleasant than one would expect to find in Florida in July.

I find the country exceptionally well watered for stock and cattle, and am impressed with the variety of crops that are annually taken from the soils. The lands here will compare favorably with anything I have seen between the Canada border and the Florida line, and the prices are as reasonable as any one could expect to find; indeed, they rule more reasonable than I had expected to find them, being cheaper than lands along the line of the Northern Pacific railway, in the Northwest.

As to the facilities extended to me for the purpose of looking over the country, I would not like to give any statement of my visit for publication without adding a commendation of the parties who have given me these facilities and extended the courtesies, which has been done through the Tallahassee office of the Clark Syndicate Companies, who have done everything that could be asked, in order that I might see the entire country for the making of a thorough examination. In my opinion, the future of this section is very bright. I shall invest.

(Signed) THOS. G. WEBBER.

A HOME IN FLORIDA.

A Letter sent to the *Telegraph*, of Germantown, Pa.:

For many years a vast amount has been written about Florida, and tens of thousands of people have located in this state; but four out of five of them were directly or indirectly engaged in the growing of tropical fruits—an industry in which were invested millions of dollars of hard cash and an equal amount represented by hard labor, and when the top round of the ladder of success was almost reached, then came the disastrous freeze of less than two years ago, and in one night an estimated loss of nearly one hundred millions of dollars blighted the hopes of thousands of

investors and toiling ones, killing to the ground millions of orange, lemon, grape-fruit, and other fruit-bearing tropical trees that had been properly cared for and nursed for many years. Thousands of interested people were naturally disheartened and discouraged, it being truly the most severe financial blow ever received by the state. However, in one sense it has not proved so disastrous, as people have naturally turned their attention to other industries and to other neglected sections of the state, and they have learned that in Western Florida is a section devoted to general farming, and where so many of the natural conditions are so much like their former homes in the North. That section is in Leon County, in which is located Tallahassee, the capital of the state. It is several hundred feet above the Gulf of Mexico, only twenty miles away. The land is clay, and originally covered with oak, hickory, hick, and other hard-wood timber. The land is rolling, being a hill-and-dale country, with good water, fine, hard roads as is found in any clay country, and productive soil, producing good crops of corn, cotton, oats, rye and other grains without the aid of commercial fertilizers; and the most surprising fact in the case is the low price at which these lands can be obtained, being from ten dollars per acre up, owing to the distance from the capital. They are old plantation lands, and are now being divided up and placed on the market for the first time since the war. Having lived in several places in the state, and traveled over nearly the entire portion, I say without fear of successful contradiction, that for diversity of products, elevation and health, this Leon County section is superior to any other portion of the state, and should any who read this desire additional information regarding a home for profit, or to regain their health, or prolong life, I will cheerfully give any information within my power.

Tallahassee, Fla.

L. D. SNOOK.

PROFITS OF PEACH-RAISING.

An exchange thus speaks of the profitability of peach-raising in Georgia: "Fifty thousand dollars from 200 acres, or \$250 per acre, and that net! The cost of the land, the trees, the planting, and the cultivation into bearing did not exceed one-fifth of the return from one crop. The same 200-acre peach orchard has returned to the owner fully \$125,000 in four years, and in one of those years occurred the total failure of a crop, while in another year only a partial crop was raised. Nor is this profit confined to large growers. The small growers have done as well, if not better. One grower, with an orchard of less than eight acres, sold his crop on the trees for \$2,500, or more than \$300 per acre. Another small grower sold his crop on one acre for \$500, while the buyer said that he made \$600 on the transaction. One man gathered and packed seven crates from one tree in his garden, and sold them for \$15, or at the rate of \$1,500 per acre. Last year W. O. Tift, of Tifton, sold peaches in New York at \$12 per bushel."

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

Round-trip excursions to Tallahassee, Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati have been arranged for the following dates: August 17th and 18th, September 1st and 15th and October 6th and 20th. The tickets are good for thirty days, and the fare from Chicago is \$29.80, and from Cincinnati, \$22.80.

We leave Chicago either by the "Big Four" or the "Monon" routes, and from Cincinnati we leave over the "Queen and Crescent."

We pass by daylight through the beautiful blue-grass region, and make almost an entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to Florida, giving one a most excellent opportunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincinnati and join our excursion, go to your nearest ticket agent and get through rates from him on the special excursion days. Then, if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our own railroad lines while you are visiting Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, and the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston, at low excursion rates, which includes meals and berth on board steamer. For special rates by water from these eastern points address the steamship companies at either New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

For any further information regarding excursions to the Tallahassee hill country, address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Dog-days.—R. T. H., Acton, N. C. Various dates, from July 3d to August 11th, are given for the first dog-day, and various durations, from thirty to fifty-four days.

Tobacco Culture.—F. E. W., Mt. Freedom, N. J. Send to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for farmers' bulletin on "Tobacco Culture."

Ice.—E. H. B., Concordia, Kansas. It would require a treatise to answer your questions to give full instructions for putting up ice on a large scale. Send to Orange Judd Co., New York, for "The Ice Crop," by T. H. Hiles. Price one dollar.

Rambouillet Merino.—J. F. F., Van Cleave, Ky. The Rambouillet Merino was developed from the Spanish Merino by the French. It is a large-bodied animal, growing a long, fine wool. They have large wrinkles about the neck, smooth bodies, and are easy to shear.

Cut Bones for Poultry.—M. F. P., Williamsburg, Ohio, writes: "Where can I buy cut green bones for poultry?"

REPLY:—We do not know where you can buy the bones cut and prepared for poultry feed. The machines are advertised in this paper. In towns and villages a poultryman with a good machine might do considerable business preparing cut bone for market.

Moles—Squash-vines Dying.—C. Z., Hurlock, Md., and G. K., Waterville, Kan. Moles may be trapped or poisoned. Probably you can get a good trap from your hardware merchant. Carefully open a new run. Soak two balls of cotton the size of a hen's egg with bisulphid of carbon. Place one in each end of the run, and close up tightly. From description given it is evident that your squash-vines were destroyed by the squash-vine borer after it was too late to do anything to save them.

To Kill Ants.—C. W., Oakland City, Mo., writes: "Please tell how to keep ants out of cellars. Ants of all kinds infest my cellar."

REPLY:—Trap them in sponges moistened with sweetened water. Drop the sponges into hot water. Repeat until all are destroyed. If you can find the nests or ant-hills, there is an easier way: Into each nest pour about one fourth ounce of bisulphid of carbon and cover closely all openings. The vapor of this volatile liquid will quickly penetrate to every part of the nest and kill every ant.

Cheap Paints.—M. J. E., North Springfield, Ohio. It is said that water-lime, mixed with skimmed milk to the proper consistency to use, makes a paint which will adhere as well to wood, stone or brick which have not been previously painted as the best oil-paint. Or mix the water-lime with crude petroleum. Color may be given by the addition of ochre or Venetian red, made to a paste in milk, or other colors dissolved in alcohol. A white paint may be made by mixing two ounces of fresh-slaked lime with skimmed milk to a paste; then add two quarts of milk, stir, and sift in five pounds of whiting.

Oats for Pig Feed.—C. S. M., Campbellsburg, Ind., writes: "I desire to know something of the value of oats as a hog food. Are they good for growing pigs? Will they produce fat? How is the best way to feed them? Oats are very cheap, and I thought perhaps I could realize more by feeding them to hogs than by selling at the low price."

REPLY:—Corn is a fat-producing and oats a flesh-forming food. A mixture would be the right thing for growing pigs. Grind a mixture of one bushel of corn and two bushels of oats. Make a slop of the meal, and you will have a ration on which pigs will thrive.

Spring Wheat.—L. P. U., New Lyme, O., writes: "Will spring wheat do well in Ashtabula county? I would like to try it, but have never heard of it being raised around here."

REPLY:—Winter wheat is far more reliable for Ohio than spring wheat. The writer has seen experiments with spring wheat in central Ohio, and the results showed that it was far inferior for this latitude and climate than winter wheat. It ripened later, usually in hot, dry weather, was not as well filled, and the yield per acre was less. If you try it, we suggest that you get the No. 1 hard wheat from the Northwest, and get new seed each year, as it seems to deteriorate after the first crop. Spring wheat from new seed each year might do fairly well in northern Ohio. Doubtless if you inquire diligently of the older farmers in your neighborhood you will learn that it has been tried in years past.

Cabbage-maggot.—J. M. G., Manchester, Pa., writes: "In this vicinity we are troubled with a small, white worm about half an inch long, found at the roots of our cabbage. They work themselves into the pith of the stem. The cabbage stops growing, gets yellowish gradually and dies. Over half in my garden is killed already, and destruction is going on steadily. What remedy or remedies can you suggest? What is the name of the worm?"

ANSWER:—The maggots which are destroying your cabbage are the larvae of the cabbage, radish or onion fly. Sometimes old garden-soil becomes so infested that it is almost impossible to raise radishes, onions and cabbage in it. Change of location is a simple preventive. Heavy applications of caustic lime to the soil will destroy the worms. Growing plants should receive applications of lime-water. Stake lime and mix it with liquid manure. Apply about a pint to each cabbage-plant. It will destroy every maggot it touches.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

About Pigs.—A. H. M., Wegan, Ind. I cannot tell you what is the matter with your pigs. Your information is too meager.

Milk Souring.—H. H., Humansville, Mo. If the milk of your cow is all right when milked, but sours afterward, the fault is not with the cow, but with the surroundings of the milk, milking-vessels, premises, etc., as the case may be.

Throws the Hay Out of the Manger.—A. R. S., Decatur, Mich. The habit of your horse of throwing the hay out of the manger while eating is a habit more or less indulged in by nearly all aged horses. Still, as no damage is done, I would not mind it if the horse prefers to eat the hay from the ground. Maybe the horse in that way finds it easier to pick out the best and to leave the poorest.

Wart (?) in the Mouth.—A. L. N., Gainesville, Ala. Have the wart, or rather, tumor, in your horse's mouth examined by a competent surgeon, and if he finds that the nature of the morbid growth and other conditions make it feasible to remove it, let him do it. It will require a surgical operation. If on examination it is not found advisable, or perhaps useless, to remove the tumor, do not unnecessarily irritate it, because any irritation is apt to hasten its growth.

Quite Deaf.—T. H. W., Grand Junction, Col. If your horse, which you admit is twelve years old, and which possibly may be much older, has become quite deaf during the last month (that means that during the last month you found out that he is deaf), I do not think that anything can be done, unless the cause is known, and is one that can be removed. Old horses, like old persons, will get hard of hearing, and sooner or later may lose their hearing altogether.

A Cutaneous Eruption.—E. R. B., Old Frame, Pa. The exact nature of the cutaneous eruption on the lower surface of the body of your horse does not appear from your communication. If the affected skin is not yet too much degenerated, and you can keep the horse in an absolutely clean and dry stall, where the diseased parts of the skin cannot get wet, you will probably succeed in effecting a cure, if you apply twice a day to the sore places a mixture composed of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts.

Probably Garget.—M. E. B., Cumberland, Md. What you describe has the appearance of a case of garget. Diligent milking, once every two hours, until the milk is normal again, constitutes the remedy, provided it is not too late when this reaches you. Still, a cow, especially a Jersey, that does not do as well as formerly after calving, and has trouble with her udder, always creates more or less suspicion of tuberculous, except it be that the cause of the trouble or of not doing well is known, and therefore must be looked upon as a fit subject for the tuberculin test.

Periodical Ophthalmia.—J. W., New Bern, Ala. Although you do not give any symptoms, there can be hardly any doubt that your mare suffers from periodical ophthalmia (so-called moon-blindness), because there is hardly any other eye disease that makes such repeated or periodical attacks as the one named. Although it must be considered as incurable, and will terminate in blindness, you may somewhat contribute to preserve the appearance of the eyes by applying now and then, when an attack is on, a little of an eye-water composed of atropin, one grain, and distilled water, one ounce. It is best applied by means of a so-called dropper.

Epizootic, or Infectious Ophthalmia.—C. S. W., Edgerton, Kan. What you inquire about is epizootic, or infectious inflammation of the eyes. Keep your cows as much as possible out of dusty places and out of the hot sun, and if in the stable, see to it that the latter is kept clean and well ventilated. When an attack is coming on, use two or three times a day an eye-water composed of corrosive sublimate, one part, dissolved in distilled water, one thousand parts, and apply it by means of a so-called dropper, which can be had in every drug-store. As long as no abscess formation takes place in the cornea (on the front surface of the eye) there is a good prospect that the eye will ultimately recover, and that the eyesight will be restored; but where an abscess is formed, which usually breaks, the eyesight is apt to be destroyed.

Acted as if Choking.—E. B., Cumberland, Wis. If your cow acted as if choked, immediately after she had eaten turnips, the diagnosis of your veterinarian was justified; and if at the post-mortem examination you did not find a turnip in the larynx or in the trachea (windpipe), it does not prove at all that the cow was not choked, because it is the esophagus (gullet), especially the chest portion of the same, in which in cases of choking the foreign body is lodged, and not the larynx, or throat, and the windpipe. It does not appear from your communication that the chest portion of the esophagus was examined at all at the post-mortem examination, which latter undoubtedly was made in a very superficial manner, because it revealed absolutely nothing that can be considered as a possible cause of death; consequently, everything of importance, no matter what the cause of death may have been, was overlooked.

Sudden Death.—J. M. P., Lenoir, N. C. I cannot tell you the cause of the sudden death of your cow. The only possible clue you give is the apparent paralysis or inability to stand before she died, which should have induced you to examine the brain and the spinal cord, in which, possibly, you might have found the cause of death—a blood-clot, for instance.

Bloody Murrain.—M. F., Kellyville, Texas. Bloody murrain is a term applied to several different diseases; so, for instance, in Texas it is often used as a synonym for Texas, or southern, cattle fever, while in England it is applied to a certain form of anthrax. The term murrain, it seems, simply means any fatal disease of cattle, and is probably derived from the Latin, and originally signifies dying. The term dry murrain is sometimes used as a synonym for impaction of the fourth stomach in cattle. Therefore, as I do not know in what sense you use the term murrain, I cannot comply with your request and tell you the cause, describe the symptoms and give the treatment.

Probably Swine-plague.—L. H., Salem, Ind. The disease among your pigs is probably swine-plague (so-called hog-cholera). Separate all those yet healthy from the sick ones, and remove the same (the healthy ones) to an uninfected piece of high and dry ground, on which all and every communication with the ones, indirect as well as direct, must cease. A good many things will kill lice on pigs, provided everything, for instance, bedding, manure, etc., in or on which lice and nits may have been deposited is carefully removed. A few good washes, three or four days apart, with a four or five per cent solution of creoline in water constitute a safe and effective remedy.

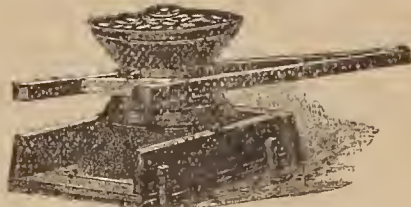
Possibly a Case of Mange.—A. C., Willetsville, Ohio. The symptoms you give are those of mange, but also occur in some other skin diseases of dogs. A differential diagnosis requires in all cases a very close and often even a microscopic examination. If the dog is not yet cachectic and emaciated, I would advise you to prepare the following liniment: Creoline (Pearson), one part, soft soap, one part, and alcohol of sixty per cent, ten parts, and to apply this (rub in) once a day on the affected parts of the skin. That at the same time the sleeping-place of the dog must be cleaned and be disinfected is self-evident. Although creoline is not poisonous, it may be well to keep the dog muzzled while under treatment. In about two or three weeks a cure will be effected, provided the treatment is properly attended to.

A Saliva Fistula.—J. W. B., West Middletown, Pa. You say, a year ago when lancing a distemper abscess of your colt, the Stenonian duct of the salivary gland beneath the ear (the parotis) was cut by accident, and that since then the opened duct has never closed, and that the saliva is constantly flowing out while the animal is eating. Such a condition is called a saliva fistula, and, as a rule, can be cured only by destroying the functions of the salivary glands, especially in such an old case as yours. This is best accomplished by injecting through the duct into the gland either half an ounce of aqua ammonia or a mixture composed of one ounce of tincture of iodine, fifteen grains of iodide of potassium and two ounces of distilled water. After such an injection, the gland will become inflamed and very much swelled, but the swelling will soon subside, the saliva will cease to flow, and the gland will become obsolete. Possibly an abscess may be formed, but if such should be the case, it can easily be lanced and be brought to healing. The horse can spare one salivary gland, because there are enough left to produce all the saliva that is needed.

Vitiated Appetite.—S. A. B., Weldon, Ky. If your cow has such a vitiated appetite that she chews everything she can get hold of, clothes, old leather, etc., it must be considered as an indication that her food is defective, lacking essential constituents needed by the animal organism, and therefore craved for by the cow. Consequently, it will be necessary to change the food, and to give something that is sufficiently rich in nitrogenous compounds, phosphates and lime-salts; for instance, clover or clover hay, bran, some oil-cake, or even soluble bone-meal, etc. Besides this, I would advise you to induce a veterinarian to give your cow, once a day, three days in succession, a hypodermic injection of two to three grains of Apomorphinum hydrochloricum. If you do this, and at the same time change the food of your cow, the latter, unless already in a cachectic condition, and therefore incurable, will recover in a short time.

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BRIGGS—"You haven't any idea how much I suffer from the infernal heat."

The Rev. Mr. Wilgus, mildly—"In anticipation?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A LONDON court recently condemned to three months' imprisonment a man who had supported himself fifteen years by means of begging letters. Over five hundred of these were found in his room. He had squandered his wife's property, worth \$75,000.

ACTIONS, NOT WORDS.

There are those who say happiness is nothing; that one should not care or look for it. When you hear such a sentiment expressed, know that the speaker is saying what in his inmost soul he disbelieves. While nobody believes that happiness is the only object to be sought in life, there is not that human being who, while he lives, say what he may, is not seeking it openly or unacknowledged to himself. He who loftily waives off the acknowledgment of this fact generally is at the same moment finding plausible excuses, of duty or present necessity, for securing to himself all possible ease and enjoyment. What is uncomfortable or disagreeable to do is sure to be contrary to his ideas of "right." What he wishes to do can never be "wrong." By men's actions, not by their words, must we judge them.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The Bureau of Statistics in Berlin records the fact that of the steam-engines now working in the world four fifths have been constructed during the last twenty-five years. France has 75,590 stationary and locomotive boilers; 1,850 boat-boilers and 7,000 locomotives; Germany 59,000 land-boilers, 1,700 ship-boilers and 10,000 locomotives; Austria, 12,000 boilers and 2,800 locomotives. The working steam-engines of the United States represent 7,500,000 horse-power; of England, 7,000,000 horse-power; Germany, 4,500,000 horse-power; France, 3,000,000 horse-power; Austria, 1,500,000 horse-power. The whole number of locomotives in the world is estimated at 105,000, representing a total of 3,000,000 horse-power; and the world's steam-engines aggregate more than 20,000,000 horse-power.—*Sun*.

DIFFICULTY OF SAVING MONEY.

"Talk about saving money," said a veteran millionaire to a Buffalo *Enquirer* reporter, "it is a hundred times harder now to keep cash in your pocket than it was when I was a young fellow and didn't spend a cent. I tell you it's hard for them to save in these times. Every young man wants a bicycle, and it's mighty hard to stand on the street and see your friends spinning by on wheels, and not invest yourself. Again, it's a great privation for a young fellow not to be well dressed. The distinction between good clothes and poor is so sharp nowadays that it is galling to be conspicuous by cheap attire. Again, there is the theater, the excursion-boat, the races, and a score of other inducements to spend money which hardly existed in my day, and I'm glad they didn't, for if they had, I honestly think I would have been a poor man now."

YELLOWSTONE PARK WATERFALLS.

Yellowstone Park is the great playground of the water nymph. It revels in rills, mountain brooks, rivers, both hot and cold, and lakes. It leaps about the great cataracts, disports itself in the rapids, flits through the veils of spray that gracefully sway hither and thither, and plays in the hundreds of cool trout streams that wind from sunlight to shadow, from canyon to meadow. But it finds its highest joy in the myriad waterfalls that abound. Here it abandons itself to pleasure supreme. And what wonder, when such cataracts, falls and cascades are there. Everywhere you find them. At the Grand Canyon are the majestic, deep-toned thunders of the Upper Falls 109 feet, and the Lower Falls 308 feet high. Between the two, Crystal Cascade tumbles down a deep dark glen into the river. Over near Yancey's is the beautiful Tower Falls. Isolated in locality, it has for companions the many black, needle-like towers that are so stately. Near Norris Geyser Basin are the Virginia Cascades that go prouetting down a gentle declivity, alongside the road. At the head of Golden Gate is the little Rustic Falls that glides with gentle murmur down into the canyon. Gibbon Falls, in the heart of the wild Gibbon Canyon, is a wide fan of foam and water sliding down the black, slippery rocks for a distance of 80 feet still further into the depths of the range.

If one will take horse and ride from Mammoth Hot Springs up the East Gardiner River road for three miles, he will be repaid by a sight of two or three lovely falls, deep among glens and mountain canyons. Overhung by dark rocks and mountains, with only the green trees for friends and companions, they are beautiful pictures in the midst of wild and rugged scenes.

Besides these there are many more, some easily accessible, others far within the hills, that must be searched for by the hardy explorer. They are gems born to blush unseen, except to him who goes in search of them and at the same time derives pleasure and health from their pursuit.

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THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE HISTORY, prepared in the light of recent investigations by some of the foremost thinkers in Europe and America. Beautifully illustrated. Edited by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL.D., with an introduction by Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P. Published by the Henry O. Shepard Company, Chicago.

This book is not intended to take the place of the Bible, but rather to illuminate its holy pages with all the light the brightest intellects of these closing days of the nineteenth century are able to throw upon it. It has nothing to do with churches, denominations or creeds. Simply the Bible is taken up and considered, section by section, and yet its wondrous beauty as a whole is not detracted from nor marred in the least.

In order that the work might be the most comprehensive in its scope and varied in its character, the Bible has been divided into historical periods. This also enabled the publishers to secure the services of scholars in these several fields of knowledge. There are fifteen of these historical periods, the articles upon which we may certainly in all propriety call books, though the whole fifteen are comprised in one book. With the exception of the books on the Literature and Manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments, one man wrote each book. But few men in this world are thoroughly competent and have sufficient data at first hand to write upon such exhaustive subjects as the literature and manuscripts of the Testaments, and in these two cases an additional writer was selected, making seventeen contributors for the fifteen books, and including Mr. Gladstone, who has written the general introduction, eighteen in all.

In their lifelong researches these eighteen men have not only exhausted everything pertinent to their several subjects available in the great libraries of the world, including the British Museum, but have also drawn upon oriental archaeology. From the imperishable monuments of Egypt, from the clay tablets of Tel el-Amarna, from the brick libraries of Babylon, and from every other source of knowledge discovered from the dawn of time to the closing days of the nineteenth century, they have gathered and garnered into this mammoth storehouse on Bible history a complete record of the events as they were recorded at the time they transpired. Thus, through the labors of these great scholars are we able to place before the people all contemporaneous history which in any way refers to the events recorded upon the sacred pages of the Bible, and to throw a calcium light upon the dark mysteries which have so long seemed past finding out.

Here is a list of the eighteen contributors, which you will see at a glance comprises the brightest scholars, the deepest thinkers and the brainiest men of two continents. The list is headed by the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, followed by such world-famous men as Prof. A. H. Sayce, Rev. Samuel Ives Curtiss, Dean Farrar, Rev. Elmer H. Capen, Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Rev. George F. Pentecost, Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Rev. Martyn Summerbell, Rev. Frank M. Bristol, Rev. W. T. Moore, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Joseph Agar Beet, Rev. Casper Rene Gregory, Rev. William Cleaver Wilkinson, Rev. Samuel Hart, Rev. J. Mouro Gibson, and lastly, the editor of the work, Rev. George C. Lorimer.

The book as a whole is a condensed biblical library. We know of no single book that contains so much that is valuable and reliable on the Bible, and we heartily endorse it.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

University of Idaho for 1896-1897. Moscow, Idaho.

Year-book of DePauw University. 1896. Greencastle, Ind.

A Full Line of Plows of All Kinds. Bucher & Gibbs Plow Co., Canton, Ohio.

Facts from Users. The De Laval Separator Co., New York, makers of cream-separators.

Solid Comfort Driving-bit. Duane H. Nash, Millington, Morris county, N. J.

Catalogue of American Roofing Co., St. Louis, Mo., and Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Buffalo Pitts Steam Road-rollers. The Pitts Agricultural Works, Buffalo, N. Y.

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—*Detroit Free Press*.

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She—"I believe you; and for your own sake I'll see that you never do it again!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

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Smiles.

THE DEPREDATING HEN.

Of all the things in nature that afflict the sons of men,
There is nothing that I know of beats the
depredating hen;
If you see a wild-eyed woman firing brickbats
from the shed,
You can bet a hen has busted up her little
flower-bed.
She plunders and she scratches, she cackles
and she latches,
And forty thousand cowboys couldn't keep
her in a pen.
She was sent on earth to fret us, to exorcise
the lettuce;
She's a thoro'-going nuisance, is the depre-
dating hen.

I threw a brick and missed her, as she hustled
out my beans,
But Julius Caesar's statue was smashed to
smithereens;
I saw her digging rifle-pits where I'd put my
pausies in,
I fired a good-sized rock and hit my hired
man on the shin.
She hustls all bouuds and shackles, she giggles
and she cackles,
She makes me say some earnest things I
haven't time to pen.
I never used bad language, but now I'm filled
with angrage.
Alas! I've broke the record, thro' that depre-
dating hen.

But now thro'out my cabinet there floats a
pleasant smell,
And the reason for that perfume isn't hard
to tell;
For when I rose this morning, saw my cab-
bage-bed a wreck,
I caught that depredating hen and fiercely
wrung her neck;
I hear her fizz and crackle, no more she'll
scratch and cackle,
Or make my summer garden look like some
hyena's den.
She far too long has bossed me, she far too
much has cost me,
I'll eat at luncheon-time to-day a hundred-
dollar hen.

—The Khan.

THE RIGHT PROPORTIONS.

BRIDGET is an excellent cook, but like
most women of her profession, she
is opinionated, and insists upon
making all her dishes strictly ac-
cording to her own recipes. Her
mistress gives her very full swing, not only as
to cooking, but as to the purchase of supplies.
The other day her mistress said to her:

"Bridget, the coffee you are giving us is very
good. What kind is it?"
"It's no kind at all, mum," said Bridget;
"it's a mixer."
"How do you mix it?"
"I make it one quarter Mocha and one
quarter Java and one quarter Rio."
"But that's only three quarters. What do
you put in for the other quarter?"
"I put in no other quarter at all, mum.
That's where so many spiles the coffee,
mum—by putting in a fourth quarter."—*New
York Observer.*

SHOULD SPILL INK IF SHE WANTED TO.

A girl-bachelor says that housekeeping all
by herself is the very acme of feminine com-
fort, and she refutes the statement about
order being heaven's first law. It was with a
pleasant air of badinage that she assured me
of having emptied a bottle of ink in the
middle of her new rug the night before. I
expressed regret.

"Don't be sorry," said she, and there was
the ring of the unconventional in her tones.
"I like it. It's a joy to be able to spill your
own ink on your own carpet, and have no one
to—well, no one to jaw about it."

Has a craving for liberty been the cause of
making girl-bachelors of women? There are
no traits of old maids in the entire class. Girl-
bachelors are not relative.—*New York World.*

COMPLIMENTS WORTH HAVING.

A popular lecturer used to tell of two
compliments he had received, each of which
was, as he said, a "gem" in its way. One day
a friend met him on the street, and said,
cheerfully, "I see that you lectured last night.
Sorry I wasn't able to be there. Hope to hear
your lecture when it passes into literature."
This was different from the tribute paid him
by a young man, who, with a grave face and
businesslike air, stepped up to the lecturer
one night, as he left the platform, shook his
hand solemnly, and remarked, with the air
of one making a dry statement of facts, "I
merely wished to say that you are my favorite
writer and speaker," after which he bowed
and abruptly disappeared.

Two thousand three hundred and thirty-
eight prizes will be awarded. Have you tried
for one? If not, do not put it off any longer.
The sooner you send the more likely you are
to get a big prize. See page 19.

FROM JUDGE'S DICTIONARY.

Autobiographer—One who strives to make
a hero of himself with becoming modesty.

Annotator—A false friend; a person who
confuses the text, and who is not a believer in
the proverb, let bad enough alone.

Memoirs—Reminiscences of great men,
written by little men to show on what
familiar terms they were with the objects of
their worship.

Literary syndicate—An institution which
employs young men to rewrite the current
encyclopedias.

Critic—A literary pope gifted with infall-
ibility; an individual who seems to eke a
negative enjoyment out of life by pulling
down what others have built, and who seldom
commits himself to the jeopardy of any
positive performance. Also a sort of safety-
valve or withholding force preventing an
overproduction of genius.—*Judge.*

JUVENILE INSPIRATION.

She was an awfully swell woman, exquisite
of make-up and languishing of manner. The
children watched her and listened to her as
she conversed with their mama, evidently
with wonder and admiration. A little tot of
three years stood half concealed behind her
mother's skirts, and bashfully regarded the
fashionable visitor. The latter finally got
hold of the childish hand, and patted it
gently, smilingly displaying her own dazzling
fingers.

"Haven't you got anything to say to me,
my child?"

"Es ma'am, if oo please!"

"That's a dear! Now, what is it? Some-
thing nice, isn't it?"

"Did oo—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Did oo ever make mud pies?"—*Pittsburg
Dispatch.*

PROFITABLE WAITING.

Even the children of to-day have an eye to
the main chance. A western man has a little
daughter of whose character, strange to say,
he has an exalted idea, and delights to put it
to harmless tests. One day he said to her,
"My dear, a man this morning offered papa
this roomful of gold if he would sell little
brother. Now, that means gold enough to
fill this room from wall to wall and from floor
to ceiling. If I sell little brother for that sum,
I shall be able to buy everything in the world
you want. Shall I sell him?"

"No, papa," answered the little girl,
promptly; and then, before her delighted
father could embrace her for expressing so
much unselfish affection, she went on, "Keep
him till he's bigger. He'll be worth more
then."

HE SUCCEEDED.

"This is the saddest case of all, and yet he
achieved his ambition."

The keeper paused, and with pitying eyes
the visitors gazed on the hopeless, expression-
less face of the patient, from which all traces
of intelligence had vanished.

"How did he come to this sad state?"

"He was out of work and endeavored to
make himself eligible to serve as a petit
juror."—*Truth.*

ITS LOCATION.

"Ah! for a lame back, I presume?" inquired
the druggist, snavely.

"No," replied the callow poet, who had
asked for a porous plaster, "for writer's
cramp."

"Pardon me, but how can you apply it to
your wrist?"

"It isn't in my wrist; it's in my stomach."—*Truth.*

LOVE'S HARD ROAD.

One eye was in mourning, and there was a
long strip of court-plaster across the bridge of
his nose.

"Yes," he sighed, "how correct it is that the
course of true love never runs smooth."

"That's right," said his sympathizing friend;
"this trying to kiss a girl on a tandem is not
all asphalt and macadam."—*Life.*

ABSENT-MINDED.

Jenkins—"That was a rather pat blunder
that Rev. Dr. Coily made while performing
the marriage ceremony for Millie Millions
and Banks Goldbug!"

Sylvia Chinks—"Indeed! What was it?"

"When he joined their hands, instead of
pronouncing them man and wife, he said
'Dust to dust!'"—*Life.*

REGRET.

Business man—"Yes; I'm sure it is a useful
book. I'm rather sorry I didn't get it some
time ago."

Canvasser—"Then you'll take a copy?"

Business man—"Oh, no; it's too late now!
But if I had had it before you called it might
have saved both of us a great deal of valuable
time."—*Puck.*

BALD-HEADED.

"Davie, do you know Mr. Baldley?"
"Is he th' feller that's troubled with
ingrowin' hair?"—*Judge.*

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON
QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

= MODENE =

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST

INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally
spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was
completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly
sure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but
surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the
hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used
for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN
NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy
growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the
roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest
injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE IS A PERFECTLY SAFE REMEDY.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.

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rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water
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resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are

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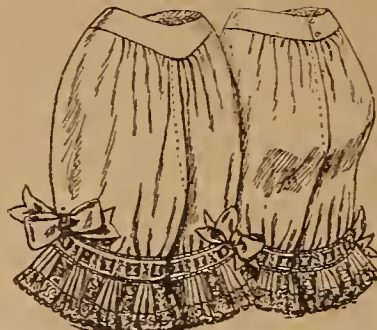
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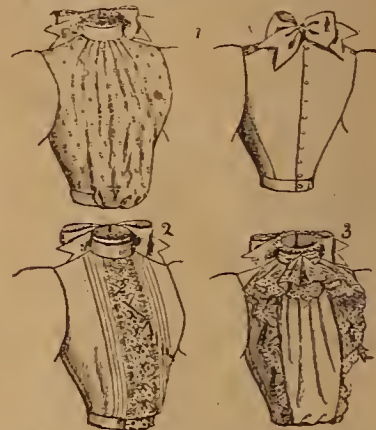
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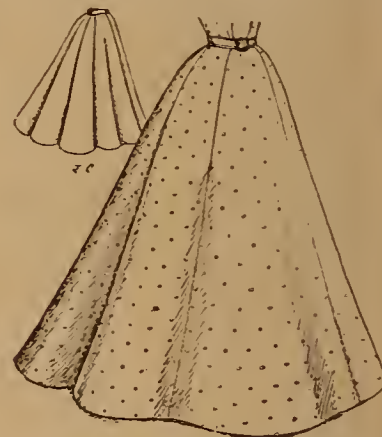
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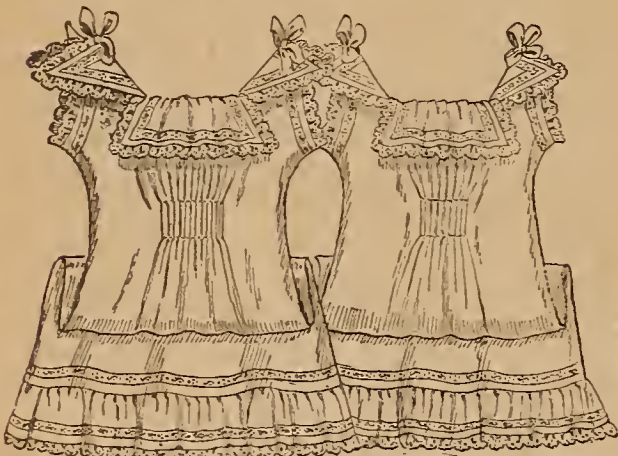
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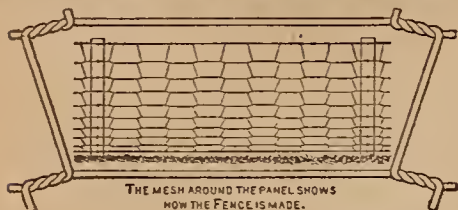
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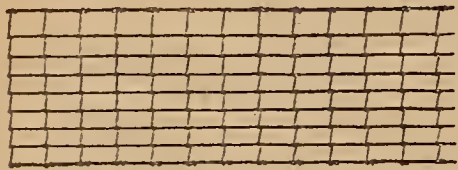
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Humor.

THE RETURNED PRODIGAL.

This is the old, old place.
The daisies deck the meadow still like snow.
There is the river in its noisy race,
And—there's the mule I mortgaged long ago.

There is the flossy mill,
Whose rotting wheels no more make merry rhymes;
There the church-tower where the bells are still,
And—there the grocery where I failed six times.

There is the old town hall
Crumbling with age, but as I stand and gaze
I hear no more the ancient accents fall.
"I think I'll give you ten or thirty days."

Scenes of my youth, alas!
But what bent figure in the twilight chill
Comes limping toward me over fields of grass?
My creditor, with a remembered bill.
—Frank L. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

THE MAW OF AN OSTRICH.

An X ray light successfully applied to the ostriches of any menagerie would reveal the fact that these birds are winged museums of themselves. One of a flock of these singular birds was dissected the other day in New York, and the following articles were discovered:

One wooden clothes-pin, two pieces of glass, the bottoms of beer bottles, a mouth-harmonica five inches long and two inches wide, a metal skate-key, the ferrule of an umbrella, with a piece of the stick in it about four inches long, an ordinary brass door-key five inches long, a woman's black horn comb, a woman's silk handkerchief, two pieces of coal about an inch thick, and three stones about an inch thick, with some cabbage, grass, lettuce, celery, common dirt, and a few minor pieces of vegetables. The ostrich did not die from the effects of the junk-shop in the stomach, but from tuberculosis. The bird will be mounted in the museum, and perhaps the collection may be framed near by; not to point out the evil effects of indiscriminate eating, but to show the use to which an ostrich's stomach may be put.

HIS CONFESSION.

"Brethren," said the sad-featured man who had arisen at the experience-meeting, "I wish to unburden a heavy heart. I am the manufacturer of the Bangup bicycle. For years I have stated in the public prints that my wheel is the only first-class bicycle in the market. Alas! brethren, in those words I did grave injustice to many of my rivals in trade. The 'Bangup' is not the only first-class wheel in the market. True, it is the best—by far the best. An experience of twenty-five years has enabled me to make the 'Bangup' a perfect wheel. Catalogues will be sent free on application. I have testimonials—"

But as he brought forth a package of letters from an inside pocket, there was a storm of interruption. Seventeen sinners and two just men who did not need repentance rose to shut him off and to explain that they rode other wheels.

He sank into his seat wearily; but there was a faint smile of satisfaction on his lips. He felt that he had done his best.—Puck.

IN THE NEW AGE.

The man of the future sat patiently darning the family socks. From time to time his mild blue eyes glanced wearily at the pile of mending at his elbow, and he sighed as he thought of the raw Irishman in the kitchen, who needed incessant instruction in the simplest details of culinary art. Two noisy, sturdy girls, as aggressive as became their sex, romped merrily about the sewing-room, aggravating his headache, while their gentle little brother sat quietly by his father's side, studying the pictures in an old book of bygone fashions, which he had found, and which appealed, of course, to the instincts of the miniature man.

"Look, father!" he said, pointing to an old print of the year 1890; "see what queer clothes that man has on! What are they? Did men really wear them then?"

"Yes, dear," said his father, laying down his needle for a moment and bending over the page; "I never saw any, but father once told me that grandfather wore them when he was a boy. They called them pantaloons."—Life.

IN POSITION TO BE INDEPENDENT.

Willie and his big sister didn't get along very well. Willie was only seven and his sister seventeen, but he resented her "bossing."

One day Willie's mama had something to tell him—a piece of news from the household of his still older sister, who had married a year before.

"Willie," said mama, "God left a little baby at sister Mary's house last night. You're an uncle now, my boy. How do you like that?"

"Well," said Willie, after weighing the matter over carefully a minute, "I'll just tell you this: If I am Uncle Will, Lizzie ain't got to boss me no more."—New York World.

More Potash

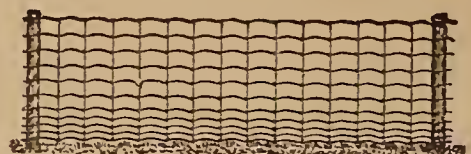
in the fertilizers applied on the farm means larger and better yields of crops, permanent improvement of the soil and

More Money

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All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it

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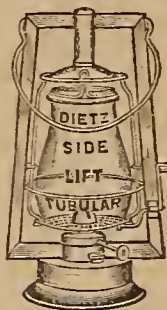


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This is attracting considerable attention among fence buyers. They realize that all wire fences are nice when first put up, but that very few are presentable after two or three years. After ten years service there is but one able to answer roll call—

The Page Woven Wire Fence, made at Adrian, Mich.

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A Light on Your Path ESTABLISHED 1840.

If thrown from a

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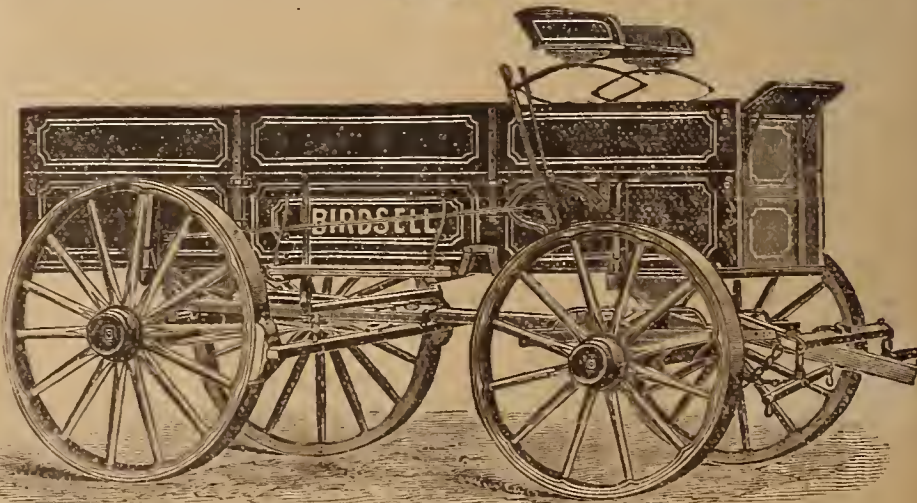
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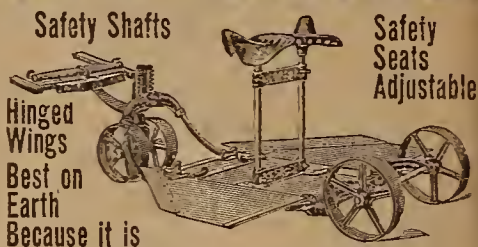
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Will save many times its cost in one season. We have several styles, prices just right. Send for cata. THE FOOS MFG. CO., Springfield, O.

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the vessel, and set out with dogs and sledges on an exploration northward over the frozen sea. He describes part of this journey as follows:

"On March 3d we reached 84° 4' north. Johansen and I left the Fram on March 14, 1895, at 83° 59' north and 102° 27' east. Our purpose was to explore the sea to the north and reach the highest latitude possible, and then to go to Spitzbergen via Franz Josef Land, where we felt certain to find a ship. We had twenty-eight dogs, two sledges, and two kayaks for possible open water. . . . On March 22d we were at 85° 10' north. Although the dogs were less enduring than we hoped, still they were tolerably good. The ice now became rougher, and the drift contrary. On March 25th we had only reached 85° 19' north, and on March 29th, 85° 30'.

"We were now evidently drifting fast toward the south. Our progress was very slow. It was fatiguing to work our way and carry our sledges over the high hummocks constantly being built by the floes grinding against each other. The ice was in strong movement, and the ice pressure was heard in all directions.

"On April 3d we were at 85° 50' north, constantly hoping to meet smoother ice. On April 4th we reached 86° 3' north, but the ice became rougher, until on April 7th it got so bad that I considered it unwise to continue our march in a northerly direction.

"We were then at 86° 14' north. We then made an excursion on ski farther northward in order to examine as to the possibility of a further advance. But we could see nothing but ice of the same description, hummock and hummock to the horizon, looking like a sea of frozen breakers. We had had low temperature, and during three weeks it was in the neighborhood of 40° below zero. On April 1st it rose again to 8° below zero, but soon sank again to 38°. When a good wind was blowing in this temperature we did not feel comfortable in our too thin woolen clothing. To save weight we had left our fur suits on board ship. The minimum temperature in March was 49° and the maximum was 24°. In April the minimum was 38° and the maximum 20°.

"We saw no sign of land in any direction. In fact, the floe of ice seemed to move so freely before the wind that there could not have been anything in the way of land to stop it for a long distance off. We were now drifting rapidly northward.

"On April 8th we began our march toward Franz Josef Land. On April 12th our watches ran down, owing to the unusual length of the day march. After that date we were uncertain as to our longitude, but hoped that our dead-reckoning was perfectly correct. As we came south we met many cracks, which greatly retarded our progress. The provisions were rapidly decreasing. The dogs were killed, one after the other, to feed the rest."

After a perilous journey southward over the frozen sea, through open water and over ice-capped islands, Nansen finally reached Franz Josef Land in August, and remained in winter quarters until May, 1896. He then resumed his journey over the ice-pack toward Spitzbergen. His accidental meeting with Mr. Jackson June 17th was the climax of one of the most remarkable of Arctic explorations.

THE time for seeding winter wheat is near, and farmers are studying the problem of acreage and prices. How much wheat should be sown? What will the price be after next harvest? It is putting it mildly to say that the average wheat-grower is a discouraged man. For four years the farm value of his crop of wheat has been less than \$7 an acre. There is not much hope for the average grower of wheat, or the average producer of any other farm crop, for that matter. The only relief in sight for him is to quit that kind of farming. The average yield to the acre in 1895 was 13.7 bushels. Good farming easily increases that yield to 25 bushels an acre. Even at present low prices the farmer who produces 25 bushels an acre finds a profit in raising wheat.

Future profits in wheat seem to be in the direction of less area, larger yield to the acre and lower cost of production—better farming—rather than in much higher prices. Prices are governed by the world's supply and demand. The cause of falling prices in recent years is excess of production. Farm prices in the United States follow the world's production. They may be high when our crop is large, and low when our crop is small.

A few months ago *Bradstreet's* published a table of the wheat crop of the world by countries, for the six-year period of 1890-1895. The accompanying estimates of wheat production for the world and the United States are taken from that table. The average farm prices are from the Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1895.

YEARS.	WHEAT PRODUCTION.		Average Farm Price, United States.
	World.	United States.	
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Cents.
1890.....	2,265,240,000	424,000,000	83.8
1891.....	2,382,480,000	680,000,000	83.9
1892.....	2,410,930,000	552,000,000	62.4
1893.....	2,458,080,000	456,000,000	53.8
1894.....	2,567,600,000	512,000,000	49.1
1895.....	2,451,600,000	496,000,000	50.9

The world's production of wheat increased steadily and heavily from 1890 to 1894. In this period the average annual increase was over 75,000,000 bushels. It is estimated that the ordinary consumption of wheat for human food increases about 8,000,000 bushels annually. It is evident that the world's production of wheat in recent years has been increasing much faster than the bread-eating population of the world.

In 1894 the wheat crop of the world was the largest ever produced, and the price, both at home and abroad, was the lowest in a period of thirty years. In 1895 production fell back to the production of 1893, and there was a partial recovery in price. It is not safe to predict anything as to prices in the future. They may be higher, but there are vast new areas of wheat production pouring out their golden treasures, and ocean transportation is marvelously cheap.

THE accompanying table of the total production, average yield and average farm price of oats has been compiled from the 1895 Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture. In 1895 the crop of oats was the largest ever grown in the United States, and the average farm price the lowest in a period of many years.

YEAR.	PRODUCTION OF OATS.	Average yield per acre.	Average value per bushel.
1893.....	638,854,850 bushels	23.4 bushels	29.4 cents
1894.....	662,036,928 "	24.5 "	32.4 "
1895.....	824,443,337 "	29.6 "	19.9 "

Compared with the preceding year, the crop increased over 162,000,000 bushels, or over twenty-four per cent. But this increase alone does not give the full reason for the heavy decline in price. During the year 1895 the number of horses in the country decreased over 769,000, or over four and four fifths per cent. With a phenomenal crop, and less horses to eat it, low prices were inevitable.

AFTER thorough investigation, Mr. W. B. Snow, formerly assistant statistician of the Department of Agriculture, estimates the total number of sheep now in the country at about 32,000,000. If this estimate is correct, the number of sheep has declined over 15,270,000 in three years. It is not strange that the value of the wool and woolsens imported into the country increased \$36,600,000 from 1894 to 1895.

WITH THE VANGUARD

FROM the eighth statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Commission we take the following: The total railway mileage in the United States June 30, 1895, was 180,657.47 miles, an increase of 1,948.92 during the year. The number of men employed by railways was 785,034, an increase of 5,426 over the preceding year. The amount of railway capital June 30, 1895, was \$10,985,203,125, or \$63,330 per mile of line. The increase during the year was \$188,729,312. Of the capital stock outstanding, a large amount paid no dividend. The total amount of dividends was \$85,257,543, which would be produced by an average rate of 5.74 per cent on the amount of stock on which some dividend was declared. The number of passengers carried during the year was 507,421,362, a decrease of 33,266,837 from the preceding year. The number of tons of freight carried was 696,761,171, an increase of 58,574,618 for the year. The gross earnings for the year were \$1,075,371,452, an increase of \$2,009,665. Passenger revenue was \$252,246,180, a decrease of nearly 12 per cent from the preceding year. Freight revenue was \$729,993,462, an increase of 4.36 per cent. The number of railway employees killed during the year was 1,811, and the number injured, 25,696. The number of passengers killed was 170, the number injured, 2,375. The number of passengers carried for each passenger killed during the year was 2,984,832. For every passenger killed 71,696.743 passenger miles were accomplished. In respect to railway casualties, considerable advance was made during the year ending June 30, 1895, due to the fitting of equipment with automatic appliances and to the raising of the character of railway service and grade of railway equipment.

IN the summer of 1893 Dr. Nansen sailed in the Fram on an Arctic expedition. Last month he and a companion were accidentally found on Franz Josef Land by Mr. Jackson, of the British polar expedition, and were carried to England on the *Windward*. Dr. Nansen has achieved success in getting nearer the north pole than any of his predecessors. About New-Year's, 1895, the Fram reached north latitude 83° 24', a higher latitude than had ever before been reached. A few days later the Fram was solidly frozen up in a great ice-floe. Since then, as far as known, the Fram has been drifting with the floe in the Arctic sea. With Lieutenant Johansen Dr. Nansen left

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Varieties

The comparison of new and standard varieties of wheat begun by the state college agricultural experiment station in 1890 has been continued through the present season. They were grown under as nearly similar conditions of soil, exposure, fertilizer, drainage, culture, etc., as possible, and the yields reported are from careful weighing of the product of the different plots made at the time of threshing.

The plots were one thirtieth of an acre in size. The land was plowed August 27th to the depth of seven or eight inches, thoroughly pulverized and firmed. The rotation followed is wheat, grass, potatoes and oats.

Two hundred pounds dissolved bone-black, containing 16.37 per cent phosphoric acid, was applied per acre at the time of seeding, and twenty tons of yard manure before the land was plowed. All the varieties were sown at the rate of six pecks per acre.

Sixteen of the varieties have been grown side by side for the past seven years. Seven have been under trial for four consecutive years, four for three years and four for one year.

About ten per cent of all the varieties were winter-killed. There was very little difference in the amount of the different varieties killed, with the exception of the Golden Cross, which had about forty per cent winter-killed, and the Reliable, which had about twenty-five per cent winter-killed. The Reliable was sown at the northwest end of the field, so that the large amount winter-killed was probably due as much to the position of the plot as to the variety itself.

In 1896 the Ontario Wonder, a smooth amber wheat, produced 30.57 bushels per acre, the largest yield of any variety tested. Following this variety in the order of their production are: Fulcaster, 29.81; Wyandotte Red, 27.99; Royal Australian, 27.75; Mediterranean, 27.57; Currell's Prolific, 27.56; Jones' Square Head, 26.97; Red Fultz, 26.52; and German Emperor, 26.46 bushels.

A far safer measure of the varieties tested will be found in the column showing the average yield for all the years tested. For the varieties tested seven years, the average yield of the first six is as follows: Reliable, 32.21; Fulcaster, 30.75; Ontario Wonder, 30.22; Valley, 29.89; Wyandotte

Red, 29.82, and Currell's Prolific, 29.66 bushels. For those tested four years, the yield of the first three is as follows: Royal Australian, 30.56; Canada Wonder, 29.60, and Jones' Square Head, 29.11 bushels. It

vicinity, and straw not less than \$6. I do not feel able to buy hay, knowing that I can winter my stock much more cheaply by using small quantities of corn-stalks and straw, and heavier rations of grains

YIELD OF WHEAT VARIETIES 1896, AND THE AVERAGE YIELD FOR SEVEN YEARS.

NAME OF VARIETY.	1896	1890-1896.		AVERAGE 7 YEARS.		
	Grain y'd per acre bus. 60lbs.	Grain y'd per acre bus.	Straw y'd per acre lbs.	Weight per struck bushels.	Bearded or smooth chaff	Color of grain, red, amber or white.
1 Reliable.....	23.95	32.21	3797	62.83	B	R
2 Fulcaster.....	29.81	30.75	4047	62.80	B	R
3 Ontario Wonder.....	30.57	30.22	3245	61.43	S	A
4 Valley.....	25.14	29.89	4020	62.57	B	R
5 Wyandotte Red.....	27.99	29.82	3107	63.39	S	R
6 Currell's Prolific.....	27.56	29.66	3398	62.80	S	R
7 Deitz Longberry Red.....	24.61	29.31	3734	62.78	B	R
8 Mediterranean.....	27.57	28.10	3726	62.67	B	R
9 German Emperor.....	26.46	27.98	3295	62.16	S	R
10 Red Fultz.....	26.52	27.97	3516	61.77	S	R
11 Finley.....	24.63	27.93	3995	62.56	S	R
12 Fultz.....	21.58	27.85	3066	63.01	S	R
13 Mealy.....	22.93	27.83	3031	60.14	S	R
14 Theiss.....	22.12	27.63	3399	61.82	B	R
15 Extra Early Oakly.....	19.97	27.36	3075	62.57	S	R
16 Democrat.....	19.61	27.34	3455	62.61	B	A
1893-1896 AVERAGE 4 YEARS.						
17 Royal Australian.....	27.75	30.56	3197	61.64	S	W
18 Canada Wonder.....	25.59	29.60	3327	63.52	B	R
19 Jones' Square Head.....	26.97	29.11	2953	60.30	S	W
20 The Pool.....	24.43	28.54	2928	63.02	S	R
21 American Bronze.....	23.02	27.88	2994	62.42	S	A
22 Rudy.....	25.92	27.81	3020	62.08	B	R
23 Jones' Winter Fife.....	19.97	27.16	3080	61.41	S	R
1894-1896 AVERAGE 3 YEARS.						
24 Miami Valley.....	20.71	27.39	2912	62.23	B	R
25 Oregon.....	23.26	27.24	2722	62.00	S	A
26 Egyptian.....	19.66	26.97	3023	62.53	S	R
27 Witter.....	17.36	25.22	2917	62.67	S	R
28 Forty Fold.....	24.13	—	—	—	S	W
29 Reliable Minnesota.....	22.78	—	—	—	B	A
30 Rochester Red.....	21.85	—	—	—	S	A
31 Golden Cross.....	11.52	—	—	—	B	R
Average of 31 Varieties.	23.74	—	—	—	—	—
" " 27 "	—	28.49	3258	62.29	—	—
Av. of 12 Bearded Var....	23.28	—	—	—	—	—
" " 10 "	—	29.00	3543	62.59	—	—
Av. of 19 Smooth Var....	24.03	—	—	—	—	—
" " 17 "	—	28.19	3091	62.11	—	—

will be noted that the order of yield for 1896 varies considerably from that of all the years in which the varieties were tested, proving that the results obtained from a single year's trial is not an accurate test of the value of a variety, but that it should be continued through at least two or three years in order that the test be of any material value.—Notes from the Pennsylvania experiment station.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Oats and Peas. Early last spring I supposed I had provided for plenty of coarse fodder for my stock, especially in corn-stalks and straw. Then

and linseed-meal, than by feeding largely of hay, especially if that happens to be timothy, as in most cases. But I have tried to help out in another way, and I consider it so eminently useful, convenient and profitable, that I shall make it a point to resort to the same expedient more largely hereafter. Some weeks ago I began making sowings of oats and peas in small lots, and I am going to keep it up until early in September. The first sowings are up nicely, and are making good headway. In two or three weeks more I shall begin to cut and feed the green stuff, thus saving the hay, etc., already in the barn, and I shall continue to feed green oats and peas as long as the season will allow. If at any

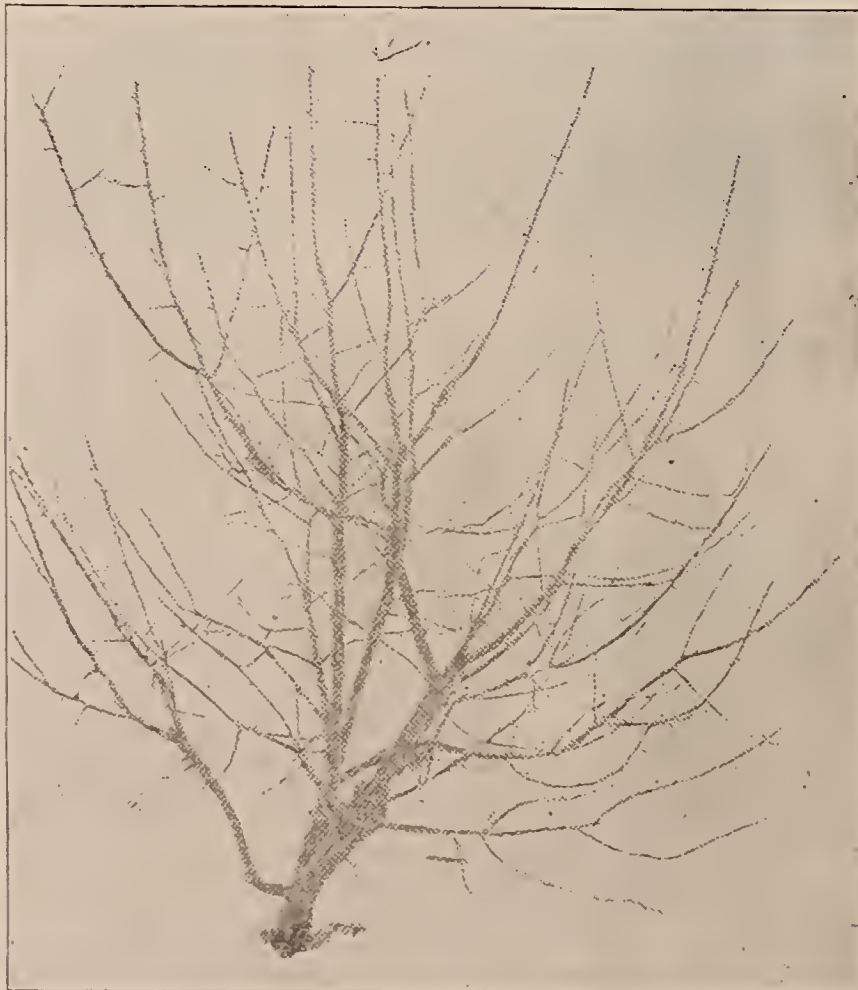
Mr. Lodeman, however, has failed to mention one very good use we can often make of the dwarf apple; namely, as stock upon which to graft varieties for testing. The amateur who has no large trees at command, but likes to test the various varieties as introduced, can easily do so by planting a row of dwarf apple-trees in his garden where they will require but little room, and then graft a few scions of new varieties into the branches. Thus he will be able to get fruit within two or three years. The illustration shows a six-year-old dwarf apple-tree (Ben Davis) at Cornell, after pruning. It is given as a type of the dwarf apple. Professor Lodeman says of it:

"The pruning has been severe, as the tree has already reached such size that further increase should be made slowly. Much wood is allowed to remain near the ground and in the center of the tree, for it is always easier to remove superfluous branches than it is to insert them where they are wanted. The form of the pruned tree is that of a rather broad vase, this being the shape which the tree naturally assumes. During the coming season it should be well provided with foliage, so that none of the main branches shall be exposed to the full glare of the summer sun."

Varieties Suitable for Dwarfing. Mr. Barry, in the *Fruit Garden*, gives the following list

of varieties suitable for growing on dwarf trees: "Large Sweet Bough, Alexander, Red Astrachan, Primate, Beauty of Kent, Duchess of Oldenburg, Williams Favorite, Fall Pippin, Gravenstein, Hawthornden, Maiden Blush, Red Bietigheimer, Porter, Menagere, Bailey Sweet, Canada Reinette, Northern Spy, Mother, King of Tompkins County, Twenty-ounce, Wagener." Professor Lodeman adds to this list Jonathan and Ben Davis, both doing well when dwarfed.

T. GREINER.



DWARF APPLE (BEN DAVIS), PRUNED.

I found my hay crop short and the oat straw rusting, and corn failing to start and grow as I had expected, so that the outcome will be a decided shortage of fodder. This to me means a heavy cash outlay, for hay will cost \$15 to \$20 per ton in this

time I have more than my stock require, I shall cut and store it like hay. Heretofore I have only fed this stuff in early or mid-summer; hereafter I shall have it right along during summer and fall. It is just about as cheap and easily produced as any

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

WASTE IN FERTILIZERS.—Secretary Edge, of the Pennsylvania department of agriculture, is a most practical and successful farmer, and for many years was secretary of the state board of agriculture. His position has demanded close attention to commercial fertilizers, their analyses and use. In a lecture before the state board last winter, Mr. Edge said: "It is enough to assert my belief that if the balance-sheet be struck as applying to their [chemical fertilizers] use at large, the average farmer will find that he is out of pocket, more especially if it were possible for him to take into the estimate the results to his land and the lower food value of the crops grown under their stimulus. I feel safe in asserting that commercial fertilizers—apart from some of the better grades, as ground bone—are not manures in the proper sense of the term, but simply stimulants that promote a rapid or forced growth, at the expense of the soil, and, as I may show further on, of the nutrient character of the product."

A COMPLICATED PROBLEM.—The foregoing seems a strong statement of the case, and would be set down as a thoughtless exaggeration were it not for the known experience and ability of the speaker. If it be true that the average farmer is a loser by reason of use of chemical fertilizers, it is time to give this question more thorough study. The obstacles in the way of getting at the truth seem nearly insurmountable, and yet it is every farmer's business to know whether he should use chemicals, and if so, what ones and in what quantities. Large quantities are used blindly without tests, but the worst of it is that a test may be wholly misleading. The fact that an application of commercial fertilizers to a field causes sufficient increase in the crop to give an apparent profit on the investment in chemicals, does not afford proof that such applications are desirable and will prove to be in line with good farm practice. In some cases they are the thing needed, and in other cases they pave the way to sterility of the soil and bankruptcy of the farmer.

SOME FERTILIZERS A STIMULANT.—I am well aware that fertilizer agents sue freely at the man who intimates that chemicals in the form of our ordinary fertilizers are other than simple plant-food, but many of our most advanced farmers are now convinced that some of the fertilizers in common use owe their results to their effect upon the soil rather than to the plant-food contained in them. They produce certain chemical changes in the soil that enable it to surrender its strength to the growing plant, and a fair crop results, but the soil is left in bad condition for the future. When the ground is again broken, its dependence upon chemicals is greater than ever, and there is gradual increase of fertilizer bills or else decrease in yields. This is not true of all commercial fertilizers, probably, and it may possibly not be necessarily true of any, but what is most to our purpose, it is true in ordinary practice, whether the fault lie with the chemicals or our unscientific use of them.

ALLEGED HOSTILITY TO CHEMICALS.—An eastern publication, professing to be the organ of the fertilizer manufacturers' association, says in a late number: "The almost universal hostility of the state and national agricultural officials in this country to fertilizer manufacturers stands in vivid contrast to action of similar officials in other countries." This quotation is made only to show that our impartial leaders in agricultural knowledge feel that we should not be too swift to incur heavy liabilities for fertilizers without more thorough investigation than has yet been given this question. Much land is being gradually impoverished by present methods of fertilization, and it does no good to infer that a certain combination of chemicals is a good thing because an application shows some results for the time. The question is, "After a series of years has the soil become better, more productive and safe for cropping?" There is no hostility to chemicals in this question. The experiment station, farm journal or writer that does not want the exact truth, regardless of

special interests, is unworthy the confidence of the farmers. Hostility is a childish charge. The truth is the thing wanted.

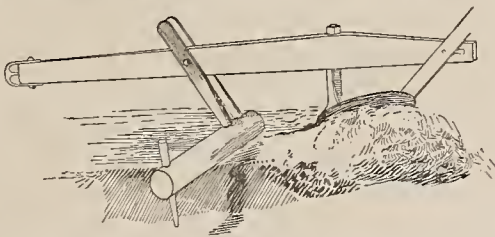
PLOT EXPERIMENTS.—This same publication says: "The experimental plot will say one thing this year and another thing next year. In the hands of the illy trained skeptic it will prove wonderful things. By its use, farmers are claimed to be able to tell just what their soil needs, in pounds and ounces. There are perhaps half a dozen men in this country to-day who know how to properly manage an experiment plot, and not one of these men are farmers." If this be true, then indeed are we in a bad way. I grant that we cannot tell with ease what the future results of the use of chemicals upon the soil for a few years will be—cannot tell whether the brand will prove to be chiefly what Secretary Edge terms a "stimulant"—but it is only by farm tests that we may know whether there is any present profit from use of certain brands of fertilizers. This condemnation of plot experiments is fair proof of their value. We cannot afford to run along in a blind way, and it certainly is not business to let agents determine the amount of money we will invest in chemicals, and what brands we will take.

WHAT THE FARMER MAY DO.—The problem of fertilization is a big one. The individual farmer must help solve it for himself. He wants to bear in mind the fact that the value of a fertilizer cannot be gaged solely by its effect upon yields succeeding its application. The soil may be growing permanently more unproductive when not assisted by chemicals. Some brands are only stimulants. He wants to bear in mind that fertilizers should be used chiefly to insure heavy sods, and that worn soils often need nothing but an abundance of humus to restore them to a state of productiveness similar to that of new, fertile soils. He wants to make field tests, using plant-food from various sources and in varying quantities. He wants to entertain no prejudice for or against chemicals, but to strive to learn by tests what will cause permanent improvement of his soil in the least expensive way.

DAVID.

WEED-HOLDER.

The accompanying illustration shows a weed-holder designed by Mr. Singleton, of Georgia. The main part is a smooth, round piece of hickory wood, eighteen inches long and four inches in diameter.



This is attached to the plow-beam by two arms, eighteen or twenty inches long. The arms are bolted loosely to the beam, so they can move easily and the weight can ride over obstructions. The adjustable pin in the furrow-end of the hickory piece holds the weeds in line, so that they will be completely covered by the plow.

The heaviest growth of tall weeds can be pressed down and covered up in the bottom of the furrow with this simple device.

DAIRY GOSSIP.

Why keep cows except for profit? How large a per cent are known to be profitable? A late report states that the average amount of butter a cow produces in a year in the state of Indiana is but one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This is a very small amount, but there are some excellent cows in Indiana that make several times that amount in a year; hence there must be a great number of cows that are below the average. The great state of Ohio makes a still worse showing, according to the statistics, and who is to blame for such conditions? Not the cows, surely, for they are possessed of certain capacity for production from birth.

The trouble is we are not careful enough in selecting our cows. We select more from the symmetrical appearance, judging too often, even then, from a beef standpoint rather than from any idea as to capacity for butter production. I believe that no cow can be profitable to the owner that is not capable of producing at least

two hundred and fifty pounds of butter in a year. They should produce three hundred pounds or more.

On cheap pasture-land or when fed upon cheap feed, though the feed should be of the best quality, a cow may prove profitable as a butter-producer if fancy prices are obtained for her product. But fancy prices for butter are not overly numerous this year.

A cow that produces two hundred and fifty pounds of butter which commands such a price as to leave a profit of twenty dollars, is only half as profitable as one which, on the same feed and care, produces three hundred and thirty pounds, because the last eighty pounds are all profit.

But how are we to know if our cows are always profitable? By investigating into the facts with each individual cow and weeding out the poor ones. How are we to get at the facts when we milk ten cows and make one thousand pounds of butter a year? By applying the churn test or using the scales and chemical test with each individual of the herd.

First, you find five cows that give a good quantity of milk for a few weeks, but gradually diminish in the amount so that they average seven thousand pounds of milk a year. They test from two to four per cent. They make four hundred pounds of butter a year. They should make more, you find, but somehow it does not materialize. Next, you find five cows that give a moderate flow of milk, but are persistent in keeping up the flow for several months. They test from four to five per cent. They make six hundred pounds of butter.

You decide the first five are not profitable, and sell them to the butcher. The five remaining are given a little better care and a little more feed, and you are glad to see you have almost as much butter at the end of the year as when ten cows were kept. You notice cream rises on the skim-milk, and decide to test this on the testing-machine. You find you are losing twenty or twenty-five per cent of your butter. You take part of the money received for the five cows sold, and purchase a cream-separator and save all the work of setting the milk, pumping water, warming milk for calves, etc., and find you get more butter from five cows than formerly from ten.

I have traveled the road and have learned some of its turns. If the reader finds anything worth considering, let him ponder it well. We must learn to make the most of the opportunities within our reach.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

Shady Nook Farm.

PICKED POINTS.

IT LOOKS REASONABLE.—An acquaintance says he has found a way to get his old fowls, or those past a year of age, to laying early in autumn—the last of September or first of October. At that time everybody's adult hens are molting, and eggs are scarce and dear. He obviates the slow process of natural molting by plucking them of their feathers in warm weather—when they have ceased laying. A strip of feathers is left on the back to protect from the sun. Only the large feathers are plucked, but not the wing or other quills. Nature is ever ready to repair damages; and to cover the fowl's nakedness she starts the feather-recuperating machinery to work at once; and as this operates generally and not locally, the remaining old feathers are forced off and the fowl becomes clad in an entire new suit and ready for the egg business. Fowls should be fed well at this time. It looks reasonable that forced molting should expedite matters. Feathers are ripe in summer, and it pains fowls very little to pluck them.

"FARMIN' DON'T PAY."—In most cases the true reason for it is ignorance of the business of farming in those who find it a failure. And those who use the expression as I have written it—and the number is legion—only advertise their own want of knowledge of the business. Every intelligent, well-read farmer is making some money unless prevented by unforeseen accident; but not many are making so much as formerly. If a lawyer should attempt to practise medicine or a physician law, he would certainly prove a failure, because he had never studied that business and prepared himself for it. Neither could acquire a practical knowledge of the other's business by simply seeing another do it. He must read and study any business for

himself if he would be proficient in it, or even be able to conduct it tolerably well. Nine tenths of the farmers of to-day have come into the business parrot-like, by imitating what their fathers did, not by a study of the business, and they can be justly called parrot farmers. Parrot farming is well compared with "quack" doctoring and law "pettifogging." The science of agriculture is more intricate and requires more study than that of law or medicine; and until farmers put their minds into the business and study it from books, papers and actual practice together, they will remain as a majority of them are now—low in the scale of human acquirement, subject to be taunted with the epithets of "hayseeds," "buckwheats" and "mudsills;" and will be largely numbered with those whose perennial cry is, "Farmin' don't pay." Really intelligent, well-read men make farming pay. Heretofore there has been some excuse for a farmer not to be well read up in his business, because there was no book to give him the right start. But this lack is now supplied with a little book called "First Principles of Agriculture." The boy or young man who studies this will get a start that in the end will make him a capable agriculturist.

HOG-CHOLERA.—FARM AND FIRESIDE circulates largely in the great pork-growing sections of the country. Hog-cholera destroys annually millions of dollars in value of the porcine race. Scientific gentlemen have been investigating the subject for years, with the view of discovering a remedy. The rancorous public disputation that two eminent scientists had about an alleged cure or preventive, a few years ago, is not yet forgotten. Since that time I have been on the lookout for further developments, with the hope that somebody would "invent" a specific remedy. I believe now that it has been found, and by a humble, untitled man of Tennessee. My opinion is the result of closely investigating the published tests, both public and private. Like most inventors, he is a poor man, and has not the means to push his discovery as it should be done, although the remedy is now on sale. It is not for this paper to advertise another's business gratuitously, hence I cannot give the inventor's address; but by watching the papers, I think one may find it revealed in the near future.

GALEN WILSON.

DIGGING A WELL.

A new neighbor took up his abode among us last year, buying the Smith farm. Smith had got tired of farming, so sold his farm, stock and tools, reserving one span of stout horses, moved into the city, and drives a truck team. Forty-two years Smith had lived on this farm, and all his domestic animals, except his hens, as well as those of the former owners of the farm, had been obliged to get their supply of water at a stream nearly one eighth of a mile from the barn. In order to reach the stream, the gate at the barn-yard had to be opened, the highway crossed and two pairs of bars let down in the lane.

The new neighbor took advantage of the dry time last fall, and dug a well on the highest side of the barn-yard, just outside the fence and close up to the end of the sheep-shed, from which a covering was extended over the well—a convenience in inclement weather.

Now about the expense. The digging and stoning cost him seventy-five cents a foot; he boarded the men while doing the work. The farmer collected the stone and delivered them near the well. Some fifteen two-horse loads were required, removing a portion of an old stone wall he desired to get out of sight. Two men dug the well and stoned it in three days. It is fifteen feet deep. The digging was not hard, excepting for about half the depth. In this portion the earth had to be loosened with a pick. The water rose to about three feet in depth by the time the stoning was completed, and later, after the rains came, to four and one half feet. Now this neighbor has an unfailing supply of water in both cattle and sheep yards.

There are hundreds of other farmers who need and might have wells at their barns with comparatively little cost. Let us see how much: Digging and stoning the well, \$11.25; board of men three days, \$3; pump, \$5; water-trough, \$1.50; grading and plank cover, 75 cents; cover over well, \$5; or \$26.50 cash outlay. Could that amount be invested to better advantage?

L. F. ABBOTT.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

THE LIMAS.—Lima beans, both of the pole and bush varieties, like egg-plants, always seem to do their very prettiest where the most manure is put into the ground. When I am most lavish with old compost, and give a dressing of hen manure besides, I am always sure of a good crop. The wire and twine trellis which I use in place of poles as support for the pole Limas is still as satisfactory as ever. But with the great quantities of manure which I use for them, the plants make such an enormous growth of runners and set pods so very freely that the top wire, which is about six feet from the ground, often sags between the posts if the latter are rather far apart, and there is danger of the wire breaking or the whole trellis being blown over in one of these strong autumn wind and rain storms, at least if the trellis was not especially strong. I just had a lot of poles cut, each with a crotch on top, and about six feet long, and have had them set under the heavily laden top wire between posts to give additional support. But what a lot of luscious Limas even a short trellis of this kind will furnish right along and clear to the end of the season. Compared with them the bush Limas are "not in it." And then, if we do have a surplus, and make no particular business of selling it (although Lima beans usually sell well), we can dry the green shelled beans, and during winter they will come as a very welcome substitute for the fresh Lima.

KEEPING TOMATOES AND FRUITS.—A year or two ago much was said about the new way of keeping vegetables and fruits in lime. I wonder whether any of our friends have tried this plan. I think it works well, but wish to experiment further. The process is as follows: Put a layer of dry, slaked lime, say an inch deep, into the bottom of a suitable (tight) box, then a layer of tomatoes, grapes or whatever green article you wish to keep, and upon it sift another layer of lime, jarring it well down among the vegetables or fruits, and well covering them up evenly. Next pack another layer of the tomatoes or grapes, etc., then lime, and so on until the box is full. Keep in a cool room (cellar, for instance) until wanted.

THE VACANT SPOTS.—I do not like to leave vacant spots in the garden to grow up to weeds and wilderness. They mar the whole appearance of an otherwise well-kept garden. I like to have everything look neat and tidy. So I make it a rule to plow every little spot of ground just as soon as cleared from an earlier crop. Where I had early peas, Barletta onions, early potatoes, etc., there I have now started my turnips and winter radishes and spinach and kale, etc., on the spots that were cleared earliest in the season, even cabbage. In this way the garden shows a "presentable" appearance all the time, and I make the best use of every bit of ground all season through. Just at present I have an elegant patch of cucumbers and Emerald Gem melons (the latter just beginning to ripen) on the same spot that a month or two earlier in the season looked like an ordinary potato-patch (with an occasional row left vacant, or rather, planted to cucumber and melons). I dug a pretty fair crop of Early Ohio potatoes just as the vines began to need the room, and in digging I at the same time gave the ground between the vines a good hoeing, which has seemed to be of great benefit to the second, or rather, main, crop. The patch now looks quite clean, and the vines are doing nicely, the cucumbers giving pickles in abundance, and the melons promising a very large crop of these most excellent little "Gems."

BROADCASTING AND DRILLING.—The turnips, radishes, etc., sown on these small garden-patches are invariably grown in drills. It makes cleaner work, and better specimens, as it gives us a chance to keep the weeds down, and the vegetables properly thinned. Our great weed pest at this time is purslane, and we can keep it down if we do not allow the plants to grow large. If we do that once, the patch is grown over in weeds almost without recovery. But we have also use for the broadcasting method. We often have

patches that we wish to put to some use. In corn-fields, for instance, we often have a chance to grow quite a crop of flat turnips, and if we do not harvest, they will come handy for fall pasture, or, at any rate, for covering the soil during a portion of the winter. Sometimes I plow up weedy spots among orchard-trees in summer or fall, and even here I like to have something growing. Sometimes I sow oats and peas to be cut in the fall for green fodder; sometimes I prefer to sow crimson clover and flat turnips, a very few seeds of the latter being mixed with the former. In short, in all out-of-the-way spots—spots which do not come under daily observation, and on which we cannot spend much time in cultivation—I plant some crop by the broadcasting method. Something will grow and return some value. But in my garden proper I have everything in apple-pie order—everything in straight rows and under straight-laced culture.

T. GREINER.

CROP REPORTS.

WASHAKIUM COUNTY, WASH.—This county is along the Columbia river near its mouth. Hay is a splendid crop. Very little orchard fruit, but hosts of wild blackberries. There will be a large crop of potatoes and other vegetables. Mrs. S. F. A.

COOPER COUNTY, MO.—Apples, one half crop; peaches and plums, full crop; pears, about an average. O. B. R.

WOOD COUNTY, W. VA.—Apples, almost a total failure, owing to the trees having overborne themselves last year; peaches, a fine crop of all kinds, both early and late; berries were very abundant and of excellent quality. These remarks are applicable to the whole state, so far as we can learn, also to the southeastern part of Ohio. R. R.

WELLINGTON COUNTY, ONTARIO, CAN.—Apples are very plentiful here; pears, few and far between. J. S.

BERKELEY COUNTY, W. VA.—This is the greatest fruit county in the state. Apples and pears, almost a complete failure, hardly enough for home use. We have some Ben Davis, but they are knotty and falling off. One man within two miles of here sold over 6,000 barrels of apples last year, but has very few this year. M. B. W.

CLARK COUNTY, WASH.—The severe frost of March 1st and cold rains in April have made a clean sweep of fruit in this section. Orchards that produced tons of dried fruit will not bear sufficient for a family. Very few apples and pears. This is also true of adjacent parts of Oregon. Mrs. F. E. B.

FRANKLIN COUNTY, IND.—Prospect of fruit crop of this section is as follows: Apples and plums, one half crop; pears, one fourth crop; peaches, grapes and all small fruits, abundant. Rain, plenty. H. H. S.

BERKS COUNTY, PA.—The apple crop is larger than was expected a month ago. The early varieties are about an average crop, which can hardly be said of the winter apples. In some localities the yield was never larger than this year, while in other sections the orchards fall far short of an average crop. There is no particular reason for the shortness, except that this is an off year for apples. The pear crop is light throughout this and adjoining counties; the Bartlett seems to be especially scarce. The peach yield is ordinary in a few localities, but throughout this section it is very small. Plums yield well, but apricots are very scarce. The indications are that the grape crop will be big. The cherry crop, both sweet and sour, was poor. Wild-cherry trees are well loaded. Berries of all kinds are a good crop. F. K. M.

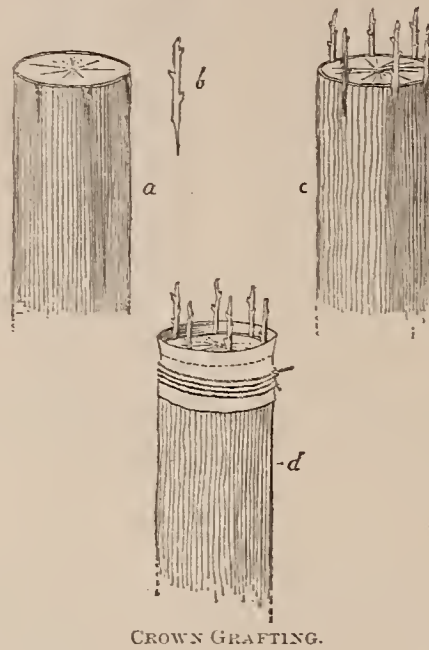
ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

GRAFTING OLD TREES.

The following is an easy and effective method of grafting old trees. By it the percentage of failure is reduced to a minimum, and branches at least six inches in diameter, and, in the case of pear-trees seventy-five years old, may be worked with assured success. Last year we mentioned the case of such a pear-tree having been grafted two years before with the Kieffer, that gave a full crop last fall. Saw off the branch at right angles to the stem to be grafted, as at Fig. a. Then cut a clean slit in the bark through to the wood, the same as in budding. Separate the bark from the wood and insert the scion, b,

one for each slit. The number of slits for each stock will be determined by its size. We will suppose the stock illustrated to be six inches in diameter, and that six scions are to be inserted. The stock after receiving the scions is shown at c. Grafting-wax is not needed. A thick paper may be wound about the top of the stock extending about one inch above it, and securely tied with a strong twine, as shown at d. The space above the stock encircled by the inch of paper may then be filled to the top of the paper with a puddle of soil and



CROWN GRAFTING.

water, made so thin that it can be readily poured from any suitable vessel. This mud protects the surface of the wood of the stock, and excludes the air from the insertions. It gives every advantage of wax without its objections. Of course, stocks of any size may be worked in this way. One, two, or any number of scions may be inserted, according to the size of the stock.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

CAUSES OF FAILURE IN APPLE CULTURE.

BAD HARVESTING.

Even presuming that the orchard has been properly cultivated, pruned and enriched, there are many who yet fail to handle the fruit to the best advantage. In the first place, it is a common mistake to leave the fruit hanging too long on the trees before picking, and in consequence they become too ripe to keep well, and a large proportion is spoiled by falling to the ground. My experience has led me to begin gathering much earlier than formerly, and indeed before my neighbors seem to think of it. At one time it was my rule to begin gathering them about the ninth of October, but the high winds of that month made such havoc with them that I soon changed the rule. The twentieth of September is none too soon to begin with such kinds as have attained full size and color, and if by that time all the apples upon a tree have not reached maturity, it will pay to make two pickings, leaving the greener and smaller ones to grow and color up.

Attention to the details of preparing fruit for market always returns a good profit, and must not be grudged. Careful handling and careful sorting are of paramount importance. Many throw apples into the basket as if they were potatoes, or squeeze them with thumb and finger as if they were made of stone, and so leave marks which spoil their beauty. Round swing-handle baskets, attached with a wire hook to the rounds of the ladders, are the best for apple-picking.

Most orchardists empty their apples in piles upon the ground, but sorting in that case is back-breaking work, and every rain delays it. Some empty them in heaps upon the barn floor, but in a large orchard this means much labor in carting. My custom has been to empty into barrels in the orchard, head up without pressure, write the name of apple on the end, and store under cover; and then in packing, empty them out on a packing-table for sorting. For young orchards and scattered varieties this is the best plan I know of, for the important work of packing can then be done in a clean, dry place without moving about with nails and mallets and press from one part of the orchard to another.

Many inquiries are received concerning the best plan for the farmer to dispose of his marketable apples, whether he should sell them at home or ship to a foreign market. Well, if he has a very large

orchard, so that he can ship by the car-load, or if he has small lots of one special kind, such as the Gravenstein or King, I would say ship to some reliable English wholesale house. As I can show from my account sales, my Gravensteins and Kings in some ordinary seasons have sold in Covent Garden Market, London, England, as high as \$6 per barrel, which I consider paid me very well. Of course, these apples were extra selected, all No. 1 grade, and highly colored.

But with mixed lots, less than car-loads, it is better to take \$1, or even seventy-five cents, a barrel for the fruit at home, than risk a possible loss by shipping so far.

But at even \$1 a barrel, I ask what farm crop pays better. Take, for example, an acre planted entirely with Baldwins and Greenings, and what will it pay you at those prices? Suppose you only get one hundred barrels a year on an average from it, what other crop would give \$75 or \$100 an acre with less labor?

Of course, it is expensive work planting and raising an apple orchard, a heavy investment; but I am not urging the planting of new orchards so much as the better care of those we have.—*The Canadian Horticulturist*.

A NOVEL MODE OF PRUNING BLACK CURRANTS.

In judging cottage gardens in Essex the other day, I came upon a lad sitting on the ground picking the currants off a bough that had been broken off by accident. Remarking on this comfortable method of picking black currants on a hot day, my fellow-judge said that he had improved on that simple plan for years. He prunes his black currants so soon as the fruit is ripe, and carefully removes the fruiting branches to a clean packing-shed or potting-bench, where the fruit is picked under cover in cleanliness and comfort. The major portion or whole of the fruiting branches is then removed annually, the black-currant bushes being pruned back to the young wood. The wood being thus fully exposed in July, ripens thoroughly before the end of the season and produces full crops of the finest fruits. Of course, for this mode of culture the single-stem style of training is abolished in favor of the production of few or many suckers—from six to a dozen. The bearing wood and bushes to a great extent thus become annuals, and renew their youth as well as their vigor every year.

I have not hitherto adopted the early annual cutting back of my fellow-juror. My experience, however, in regard to the wisdom of renewing black currants from suckers entirely agrees with his. His earlier and more severe pruning is also altogether in favor of the improved strength and fertility of the young wood from base to summit, and his samples are most all alike good—a great point in dry seasons like the present. It is no exaggeration to affirm that nine tenths of the black currants met with this year on bushes grown on the old crowded system are of no commercial value, the major bulk consisting of dry, hard flesh, the skins being nearly as tough as an old shoe. But notwithstanding the persistent drought, the fruit on last year's shoots, where these have been fairly fed without overcrowding, is of average size and full of juice. And yet how many go on crowding black currants with old wood, cutting back the best of the young shoots into close spurs—a mere wanton waste of vital force and useful fruit.—*The Garden (England)*.

Boils

Pimples and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause suffering and annoyance, are the manifest consequences of impure blood. They may be removed by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has accomplished wonderful cures of boils, scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, and other diseases caused or promoted by impure blood. Get only

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The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.
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Our Farm.

WHY I AM A FARMER.

SOME purpose is generally found to actuate us in the calling in life; it may occasionally occur that chance, as we term it, has thrown us into the line we are pursuing, and if so, it is natural that our taste is sufficiently satisfied, or we find our lot an up-hill business. In my own especial case, I had been reared on the farm, and as a matter of course had an idea of what we naturally must meet with in farm life. But having a family that was growing, and the two oldest being boys large enough to be at that stage of physical development that much of both their physical and mental development rested largely with the surroundings in which I placed them, I concluded it no more than my duty as a parent to give them the best possible chance to make them men both in a physical and mental sense, and hence I left the store in town (where I was making some money), and have taken up farm life. I have noticed both from personal observation and history that many of the most rugged and mentally active of men have been reared on the farm.

So far my expectations of my boys growing into a desirable manhood has been realized, and, withal, my life outside of this consideration has been sufficiently pleasant. We as parents all owe it to our offspring to afford them the best possible chance to develop into perfect physical and mental manhood and womanhood, and I for one am of the opinion that no better place than the farm can be found for that purpose.

Indiana. D. T. STEPHENSON.

OUR BOYS.

Having been in mercantile business the most of my life, I had on my books a long list of accounts and money scattered over the country when the pressure of hard times began to be felt. So I concluded to invest in land without any experience as a farmer. I purchased two hundred and thirty acres, secured me two good tenants, and subscribed for the FARM AND FIRESIDE among other agricultural papers. I had five boys, raised in town, and inexperienced as farmers like myself, and I began to study how to interest them. So I opened an account with each, from the youngest to the eldest. I had to furnish them with their clothing and incidentals, anyway, so to equalize things I pay them for every day's work they do, or rather, place it to their credit. When Jack comes and says, "Papa, I want a new hat," I turn to his account and tell him I don't believe he has so much to his credit; so he wants a job of work on the morrow. Charles comes in and says, "Papa, please order me a suit of clothes not to exceed fifteen dollars." He knows what he has to his credit, as I render them a statement of account at the end of every month. In this way each learns business, even down to eight-year-old little Robert, who comes with each nickel in his chubby fist and says, "Papa, put that to my credit."

If their necessities exceed their cash on hand, I offer them extra wages for some specific work, and in this way I have enlisted all of them, and each one virtually pays his own expenses, and buys what he wants if he works. The two oldest buy stock sometimes; I advance them money enough to make the purchase; when it is sold, they deposit it with me, which I place to their credit. Farmers, try it—pay your boys for what they do, and charge them with what they get, and they will not be anxious to leave the farm. T. A. Cook.

Fleming county, Ky.

RUSSIAN APPLES IN INDIANA.

We have many varieties of Russian apples which were set in the spring of 1888, which have not borne sufficiently as yet to enable us to determine as to their bearing qualities. The trees are all healthy, as a rule, and very hardy and thrifty growing, with thick foliage especially adapted to resisting disease. Although this has been an "off" year for apples, many of them have shown better bearing qualities this season than ever before. This much may be said in their favor. But when we come to the question of late keepers, there is not much to be said. We have failed thus far to find a good winter apple among them, or, in fact, a winter apple of any kind. They are evidently adapted to a colder climate than ours, such as northern Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the northern

New England states, as is shown by the writings of Dr. Hoskins, of Vermont, and others. I am still of the opinion that we shall secure our best results for this climate by crossing the best of these with our best native varieties, producing new ones which are inured to the soil and climate, and which will, to a greater or less extent, combine the hardiness of the one with the long-keeping qualities of the other. This will be the leading feature of our work with these varieties in the future.—Professor James Troop.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Catalpa Seedlings.—J. F. Van Cleave, Ky. Gather the catalpa seed-pods as soon as they begin to crack. Take out the seed and mix it with dry sand and store in a dry outbuilding until spring, and then sow thickly in rows three feet apart, covering one inch deep, in good, fine, loose soil, as soon as it can be worked in the spring. If you have several bushels of seed to sow, this method would be too clumsy, and you had then better place it about six inches deep, in the pods, on the floor of a dry, cold shed until spring. It should be turned over once in awhile until dry, to prevent molding. In the spring, plant as directed above.

Plums Not Fruiting.—W. F. Sussex, N. B., Canada, writes: "I have a number of very healthy-looking plum-trees of different varieties bearing little or no fruit. There seems to be too much growth to trees. Do they need pruning to raise fruit?"

REPLY:—It often happens that when plum and other trees make a very vigorous growth, it is at the expense of early fruitfulness, but some varieties mature later than others, and it is a good plan to have the trees well established before fruiting heavily. However, you will very likely find that pruning at once a foot or so off all the strong-growing shoots of this year's growth will encourage fruitfulness next year, and probably without any injury to the trees.

Book on Peach Culture—Borers.—C. B. W., Snnbury Pa. There is very little on the subject of growing the peach but what is found in its most practical form in "Thomas' Fruit Culturist." The recent advances in peach-growing have been made along the line of the introduction of new varieties. These will be found discussed in the horticultural reports of the states of Ohio and Missouri, of western New York and other states.—General experience of growers has been rather against the efficacy of preventives of peach-borers, but washing the trunks and larger branches in the summer months with a whitewash made of lime soap, a little carbolic acid, and about a teaspoonful of Paris green to each pailful of the mixture, has proven as effectual as any preventive. While it is not a certain remedy it is repellant to the beetles that lay the eggs that hatch into borers. Even if this preventive is used, the trees should be examined for borers in spring and fall. For this purpose a sharp-pointed pocket-knife is best; a little examination will show where the borers are hidden, by the frass sticking out of the holes or by the frass and gum around them. The tunnels are easily followed up until the borer is found.

Seedling Peaches—Time to Plant—Piece-root and Whole-root Grafts.—S. H. M., Bird's Eye, Ind., writes: "Will seeds from freestone peaches produce peaches of same kind; that is, 'freestone?'—Would you advise planting an orchard in fall or spring?—1. In planting an orchard of considerable size, would you advise planting any piece-root grafted trees? 2. Can the stem-grafted trees be obtained anywhere? 3. Are not nearly all nursery trees of the piece-root kind? 4. I suppose the stem-grafted will cost more than the others?"

REPLY:—Freestone peach-pits usually produce freestone fruits.—I would mix the pits with sand outdoors in the fall. In the spring, sift out the pits, and plant those that are cracked, and crack the rest by hand first before planting.—1. Don't bother about piece-root grafted trees, but select healthy, vigorous trees without regard to how they were grafted. 2. They are difficult to obtain, and in the case of many sorts are no better than root-grafted trees. They are only valuable for varieties with weak or tender stems to increase their endurance. 3. Yes, but the best nurserymen prefer to use the whole of the root of healthy young seedlings. 4. Yes, they generally cost more.

Manures and Small Fruits.—J. C., Duluth, Minn. In the case of well-rotted manure, it is best to apply it in the spring; green manure may be safely applied in the autumn without waste, but if possible it should be plowed under before winter sets in. In a small way strawberries may be planted during August and first half of September, and if the work is well done, the plants will bear some fruit the following year. To get best results at this season, the plants must be carefully moved from some hed near by, with earth attached to the roots, or else he first rooted in pots. Red raspberries and currants I prefer to plant in the fall, but they should have the earth well firmed around them and be hilled up and mulched on the approach of winter. When so treated, they may safely be

allowed to fruit the following year. Lilac suckers should not be moved until the leaves fall or until they can be easily rubbed off. In fact, none of our deciduous trees and shrubs should be moved with their leaves on. Whenever they are moved, any leaves remaining ought to be taken off. About October 1st would be about the right time in the fall to move lilacs in your section. Of the farm manures, that coming from cows, if it is thoroughly well rotted, is generally preferred by florists for cut flowers. Of the commercial fertilizers, there are several good kinds on the market. Where cut flowers are wanted, it is preferred to use a good general fertilizer especially rich in potash and phosphorous; where foliage is wanted in preference to flowers, more nitrogen should be used.

To Get Rid of Ants.—J. G. M., Jackson, Mich., writes: "Please tell me how to rid my house, cellar, yard and plum-trees of small red ants and large black ants? They are undermining the cellar walls, and the trees are fairly alive with black ants."

REPLY:—If you can find the nest of the ants, you can destroy or drive them away by making a hole with a stick in the center of it and pouring into it a little bisulphid of carbon, and then covering it over with a piece of cloth to keep in the fumes, which are destructive to animal life. Bisulphid of carbon resembles gasoline in being very explosive and volatile. If you cannot get this material, using a plentiful supply of gasoline or kerosene will accomplish the same purpose, though not so effectually. It will not do to use gasoline or kerosene around plum-trees; hence, if the ants make their nests around the base of these trees, as is very likely the case, you will find kerosene emulsion a safe and effective material to use, providing the ground is soaked with it close to the trees. The ants are most likely to cause injury around the base of the tree and not to the branches, trunk or leaves, but they can easily be kept out of the trees by surrounding it with a band of cotton, or oakum kept smeared with tar or thick kerosene emulsion.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM GEORGIA.—I write this in reply to letter of inquiry received from readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE. Improved land is fenced. We have three churches in this neighborhood—Methodist, Baptist and Primitive-Baptist. Public schools are open five months in the year. The land is level, as a general thing, and easy to cultivate. The winters are short. Snow has fallen only twice in twenty years. Some of the soil is clay and some sandy. Pine is the principal wood that is used here. Peaches and figs do well here; pecans, corn, cotton, sugar-cane, oats, rye, potatoes, chuffas, ground-peas, all do well. We do not have to plant grasses. We are located about thirty miles from the Florida line and one hundred miles from the Gulf. C. M. Cat Creek, Georgia.

FROM ALABAMA.—I have just read Dr. Galen Wilson's letter on "Southern Lands" in your issue of August 1st, from which I decided to write my first to your excellent semi-monthly FARM AND FIRESIDE, and if its destiny is the waste-basket, I shall not complain. I am not a farmer nor a farmer's wife, but I subscribe for and read and enjoy agricultural papers, among them the FARM AND FIRESIDE; and no one likes better than I to look at and sometimes take a hand in working in pretty growing crops. I recently visited a rural district in Alabama where crops were growing in the greatest perfection I had ever seen. It was in the flatwoods or post-oak region of Marengo county. Large fields of the finest cotton, corn, sugar-cane, millet, potatoes, rice, peas and peanuts were to be seen as far as the eye could reach. Cotton averaged about waist-high, and was full of bolls. There was no small or poor-looking cotton, except where some farmer planted more than he could tend, or had to abandon some when wet weather interfered. I saw more healthy, cheerful, contented people there than can be found in the same space anywhere else. There are, of course, a few malcontents, but they are to be found everywhere this side of heaven. All who are industrious and good managers cannot only make a good living, but lay by something every year. The FARM AND FIRESIDE is a regular visitor to some of the homes there, and it was like meeting an old friend. Kamp, Alabama. R. P. S.

FROM NEBRASKA.—ALFALFA.—Red Willow county is rightly called "The Great Alfalfa Region." The year 1894 was one of great drought, the most severe ever known here, and yet three to four crops were cut that season. The yield for the season was four to six tons of excellent hay per acre, which sold readily at \$10 per ton. Where seed was saved, the yield was two to three tons of hay and five to seven bushels of seed per acre. Seed sold at \$5 per bushel. Two hundred acres yielded seven hundred bushels of seed, worth \$8,500, and four hundred tons of hay, worth \$2,000. A patch of twenty acres yielded three tons of hay and sixteen bushels of seed per acre. These crops grew on bottom land, without irrigation, and very nearly without rain. There are over sixty thousand acres of rich bottom land in this county. A season's growth of alfalfa on these rich lands, any year and every year right straight along, is worth \$20 per acre, and some seasons a great deal more. It is good for hogs, and for stock of any kind it is preferred to clover. As hay, it is preferred to clover or timothy. If cows are well fed on the hay, they will give about as much milk in winter as on clover in June. In 1895 the seed yield was less, but the yield of hay was more, running from five to nine tons per acre. Alfalfa is sure every year. The crop this year is good. As fine beef as I ever saw was fattened on alfalfa hay alone. A patch of alfalfa is just the place for calves, colts, or stock of any kind. Alfalfa is the monarch of all forage-plants, and is destined to make this a very wealthy country. W. C. McCook, Nebraska.



A sick woman cannot expect to have a healthy baby. An unhealthy baby has not the same chance for living as a healthy baby. The mother's condition must of necessity tell on the child's health and happiness. The laws of heredity are inflexible. The mother's weakness will surely show in some way in her child. A mother can make her child's life happy and successful, or miserable and a failure. She can do it by making and keeping herself perfectly strong and healthy during the period of gestation. She can do this by taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a most wonderful cure for all forms of female weakness and disease, and perhaps its greatest usefulness is in preparing for the trials and dangers of child-birth. It is a strengthening, purifying tonic. It acts directly on the organs distinctly feminine, drives out all impurities, promotes regularity and restores hearty, vigorous health. It will positively cure any form of female weakness or disease. It is the preparation of a regular, medical practitioner, whose great success as a specialist in the treatment of diseases of women has made him famous all over the world. Dr. Pierce is now, and has been for thirty years, chief consulting physician in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Complete information about the "Favorite Prescription" is to be found in Dr. Pierce's "Common Sense Medical Adviser," several chapters of which are devoted to the reproductive physiology of women. A handsome volume of 1008 pages, and over 300 illustrations. It contains more exact information about the human body in health and disease than any other medical book. Hundreds of useful, simple receipts for the cure of many ailments that come to every family. Its statements are to be absolutely relied upon, and if followed will save many a doctor's bill. A new edition of half a million copies of this book is now being distributed free, bound in strong paper covers. Any one may have a copy who will send 21 cents in one-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. French cloth binding is 31 cents.

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THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

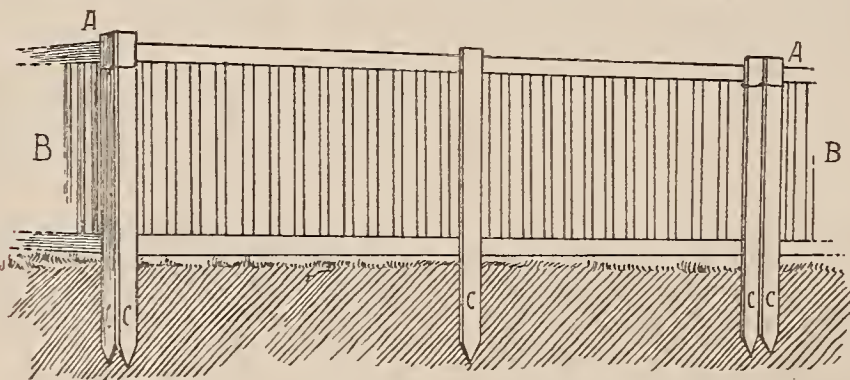
SMALL FLOCKS AND IMPROVEMENT.

There are a great many persons who keep flocks in the suburbs of towns, and they nearly always make poultry pay. It may be stated in connection with suburban poultry-raising that nearly all the improvements effected in breeds occur among this class. When the townsman decides to have a flock, he wishes something good and useful. Beauty of plumage and uniformity receive the first consideration, and prolificacy is essential. If the breed selected does not prove satisfactory, it is discarded until a series of experiments give better results. Such men soon get into the country. They will not remain content with their surroundings, but determine to enlarge. They are the ones who succeed with large flocks. They succeed because they begin with small flocks, watch every detail, and know something of the breeds and what the requirements are for the kind of fowls used. They teach a lesson to the farmer, pointing out where failures occur, and what can be done with better methods and select stock.

It has been estimated that if farmers could be induced to discard scrubs, and use only the pure breeds, the increase in value of poultry products would be fully one hundred per cent. This can be demonstrated by comparing the flocks owned by farmers with those of the breeders who make a specialty of keeping pure breeds. It is not to be inferred that all farmers are negligent of the advantages of good breeds, for some of them are enterprising in all departments of their farms, but as a class they do not attach that importance to poultry which they should, and in that respect lose a profit every year, which, though perhaps but a small sum with each, is quite large as a whole.

A FENCE FOR CONFINING DUCKS.

A fence only two feet high will confine Pekin ducks. A movable fence is shown by the illustration. It may be made of lath sawed into two pieces. A strip or post at each end of the panel, three feet long, with one in the center, across which



shingling-laths are nailed (to which the half laths are nailed), leaves one foot of each post to be driven into the ground. The fence portion, aboveground, will be two feet high.

To erect the fence, place the panels end to end, drive the posts into the ground and fasten the tops together with twine or wire, as shown at A A. The portion to be driven into the ground is seen at C C C, the fence aboveground being shown at B B.

To move this fence to a new location, which can be done in a few minutes, simply unfasten the twine or wire, pull up the panels, and drive them into the selected place. It is an excellent arrangement for changing to a fresh grass-plot.

Such a fence, three or four feet above-ground, made of whole laths, will also confine large birds, as Brahmas or Cochins.

TAKE NO RISKS.

When considering the possibilities of loss from any source, always give yourself the advantage of the doubt. That is, if there is something to be done to the poultry-house for the comfort of the fowl, and which you may suppose is not absolutely necessary, the better plan is to do it and to take no risks. If you desire to add more hens to your flock, and know nothing of their breeding or freedom from disease, be governed by the doubt, and do not buy them unknowingly, as you may destroy your entire flock by a single mistake. Hundreds of poultrymen fail because of overlooking the apparently unimportant details, which are the key to success.

DO NOT PREVENT SITTING.

Never "break a sitting hen from hatching a brood." When a hen becomes broody she has reached a point where incubation is essential to her success as a source of profit to her owner, and to deprive her of hatching a brood only delays her. When the food is unbalanced, and the hen becomes fat, she is then more inclined to sit than at any other period, the excess of fat on her body being a provision for sustaining life during her partial fast when she is on the nest. The process of incubation is also to her a period of rest, during which she recovers her former condition, and comes into laying prepared to do excellent service.

When a hen is "broken up" from the nest she may lay a few eggs, but she soon becomes broody again, the loss of time at frequent attempts to prevent her from sitting being more than that which she would spend on the nest in her endeavor to hatch a brood. If she brings off a brood, and raises eight chickens, worth twenty-five cents each, at least one half the sum will be profit, or equal to six dozen eggs at 16¢ cents per dozen—more than a hen will lay in four months. Let the hens sit, and select choice eggs for them, as well as aim to raise every chicken, and it will pay to allow them to gratify their desire of incubation.

VARIETY OF FOOD.

Suppose one adopts a regular plan of feeding, with a view to giving a variety, or rather, a change, every day. It should not be difficult. The evening meal should be wheat one day, oats the next, and corn the next. If rye, buckwheat or barley can be had at a fair price, they may also be used, thus giving six changes on the night meals. In the morning the following may be used: Cut clover one day, the next cut bone, then cooked potatoes or turnips, and thicken with bran; next a mess of corn-meal, ground oats, ground meal and a little linseed-meal mixed and moistened; skim-milk thickened with corn-meal may follow; cabbage will also serve as a change. These different messes may be varied in several ways. They are not expensive, and can be prepared with materials which are easily obtainable. A variety will be cheaper than a regular diet of one kind, because it will induce egg production. The

UTILIZING SKIM-MILK.

Which is better, converting milk into pork or eggs? The solution is, both; that is, let both the pigs and the hens receive a share. Milk alone is not suitable for laying hens, as it contains too much water, and they cannot drink enough of it to make it serve as a sufficient food. The use of milk in winter is not an easy matter, as it freezes, while in summer it soon becomes sour. Skim-milk is as serviceable as that which is fresh.

One of the best methods of using milk is to heat it to near the boiling-point, and to a pint of milk add a gill of linseed-meal, and then thicken sufficiently with ground oats to make a stiff dough, feeding it warm. A mess of this kind will be appreciated by the hens, and is also invigorating. If the hens are not laying, add one half pound of finely chopped liver or lean meat. At night give wheat, corn or oats.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

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LIMED EGGS.

A great many of the eggs that reach the large cities are what are known as limed eggs, and are purchased by those who buy the cheapest in the market, bakers being the best customers. They do not begin to compete with strictly fresh eggs, which are bought by a different class of customers, and it is doubtful if it really pays to lime the eggs except in the extreme West, or in those sections where eggs in the summer are very cheap and plentiful. In the East there is always a ready sale for fresh eggs.

DRY EARTH FOR FLOORS.

It is during midsummer, and when the earth is very dry, that the supply of dry earth should be stored. Use bins, old barrels or hogsheads, and sift the dirt. Store as much as possible, as it costs nothing, and will be found invaluable in winter. It may be used in the stables as an absorbent, as well as on the floor of the poultry-house.

FAT MAKES THE PRICE.

It does not pay to sell a fowl that is in poor condition, as such a bird in market must almost be given away, or sold at a price below the regular quotations. It does not cost over five cents, even with the heaviest feeding, to produce a pound of poultry. A poor hen, weighing six pounds, can be gotten to the weight of eight pounds in from ten to twenty days—seldom more than two weeks—and if the market price is twelve cents per pound, she will bring fourteen cents, owing to her superior quality; but allowing 12½ cents per pound, she will bring a dollar.

We allude to only the choicest fat fowls. The poor hen weighing six pounds will not sell for more than ten cents per pound. Thus it will be seen that by expending ten cents for food, and making a hen very fat, not only is the expenditure for food returned, but the profit is also much larger. In fact, by increasing the weight and improving the quality, the value of the hen is nearly doubled in two weeks.

RYE FOR POULTRY.

Among the grains, rye is not regarded as a very important food for poultry, but it may be used as a variety, however; a mixed grain diet, composed of wheat, oats, corn, rye and barley, is better than the use of any one of the grains. Rye is excellent when given once or twice a week, and will be relished by the hens as a change. It may be stated that as the warm days are now on, the feeding of any kind of grain should be done judiciously, as there is greater liability of loss from diseases due to too much grain in summer than from any other cause.

THE FOOD REQUIRED.

One quart of wheat or corn is considered by some as about the proper quantity of food per day for a dozen fowls, but if an experiment is made it will be found that the hens will not eat the same quantity every day. Large hens require more than small ones, and if one kind of food is given principally, they will eat but one fourth the quantity after awhile. There is but one way to give a full ration, and that is to place food before the hens and let them eat until the last one leaves. It is not a safe way to feed, however, as the method is too fattening.

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INHERITING DISEASES.

When a flock is visited by roup, and the disease puts in an appearance every year, it means that either the premises should be thoroughly disinfected or the disease is inherited through a liability or susceptibility thereto. For these reasons, not only should the entire premises be cleaned and disinfected, but the fowls should be gotten rid of and healthy birds procured from elsewhere, especially if roup has at any time prevailed. It is a precaution that may save labor and time, for when roup becomes general it is only with hard work that it can be eradicated.

SAVING POULTRY MANURE.

On the farm it is better to add the droppings from the poultry-house to the manure-heap than to try to keep them in any other manner. The usual mode of keeping them dry leads to a loss of ammonia, no matter what absorbent material they may be mixed with, and it is much more convenient to add them to the heap than to provide a separate place under shelter for storing them.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Canary.—A. T., Cyrus, Neb., writes: "My canary-bird is covered with lice, and I have tried several remedies without success."

REPLY:—Dust the bird daily with fresh Dalmatian insect-powder, and scald the cage until lice disappear.

Red Heads on Chicks.—C. A. S. writes: "Why do my chicks have the sides of their heads very red? I feed rye and oats."

REPLY:—The foods are not at fault, the cause probably being due to insects or parasites. Anoint the heads with vaseline to which a few drops of carbolic acid have been added—say five drops of the acid to a tablespoonful of vaseline.

Ducklings Overfed.—H. T., Essex, Conn., writes: "We have some ducklings which are unable to walk. They die when about two weeks old."

REPLY:—Probably they have been highly fed and forced during the warm season. Feed only twice a day, on cooked potatoes and bran, giving only one meal daily if they run on grass. Keep them dry at night.

Eggs Imperfect.—N. M. C., Wichita, Kan., writes: "What is the cause of broken yolks in newly laid eggs, and why is the albumen of eggs seemingly watery?"

REPLY:—When fat hens roost on high perches they are liable to injury, causing what is known as "egg-bound." The difficulties mentioned are due to diseases of the reproductive organs, usually caused by excessive grain food in summer.

Our Fireside.

THE GOOD OLD ART.

Some maids are gifted with the art
Of painting like the masters;
To dulcet canvas they impart
The freshness of the pastures.

While others, with the ready pen,
Find hours of busy pleasure
In polished prose, or then, again,
In light, poetic measure.

Another, like a woodland bird,
May set the sad world ringing
With carols sweet as ever heard—
Hers is the art of singing.

But there's a maid and there's an art
To which the world is looking,
The nearest art unto the heart—
The good old art of cooking.

The Voting of Mrs. Gray.

BY KATE WARTHEN SEARCY.



THE little city of Syracuse, in western Kansas, was all astir. To be more exact, it was almost all astir, for there was one among the residents who showed utmost indifference to the buzz about her.

The cause of the commotion was the annual school meeting at the school-house. Important questions to be decided were, levy of tax for school purposes, length of school term, whether female or male teachers should be employed, and, principal business of all, election of clerk for full term of service, and of treasurer to fill unexpired term of a removed member of the board of education.

Even during the days of the first great boom, the annual school meeting was of great moment. Elections held for determining a site for the county-seat were animated, but provoked no such comment as the school-district meeting. In county elections, only men voted, while in school-district affairs women had the privilege of the ballot. At the present time the franchise is granted women in municipal elections, also, but in that early day they were limited to the exercise of one political right. As is the way of women, when they had a chance they generally made good use of it.

Since those days it had continued to be the event of each year. True, an annual August cloud-burst above the city caused a small flood to sweep over a portion of it; fire destroyed three business blocks in three successive winters; grasshoppers and droughts consumed half the vegetation every summer, and intemperate violations of the prohibitory "original package" decisions were apprehended at the periodical court sessions. But none of these surpassed the date when women turned out to vote.

The Syracuse school-building (in the chapel of which the meeting was held) is a typical western Kansas educational institution. The pioneers of those prairies were in the main educated, progressive people. The first step they took, on reaching their destination, was to provide some sort of shelter for themselves and domestic animals; the second, to make commodious arrangements for the liberal education of their children; the third, to erect elegant edifices for public worship.

Travelers on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway in western Kansas express surprise at the superb structures used for schools and churches in little cities along the line. They say, "These people have builded in advance of the country." Those people, hearing such criticism, reply, "We have builded thus knowingly. We grew up with your country, and we purpose to make this country grow up to us."

The Syracuse school-house is one among the best of the buildings planned by the intelligent pioneer. Situated on a hill in the north of the city, a little off from Main street, it stands, a large stone structure of several departments, amply supplied with modern apparatus, and in proper season well filled with children of school age, which in Kansas means between the years of five and twenty-one. To-day a flag floats from the cupola, a harbed wire fence incloses a yard set with trees, irrigated by means of water drawn from a deep well by wind-power.

But on the particular day of which I write there was no flag, no fence, no windmill; nothing on the cupola but a wind-worn arrow vainly struggling to speed away; nothing in the yard but a thirsty-looking pump near the back door, and spiny soapweed or yucca-plants growing in the gravelly soil. The Alamo irrigating ditch cut deep banks a few rods southeast of the front.

At one o'clock the school-house stood alone and silent; at two o'clock it was alive with resounding voices. Every seat up-stairs was filled. A column of people ascended the stairway, groups climbed the hill, carriages unloaded their addition to the throng.

"Get ready, Mrs. Gray, and let's go up and vote," called Mrs. Allison, over the yard fence, to her next-door neighbor.

"No, ma'am," called back Mrs. Gray, emphatically, "you won't catch me tramping up that hill to vote! I wouldn't do it even if the governor said I had to!"

"Really? Not even to save your country?"

"Not even to save my neck."

Mrs. Gray, you perceive, was the one inhabitant not aroused over the school meeting.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Gray," chirped the liveryman's wife, little Mrs. Evans, bustling up the steps of the side porch, where Mrs. Gray sat sewing. "La, me! Stitcheing away in your old calico wrapper! Why don't you dress up and come out in politics?"

"Because I'm a womanly woman. Mixing in politics is not a woman's business. I wouldn't do it if my life depended on it. For my own part I've enough housework to keep me employed."

"What's that beruffled garment you're making now?"

"This is a lawn dress for Mamie. It's rather fancy, but then here's some big gingham sleeve aprons I've just made to wear over it. No, I've no time to be gadding about doing men's work. Monday I wash; Tuesday I iron; Wednesday I patch; Thursday I sew—and that's to-day, you know; Friday I scrub; Saturday I bake; Sunday I rest and read my Bible. That's enough for any woman."

"Dear me, maybe 'tis; but we all do that, and more. What time do you take for society?"

"Whose society do you mean, Mrs. Evans?"

"Everybody's." Calls and—

"You know I never make fashionable calls. In my opinion there is nothing more disgusting than a housekeeper trying to stand on the bottom steps of society. When I want to see anybody or go anywhere, I drop what I am doing and go. And that's the way I do when anybody comes to see me. I always find time to do anything I want to do, thanks to the way I stay at home and tend to my own business."

"Seems like you're aiming hints at me, Mrs. Gray; but I'm going to move on and let 'em miss me. You'd better join me, though I have to walk while most of the ladies ride grandly by in my Edward's carriages. The miller's wife goes without meal, you know, the shoemaker's wife without shoes, and the liveryman's wife without a carriage!" And laughing, the little woman tripped away.

Mrs. Gray gave a disapproving sigh, and made her machine run like mad down a long side seam of her little girl's dress. "Snap!" went the needle.

"Here, Charlie, run to Mr. Wilson's and bring me a machine needle just like this one. Take these pieces along and match 'em. Hurry, now!"

"What in the world does your ma want with a needle to-day?" asked the merchant. "Isn't she going up to the school-house?"

"No, sir. She wouldn't walk up there for the world; she said so."

"She needn't walk; we've secured buggies to take everybody. I'll send one for her directly. Of course, she's on our side; your pa is."

"She ain't on anybody's side; I heard her say so. She wouldn't ride up there for the world, either. I would, though. I'd like to be a woman and get to ride up and vote."

Mrs. Gray was still fitting her new needle when a surly halted before her house, and a gentleman rang the door-bell.

"Let whoever it is ring again, Charlie," said Mrs. Gray; "that's the style nowadays. Besides, I'm busy."

But the gentleman was in too great a hurry to wait or ring again. Evidently, he was familiar with Mrs. Gray's habits, for he walked briskly around to the side porch.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Gray?" he said. "I've come to carry you to the school meeting."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Steele; you've come to the wrong place."

"Why, not going?"

"Not for love or money."

"You should, for it is a question of schools. You have children, you know," he suggested.

"Yes, and I have a husband," she retorted.

"Let the widows and the spinsters vote, if they must, and prate about the greatness of the deed. To my way of thinking there's more glory in working a bias buttonhole." And she drew her needle through a loop in the thread with the air of a person who has said a fine thing and expects it to be convincing. "No, Mr. Steele, don't think me contrary, but there's plenty of men to manage public affairs."

"They might not attend to them as well as you could," he began.

"They always have."

"You ought to use your voice in the selection of teachers for your children."

"They always do have women teachers and a man principal."

"There are changes talked of. A movement is on foot to introduce radical changes. Two officers have to be elected. Our side want men who will employ home teachers. An underhanded effort is being made to put in men who favor a change. Now, there's George Melford—there ain't a better principal living—and what's the use of electing men who may send off for a stranger not half as good?"

This argument was attacking an assailable point. Mrs. Gray was particularly friendly to George Melford. He had boarded with her when he first taught in Syracuse. He had been very poor, and could not pay his board

at first until he received his salary. Now that he had prospered, married and had a snug home of his own, Mrs. Gray's heart had not lost its former sympathy for him. He had struggled honestly, he had taught successfully, he had been a genial boarder.

"Hurry up, Steele!" came a voice from the surry.

"Time's passing, Mrs. Gray. The election will be closely contested, I fear. We want to poll every vote in the district. Come on, Mrs. Gray, do, and help out the right side by your vote."

"I tell you, Mr. Steele, I wouldn't vote if I went."

"Then lend the influence of your presence," said the gentleman, eagerly. "If you want time to get ready, I'll go on with this load and come back for you."

"Who have you in the carriage?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Dent and Miss Snyder. We can make room for you."

"You know I wouldn't vote the same way with Dan Carroll, whichever way it goes. All he cares for is making a big per cent off the coal he furnishes the school."

"You needn't vote," said the gentleman, his ardor cooling. "All the ladies are anxious to go, and are having a good time."

"You know very well I wouldn't be caught in the same carriage with Mrs. Dent. She ruined my hat this past spring trying to make it over."

"I'll come for you myself, if you say so, Mrs. Gray," said the gentleman, turning to go.

"You needn't come, Mr. Steele, thank you."

When he had gone she exclaimed, regretfully: "Why didn't I ask him who the candidates are? Say, Charlie, you run up on the street and tell your pa to come home."

"He ain't there, ma. He's up at the school-house; I saw him."

"What were you doing there?"

"I rode up with Bob Jones. He's driving for the Jenkins side."

"For what?"

"One side's runnin' Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Greene, and the other's runnin' Mr. Warner and Mr. Small. Bob Jones is drivin' a carriage that takes up folks to vote on the Jenkins side."

"Who is Mr. Jenkins for?"

"He's for hisself, ma."

"I mean what kind of teacher—new ones, or the same old home ones? You heard what Mr. Steele said."

"He's for women teachers, I guess, ma. Some's for new an' some's for old, an' some ain't for any; but Mr. Jenkins told Mrs. Stayton he was 'for women, God bless 'em!' I heard him."

"What was your pa doing?"

"Pa was standin' on his right foot, with his other foot on a bench, makin' figures right fast on his other knee. He didn't know I was there, but I saw him."

Mrs. Gray sewed uninterruptedly for fifteen minutes. She could hear the chatter of women's voices as carriages rattled by. A cloud of dust rose from the droughty street and settled on the dwarfish shrubbery in her front yard, reaching even the house-plants on a shelf near the side porch where she sewed, sheltered from the sultriness of the July afternoon.

The back door opened and slammed, and Mr. Gray appeared at his wife's side.

"Jane, you're doing wrong in staying away from up there. We lost the length of school term right in the start, and not enough tax was levied to pay for the schooling of a sparrow. You ought to have been there and helped."

"How many votes were lacking?" she inquired, animatedly.

"Only five."

"Now, Harvey Simpson Gray," she spoke in that vinegary way she had when saying something fine and convincing, "you know very well if I had been up there and carried your side with them five votes, the other side would have had me arrested and fined. I may not know as much as some of you men and your smart voting ladies, but I know enough to keep out of jail. When I sacrifice freedom and my honor it will be for something bigger than the Syracuse school district."

"I don't mind losing the levy like I do letting Warner and Greene be beat, which I'm afraid they will be if there's many more like you."

"I thought Mr. Jenkins was the man you wanted."

"No; but I'd rather he'd get in than Small. Small is so prejudiced in his views, and he couldn't work with either Wilson or Greene or Markham."

"Seems like I don't quite understand it all," said Mrs. Gray, slowly. "Now, if I voted for Mr. Markham, would he be in favor of hiring George Melford?"

"You can't vote for Markham; he's the director that's already in. You—"

"Then it's Mr. Greene and Mr. Small that's running together on your side against—"

"No, it's not. You—"

"I think Charlie said it was. I—"

"No, I tell you it's Warner and Greene against Jenkins and Small."

"And if Jenkins and Small beat them, will George Melford be crowded out of our school by some strange man, and—"

"Great powers, Jane, no! Don't you know—"

"No, Harvey Simpson, I don't know, and I don't want to know."

Mrs. Gray had returned to her sewing. An idea came to Mr. Gray, which he grasped as a bright one.

"You might go up there with me just to see how things go on at an annual meeting. You won't have to vote or say anything unless you want to. Don't you think you'd vote for anybody at all—not even George Melford?"

"I tell you I wouldn't vote for the best man on earth!"

"Not even for me?"

"Not even for you."

The back door opened and slammed again, and Mr. Gray had disappeared from his wife's side. The sound of his footsteps had hardly died away, when Mrs. Evans fluttered around the corner of the house. She clasped her hands and ejaculated, breathlessly:

"Greatest time! You never saw! I voted! First time in my life! Do it again next year!"

"Mrs. Evans," said Mrs. Gray, with chilling deliberation, "if you could see how foolish you are acting you'd be a smart woman."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Gray, but this voting is the only remarkable thing I've ever done. And now I see more importance in it than in anything you ever *did* see in *all* your life."

"My opinion is," said Mrs. Gray, "that this whole business is more muddled than important. I've not seen a single person who could tell the straight of it."

"You just ought to go up there your own self," said Mrs. Evans, significantly. "The polls will stay open till six o'clock. I voted and came away to get supper. But I couldn't go by without turning in to see you. I just thought, when I looked at the way a few of those men acted, to the mortification of the more respected gentlemen, I thought how much better was the quiet ways of us women."

"Now, Mrs. Evans, you know very well that women at the polls are worse than men. There won't be any honest, quiet ways left if they keep on."

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, don't say it! Don't think that all women are bad just because a few of them and lots of men are untrustworthy and obstreperous. Anyhow, they were mostly well-behaved this afternoon."

"Maybe school polls are different from regular political polls," said Mrs. Gray.

A reply was prevented by the entrance of Charlie, who had followed his father to the school-house.

"Which way does it seem to be going now, Charlie?" Mrs. Evans asked the boy.

"I can't make out whether they're goin' pa's way or comin' Mr. Wilson's way," he replied.

"La, I thought they were on the same side!" said Mrs. Gray.

"La, no!" said Mrs. Evans.

"They was at first," explained Charlie, proud of his superior information, "till Mr. Greene and Mr. Small tried to trade off Mr. Warner for themselves, an' then pa turned, an' I don't know just where he is now, but it's not where he was before. That's just the way it is; I heard several say so."

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Evans, meditatively, "I thought it was Greene and Jenkins that combined."

"Mrs. Evans," said Mrs. Gray, quizzically, "I don't believe you can tell right now who it was you voted for."

"Oh, yes, I can," asserted Mrs. Evans, looking uneasy, however. "You ought to go up and see the proceedings, by all means," she continued, with a diverting burst of animation.

"Yes, ma, you'd ought to go up and see the fun! Mr. Jenkins is makin' speeches ev'ry few minutes, an' wavin' his fists till us boys is callin' him ol' Fourth o' July. My, I wish I had a chance to vote like pa an' you!"

"Well, well, I must go on home," said Mrs. Evans, rising. "Having to vote for good schools may be a trifle tiresome, but I'd feel I'd shirked a duty to my family without it."

Mrs. Gray went to her room and donned the gown she called her prayer-meeting dress. It was a brown cashmere, plain and well-fitting. She wore it sometimes on the street, when visiting a friend, at home on Sundays, and invariably to the midweek Methodist prayer-meeting.

"So many folks keep dropping in," she thought, "and seeing me in that old wrapper. Besides, this is prayer-meeting night, and I can be careful of it through supper, and not have to dress again. Height of foolishness, this stir and electioneering and running to vote! And then for anybody to hint of my neglecting duty! That's what they all mean, from Mrs. Evans even down to Harvey Simpson Gray; that's what they all mean. I guess I can feel a hint without having it thrust plump through me."

It was now after five o'clock, and she resumed her sewing.

"Charlie, make a fire in the stove for supper, and call Mamie to peel the potatoes," she said, sewing on the last of a dozen pretty pearl buttons. "Go to the door, first; somebody's ringing."

"It's Mr. Melford, ma."

"Good-evening, Mrs. Gray. Now you must lay aside all your delightful womanly squeamishness and go straight up to that school-house and vote. Then you can come as straight back as you please. There's a lot of chicanery to be swept out by your clean vote."

She shook her head.

"Come, now, you must. You like me, don't you? I'm not seeking selfishly to magnetize votes, but a vote for Warner and Jenkins means a vote for me, and superior schooling for little Charlie, there, and Mamie for a year to come," he said, earnestly.

"George, as much as I like you, you know I've always said I wouldn't vote for anybody living."

LEOTA.

BY JULIA FENTON GARWOOD.

"I used to say that, too," interposed Mrs. Allison, stepping in at that moment, "but you can easily break off from that, as I did."

George Melford was nervous. He looked at his watch. Mrs. Gray glanced at the clock on the mantel.

"It's half-past five," she demurred. "Time supper—"

"Go on, mama, urged Mamie, stopping at the door with a pan of potatoes in her hand. "Charlie and I will get supper till you come back."

"You know I wouldn't go up there and vote with men, just like a man."

"I'll go back again with you," offered Mrs. Allison. "I won't mind it at all."

"I'd rather Mr. Gray—"

"Here he is!" shouted the beaming Mr. Gray, as he hurried through the hall. "In a notion of going, Jane? Better. We'll win yet. Hurry along, or the polls will close."

The four entered a waiting carriage, and were whirled up the hill to the very stone steps of the school-building.

"I hate mightily to do this," objected Mrs. Gray, faintly, as her husband assisted her out. "Oh, it's all right," he said, reassuringly.

"Must I vote Republican or Democratic?" she asked, in a bewildered way, as they entered the throng of people, some coming, some going, all talking excitedly.

"Vote for Warner and Greene. Here's the ticket I've fixed for you. There ain't any politics in this election."

"I thought there was," she murmured, with growing confusion. The folded bit of paper was clutched in her gloved fingers. "What must I do with it?" she said.

A man handed her another bit of paper folded precisely like the first.

"Where must I put them?" she repeated.

"Put what, where?" said her husband, trying to check her aimless turning and keep her moving toward the clerk's desk. "I'm managing this for you," he said, somewhat annoyed, taking her tickets and examining them, tossing aside the superfluous one. "Don't you take anything anybody gives you. Here, keep straight ahead with me," he whispered.

"Polls ready to close!" shouted a man. "Anybody not voted, come quick; now's your time! Warner and Greene!"

"Jenkins and Small!" shouted an opposing voice.

"There's the ballot-box," said Mr. Gray, pointing to a cigar-box on the clerk's desk. It had a slit cut in the top for the votes to drop through. "Now put in your ballot."

By this time Mrs. Gray had regained her usual composure. "So this is the polls!" she exclaimed, disdainfully, presenting two folded ballots.

Half a dozen hands interposed.

"Where'd you get this?" gasped Mr. Gray, making a second examination of her ballots. "Oh, I don't know. It must have just slipped in somehow," she said, joining in the general friendly laugh.

Mr. Gray placed the proper ballot in her fingers, and moved her hand over the ballot-box. Thus guided, the vote was finally deposited.

"I'm actually ashamed of your ignorance, Jane," said Mr. Gray to his wife when they were inside their own yard. He spoke in that confiding tone which goes unresented by companions who thoroughly understand each other.

"So am I, Harvey Simpson, and I tell you now I don't know for sure who I voted for or what I voted for, and I don't think the rest of you are any clearer in your minds than I am. I don't much care, either, which way I voted; but if I voted on the losing side, you'll never get me to vote again while time lasts."

When the votes were counted, Mr. Small was declared clerk for a term of three years, and Mr. Warner treasurer to fill the unexpired term of one year.

After the new board of education met, an announcement of teachers was made, showing a few minor changes in the lower grades, and the selection of Miss Alice Caroline Woodbury, of Kansas City, as principal.

Mrs. Gray was ironing when she heard of it. "I'll never vote again as long as I live," she declared.

And to this day she has kept her word.

HOW MOTHER-O'-PEARL BUTTONS ARE MADE.

Though buttons of all kinds are made in Birmingham, the pearl button is the most extensive. Mother-o'-pearl is a most suitable material for making buttons; it is so strong, so pretty, and so easily worked. The shells are obtained from Australia, Manila, Bombay, Egypt, South America, and some other places. They are as large as dessert-plates, and half an inch in thickness. The button-maker cuts the shells up into lozenge-shaped pieces of various sizes, so as to leave as little waste as possible, for the shells are expensive, a ton of picked specimens costing £300. The cutting is done by means of a saw in the shape of a tube, with the teeth cut upon the rim of one of its ends. The saw is made to spin round in a lathe, and rapidly pierces the shell held to it by the workman, cutting out a piece which is as large as its internal diameter. The pieces thus cut are too thick to be used for buttons, and are split up into three or more lozenges, each of which is turned separately in a lathe, and has the holes drilled in it through which it is to be sewn to the garment on which it is ultimately to find a place.—*Little Folks.*

It was finished at last—the grand house on Beechwood Hill. It stood complete, from the silver-tipped flagstaff down to the beautifully cemented cellar floor. It overlooked one of the most fruitful valleys of the Susquehanna, and the "lordly mansion" had been the theme of the rural inhabitants for the past year.

Roland Aurand, the proud owner, was a bright young physician. To-day, as he walked up and down the broad veranda, he felt an inward triumph in realizing the dream of his life. His one wish, his one earnest longing, ever since his early childhood had been for a home.

His parents died when he was four years old, and at the tender age of six his guardian put him in a boys' school. His earliest recollection was of crying every time the other boys went home on a vacation. It was then that poor little lonely Roland resolved that "some day" he would build a home of his own. His father's modest little fortune was just enough to carry him through college and to give him his medical education; and with these he started out equipped for the battle of life.

About two years after he commenced to practise his profession, a distant relative died, and he suddenly found himself in possession of a large fortune. He immediately established himself in comfortable quarters, and then began to look for a place to build his long-coveted home. Now, after two years, everything was finished, and the house-furnishers had just left.

"Everything is complete now, doctor," said the foreman, "and it looks more like a fairy palace than a human habitation. You ought to be a happy man."

The young doctor continued his walk on the veranda.

"He says I ought to be happy. Well, I suppose I am," he added, with a short laugh. "I have a home to-night, even if I do feel a little blue and downhearted. But that will pass off to-morrow, when the housekeeper and servants arrive. Yet it seems that there is something lacking."

Just at this moment he noticed that there was some disturbance in the road below. He looked, and saw two little ragged children, their voices sounding harsh and high in the evening air.

"You sha'n't have it!"

"I will!"

"I tell you it's mine!"

"It ain't!"

"I dugged it up!"

"I pulled it out, an' you sha'n't have it!"

And the girl snatched something from the boy's hand and attempted to run away; but with one quick blow he sent her sprawling in the dust, her pink sunbonnet flying off, disclosing a mat of flaxen hair.

"Shame!" cried the doctor, as he ran down to the road and picked the child up. "Why do you treat your little sister in this cruel manner?"

"Cause she won't gimme that little gold medal."

"Tain't his'n," said the girl, "an' I want it to wear round my neck."

"An' I want it to sell to the groceryman. I can git ten cents' worth o' hickory fur it."

"Let me see what you are quarreling about," said the doctor, as he held out his hand for the bone of contention.

"We digged it out o' the sand down by the river, an' Jake's so stingy he wants it all hisself," the girl explained, as she handed him a slender gold chain with a locket attached.

"So you would sell this for ten cents' worth of licorice, would you?" he said to the boy.

"You bet I would."

"Well, suppose you let me have it until I find the owner? And here is something to pay you for digging it up." And he handed each one a bright silver dollar.

They were speechless with amazement, but their eyes glistened with delight as they ran home to display their riches to their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

The doctor looked after them until their little forms grew indistinct in the distance, then returned to the house and examined the little treasure he held in his hand.

The locket was small, and oval in shape, with a monogram on the outside. The little hinge was rusty, and in trying to get it open the cover fell off on the floor, disclosing to view the pictured face of a young girl.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Roland, involuntarily, as he gazed at the marvelously bright face which seemed to look frankly up into his.

"This young lady is a puzzle to me," he thought, after studying the features long and earnestly. "One way I look at her she seems radiantly happy; then again there is a sort of sadness in the expression of the eyes. But whoever she is, she is charming, and I wish I knew where to find the original. I'm sorry I broke the locket," he mused, as he began to search on the floor for the missing part. As he picked it up he discovered the name "Leota" on the inside of the cover. "Ah! I'm glad to know your name," he said, as he once more looked at the picture. "How kind you are, Leota, to come and share my new home. Why, I declare," he said, laughing, "my fit of the blues is all gone."

He went over to the dressing-case, got a

little velvet-lined box, and laid the locket inside; but as the cover was off, it would not lie straight, but rolled over on its velvet cushion.

"Do not turn your face away from me, my beautiful Leota," said Roland. "You are to be my guardian angel, for I am all alone in this great house."

The next morning, as he wandered through the rooms of his fine home, he thought of the remark of the house-furnisher.

"Yes, he was right; it does seem like a fairy palace, and how thankful I am to have the dream of my youth realized. But where is the fairy?" he said, as he once more picked up the little box and opened the lid. "She is more beautiful this morning than she was last night," he mused. "Surely, she is my good fairy." And he stood gazing at the picture so long that he almost forgot to go to the station to meet his housekeeper and servants.

Weeks and months passed away, and everything went smoothly and pleasantly in the doctor's beautiful home. He had practice enough in the little village to keep him comfortably busy, and had gained many good friends, especially among the poor. Every day, it must be confessed, he gazed long and lovingly on the fair face of Leota. She had come to be almost a living reality to him, and he consulted her on all occasions. Without the picture he would have been lonely and miserable.

One evening, a year and more after he had rescued Leota from the little ragamuffins, he received a letter from a college chum, saying that he would pass through on the evening train, and wished Roland to meet him for a few minutes' conversation.

He drove down to see his friend, and on his return was overtaken by a violent storm. The vivid flashes of lightning almost blinded him, and the rain began to fall in torrents just as he neared an open shed at the side of the road. He drove under the friendly shelter and hitched his horse, then threw the large fur robe over his head and ran across the road to a more secure shelter for himself. It was an old log cabin, substantially built, that had once been a dwelling for the winter wood-choppers.

It was almost dark, but he could see that the door was standing half way open; and as he jumped briskly through the driving rain into the darkness within, he felt rather than saw that the place was already occupied. Just as he landed inside, a terrific gust of wind blew the door shut with a bang, and he was in total darkness. As the sound died away he thought he heard a rustle near him.

"Who is here?" he asked.

"Oh," said a sweet, trembling voice, "oh, sir, I came in out of the storm, and I—" There it stopped.

"I am glad you found shelter," said Roland, in reassuring tones, for he knew from the voice that the speaker was a woman and that she was very much frightened. "It is indeed a hard storm, but you are perfectly safe here. Allow me to introduce myself to you." And he told her his name and where he lived.

"I am Miss Volney, from Buffalo," she said, "and I came to visit Mrs. Doane, who lives about a mile from the station. There was no one there to meet me, so I started to walk; but the storm drove me in here. Do you know where Mrs. Doane lives?"

"Yes; her house is just across the hill from mine. But it has not been occupied for two years, as the family is in Europe."

"Oh, have they not returned? I received a letter from Mrs. Doane three months ago, and she said they expected to sail the next week, and wished me to come to see her as soon as possible. She is my dearest friend, and— But I will have to return on the next train. Do you know what time it leaves?"

Between fear and disappointment her voice trembled so that she could scarcely speak.

Roland tried to comfort her by saying:

"Do not lose courage, Miss Volney. You are safe here as long as the storm lasts, and as soon as it is over I will take you to my home, where you can wait until the noon train to-morrow. I wish I could see what accommodations this place affords, so that I could ask you to sit down. Never before have I been in a place quite so dark as this. I can only locate you by the sound of your voice, and I will confess," he laughingly added, "that I would like to see the face of my partner in distress."

"Yes," said she, her voice brightening, "I have been trying for the last three minutes to see my hand close to my eyes. I wonder if there are any windows in this house?"

"There used to be, but they are boarded up. When I came by yesterday, the man who lives on the next farm was boiling apple butter in here. But I will open the door now, as I do not think it is blowing so hard."

He stepped to the door and felt for the latch, but all in vain. It seemed to be a perfectly smooth surface inside. At last he found a hole, but a stick was necessary to lift up the heavy wooden bar that held the door shut.

"We are locked in, Miss Volney, but I think I can find a stick to raise this latch." And he explained to her just how the door was bolted from the outside.

"I will help you find a stick," she said, as she began to feel around in the dark.

"How unfortunate," said he, "that my pocket match-safe is empty. With a match we might at least find out where we are standing."

They walked slowly and cautiously back and forth, across the floor of the little cabin, but could find nothing that would serve to raise the bar of their prison. The situation

began to assume a ludicrous form, and they were soon laughing at their many mishaps in stumbling about in the dark.

"Where are you now, Miss Volney?" said the doctor, after a minute's silence.

"Oh, I am sitting over here on a pile of apples. Where are you?"

"I am playing Cinderella in the ashes in the fireplace."

"I wish there were fire there, for I am getting cold."

"Pardon me. How thoughtless I am," he exclaimed. "I will try to make you more comfortable, if I can find the fur robe I brought in with me." And he groped over toward the door. "Here it is. Now, if I can find some place to put it where you can sit down— Hello! what is this?" as he struck his foot against something hard. "I believe I've found a place at last, where you can get some rest. There, I've arranged the robe; and now, Miss Volney, if you will come forward I will give you a seat fit for a queen."

"All right; I'll be there," she replied, as she followed in the direction of his voice.

"Now, please give me your hand, step up on this ledge and sink down into the robe."

"Oh, what a delightful little nest you have prepared for me. I certainly appreciate it, for I am very tired."

"Have you the least idea where you are, Miss Volney?" asked the doctor, trying to suppress a laugh.

"No. Where?"

"Well, you are in the apple-butter kettle."

Then peal after peal of merry laughter filled the old cabin. The icy reserve was completely broken. Roland sat down on the edge of the hearth, and they talked a long time like old friends.

"If her face proves to be half as charming as her voice," said Roland to himself, "she certainly will be a fascinating young lady."

He learned from her conversation that she supported her widowed mother by filling the position of stenographer in a large wholesale house in the city. She and Mrs. Doane had been room-mates at college three years before, and had been firm friends ever since.

"Well," said the doctor, after awhile, "I will go to work again, Miss Volney, and try to find some way to get out of this place."

"I will lend you the queen's throne, and perhaps you can stand on it and find where the windows are and knock the boards off. I will hold the kettle in place while you climb up."

"We can at least try," said he, as he helped her out and rolled the kettle over against the wall. "Hark! The little church-bell in the village is striking midnight. Is it possible that we have been in here five hours?"

They worked together, succeeding at last in getting the boards from the window, and Roland climbed out and opened the door. The rain was over, and the moon was struggling through the clouds as they stepped into the carriage and drove toward his home.

"Oh," said Miss Volney, with a little scream, as she looked at her hands in the moonlight, "my hands are as black as coal, from the bottom of that kettle, and my face must be, too." She hastily pulled down her veil, looked up into Roland's face, and burst into another merry laugh. "Oh, doctor," she said, "your face is covered with black spots. I'm glad I can hide behind this friendly veil until I can get some water. But," she added, more seriously, "I'm so thankful to you for taking such excellent care of me. What would I have done had I been all alone in that dark, dismal cabin? I should have died of fright before morning."

In a few minutes she found herself under the housekeeper's motherly care, in one of the highest, warmest rooms in the Aurand mansion. After washing away the evidence of her last night's adventure, she fell into a deep, refreshing sleep, and did not wake until late in the morning. She arose and dressed, brightening her traveling-suit with some fine lace she had in her little satchel. Just as her toilet was completed, a message came from the doctor, inviting her down to the breakfast-room.

As she passed through the doorway of the bright, cheery room, Roland raised his eyes from the paper he was reading, jumped to his feet, and with a cry of joy rushed toward her with outstretched hands, uttering the one word, "Leota!"

She looked at him in astonishment, but did not speak.

"Oh, Leota! have I found you at last?"

She could not find words to answer him, but looked as if she doubted his sanity. At length she recovered sufficiently to say:

"I really do not understand why you should call me by my first name."

Then, when the doctor had recovered his right mind, he explained to her fully the story of the locket.

"It must have been the picture I gave to Mrs. Doane on my eighteenth birthday. She wrote me that she had lost it. But, doctor," she said, in some confusion, "isn't it almost train-time?" And to cover her embarrassment, she began to get ready to go to the station.

During the next year the doctor made numberless visits to Buffalo, and at the end of that time brought his fair bride back to share his home. As she stepped into the carriage she whispered, roguishly:

"Please do not tell any one that you found your wife in an apple-butter kettle."

SOUTHERN SEMINOLES OF TO-DAY.

The Seminoles now number only about 1,500, perhaps somewhat less, though during the last few years a large increase among them has been noted by others and reported by themselves. As time has advanced and civilization making rapid strides along the coast, the Seminole has scented danger to all he loved most; and as the habitations of the white man come nearer, he has retreated before the advancing foe, going further in toward the interior of the state, until now he inhabits the central portion of the Everglades, visiting white settlements at rare intervals, and keeping his whereabouts and numbers diligently concealed from his paler brothers.

Only during the past five years has any attempt been made, either by church, state or general government, to better their condition or to look after them in any manner, though individual philanthropists have time and again manifested an interest in the Indians' welfare. Within this time some effort has been made to get their education and social training well under way.

No government reservation has ever been set aside for the Seminoles in Florida, but the governor of the state, in 1892, appointed three commissioners to select 3,000 acres of state lands for their homes. The general government has sent an agent among them, Dr. J. E. Brecht, of Fort Myers, and the Woman's National Indian Association has selected Mrs. Brecht, the doctor's wife, as its representative among the Indians. The association began its work through Mrs. Brecht before the government appointed her husband, the government making its appointment through the efforts of the association. The association bought some land for a station, and the government in time bought of the association, the two working along harmoniously.

In the meantime, the Episcopal church, through the bishop of the southern diocese, W. C. Gray, began work among the Indians. He appointed a resident missionary, so that now the church, the government and the humane society are all united in an effort to educate the Seminole.

Efforts are being made to teach the Indians useful, homely arts, and in this the agents are succeeding. The women use sewing-machines, and they are beginning to learn the use of conventional cooking-utensils and tableware, as well as household furniture, while the men learn the use of farm tools, carpenters' tools, etc. But they oppose all efforts to teach them English or to instruct them in the rudiments of learning or of the Christian religion.

It is only recently that photographers have been able to secure pictures of the Seminole. When the first man was approached and told what was wanted, he said: "Me shoot white man he take picture." But gradually the prejudice is dying away, and some of them are anxious to be photographed, especially the younger bucks, who, perhaps, like to show off their courage in facing so devilish an apparatus.

Many queer experiences are related that have made us better acquainted with the Indian and his attitude. He has a great dislike to being considered a meddler or as interfering in any way, and when the Western Union stretched its wires across the great alatti (swamp) to connect with the Nassau cable, the line ran through a village. The chief immediately moved, because, as he said, "pickaninny shoot down bottle" from the poles, and he dreaded the consequence even of childish meddling with the "white mau's talking debilment."

They consider that they hold the Everglades by right and by treaty, and the various movements through that section looking to its reclamation arouse anxiety and bitter feeling. —Florida Citizen.

STAY IN PARIS AND "DO" EUROPE.

An artful and ingenious Frenchman in Paris, with a well-developed and subtle knowledge of the frailties and vanities of the traveling public, has hit upon a plan that will place many American dollars in his pocket, and at the same time permit those who go abroad this summer to practise innocent impositions upon their credulous friends and neighbors on their return.

His method is a simple one, and yet, when adopted in connection with a careful reading of Baedeker or some other guide-book, is one that is almost certain to mislead the "folks at home" and give one an appearance of having traveled much, although he may not have gone to any other place on the continent than Paris.

This thoughtful, provident Frenchman has laid in an excellent stock of those innocent and heretofore truthful telltale pasters that all travelers cherish and delight in having stuck upon their trunks and boxes in places far from home. They are exact reproductions of the pasters or labels most in use at railway stations and hostleries in the various countries abroad, and these, for a mild consideration, he will apply to any article of baggage that a traveler may have. The tourist selects the labels and he does the rest.

With enough of these stuck about indiscriminately to be used in evidence, and a slight knowledge of the place thereby indicated, gleaned from a guide-book, deception is made easy, and a reputation for having "done" Europe can be cheaply gained.

This industry is a new one, and bids fair to meet with great success, as tales of foreign

travels, like those of fishing adventures, are seldom confined to the niceties of truth, and it is not considered any more improper to stretch a point in telling about one than it is in telling about the other.

The scheme was first made known on this side on the arrival of the White Star steamship Teutonic the other day. A vivacious young woman who had been abroad with some friends was met at the steamer by her brother, who looked after her baggage.

After the customs officials had tumbled the things in her trunk about as the law requires, her brother noticed the many pasters upon it.

He expressed surprise that she had been in so many places during her short absence, and remarked that she had said nothing of many of them in her letters.

She laughed heartily at his remark, and told him that they had nearly all been put on in Paris. "It only cost me four francs, and lots of others had it done, too," she said. She then stated that she could have had plenty more had she desired, as the man had all that any one could wish.

The Frenchman has undoubtedly filled "a long-felt want," and hereafter doing Europe on a dollar a day will be considered an unnecessary extravagance.

Truly, Paris is the center of the universe. —New York Times.

HUSBANDS OVERINDULGE WIVES.

There is not a wife living who would not resent being told that her womanly nature, her true self, was being destroyed, undermined, by a too intense and absorbed devotion on the part of her husband; that she was daily losing womanly strength and force, and rapidly becoming a clog and impediment to her husband's progress, because of his indulgence. We hear a great deal said about the selfishness of men, but unbiased observers will have to admit that a great proportion of the selfishness that escaped from Pandora's box found refuge in the hearts of women.

Look about the world and see if you do not find as many husbands victims of a wife's nerves, headache or backache, as you find wives sacrificed to a husband's sins or weaknesses. Men's acts of selfishness are more apparent, as a usual thing; they are more flagrant. Woman's selfishness is more insidious.

A husband's comfort is wholly dependent on a wife. If she chooses to revenge herself for any inattention or deprivation, there are thousands of petty ways open to her that a man would scorn to use. The writer calls to mind a pretty, girlish wife, who was excessively extravagant, and who had a most devoted husband. Sitting with a party of ladies one day when the subject of managing husbands was under discussion, she shook a pretty golden head, and with a merry laugh, said, "I manage better than any of you; when Sammy don't do just as I want him to, I go to bed and stay there till he gives in." There was a burst of protest, but the young woman went on with perfect calmness: "You know last week you all thought I was ill. I wasn't. I wanted a hundred dollars for my spring dress and bonnet; Sammy would only give me fifty; but I tell you he was glad to give me the other fifty to get me up. I'd have stayed there till now if he had not." And she looked around with an air of triumphant pride. There are few women who resort to such methods—none worthy of an honest love; but are there not women who assume a cold, reserved, constrained manner if they are deprived of an indulgence or liberty, women who resent, perhaps unconsciously, any control over actions or expenditures?

Few wives or children stop to think how little, comparatively, of a husband's or father's income is expended on himself alone. The major part is devoted to home and its dependent inmates. This financial abnegation is accepted as a matter of course by those at home and abroad, and the world makes a butt of the man who does otherwise; but surely the deepest devotion should be given in return from those who are benefited by it. —Domestic Monthly.

THE WALK OF WOMEN.

"How women walk" has recently been the subject of discussion in a Parisian journal, says the London *Pictorial*. According to this authority, the palm must be awarded to French women. The English woman, it states, does not walk; she travels. Her limbs appear to be moved by the engine of a steamer, and her feet have the proportions of an Atlantic liner! Concerning the gait of women of other countries, this interesting journal goes on to remark that the German is heavy, one feels the earth tremble beneath her tread; the Spanish woman "prances," the American woman resembles the pendulum of a clock, the Italian "skips," the Russian "skates," the Dutch woman "rolls," and the Belgian tramps about.

Now, although these remarks are ungallant and uncomplimentary to our own nation particularly, we cannot but own there is a certain amount of truth in them. Numbers of women do not seem to care how they walk so long as they cover the distance they wish to travel somehow. But if they could only see themselves as they appear to the casual onlooker, how very differently they would comport themselves! How often is a pretty face and

figure spoiled by a stoop of the shoulders and a wriggling, bustling walk!

Corsican women are models of queenly grace, and the reason is plain. They have a curious custom of carrying burdens, water-pots, etc., on their heads. I noticed a Corsican woman going on board a steamer at Marseilles not long ago carrying her baby in her arms and her portmanteau on her head. As nearly all the water in Corsica is carried from wells by women in water-pots, the women acquire from youth the practice of carrying burdens on their heads. An hour's practice of this exercise a day with, for instance, a book or a pillow on our head, would do wonders in the way of making us into types of grace and ease, when before we were the exact opposite.

SENSE OF INSECTS.

Concerning the ordinary senses of insects comparatively little is known. Most of them certainly see well, the eyes of many species being far more elaborate than those of human beings. The eyes of common house-flies and dragon-flies are believed to be better fitted than the human eye for observing objects in motion, though these creatures are short-sighted.

It may be reasonably supposed that insects possess taste, judging from the discrimination that they exercise in the choice of their food. That they have smell is a matter of common observation, and has been experimentally proved by Sir John Lubbock and others. Most insects seem to be deaf to the sounds which are heard by human beings.

At the same time, there is no question that they produce sounds and hear sounds that are entirely beyond our own range of auditory perception. Sir John Lubbock has said that we can no more form an idea of these sounds than we should have been able to conceive a notion of red or green if the human race had been blind. The air is doubtless often vocal with the sounds made by insects of so high a pitch as to be entirely out of range of man's power to hear.

Certain senses in insects appear to be beyond comprehension. The neuter ants among the ants known as "termites" are blind, and can have no sense of light in their burrowings; yet they will reduce a beam of wood or an elaborate piece of furniture to a mere shell without once gnawing through the surface.

An analogy is found among mammals. A bat in a lighted room, though blinded as to sight, will fly in all directions with great swiftness and with infallible certainty of avoiding concussion or contact with any object. It seems to be able to feel at a distance. —Washington Star.

A "SURGICAL INSTRUMENT."

A worthy lady of Chicago who does not keep pace with the times was the heroine of a recent incident, the point of which will be apparent to boys. There had been a surgical operation in the house, which was happily over. Some time after the doctor had gone the mistress of the house, as is related by the Chicago *Record*, discovered on a table what she took to be one of the surgical instruments, inadvertently left behind.

She first carefully cleansed the polished steel with a solution of carbolic acid and water, then rubbed it dry with a flannel cloth, wrapped it up and sent a servant with it to the doctor. With it she sent this note:

DEAR DOCTOR:—When you were at the house yesterday you were so unfortunate as to mislay one of your surgical instruments. I have taken good care of it, and return it by the messenger.

I am very truly,

Before long the messenger came back with the same parcel, a little rumpled by opening, and with it brought this note from the doctor:

DEAR MRS. —:—I thank you for your thoughtfulness, but there is evidently a mistake somewhere. The instrument does not belong to me. I would suggest that you ask your son about it.

Very truly yours,

Full of astonishment, she went to her sixteen-year-old son.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked.

"Why, yes; that's the pump that I fill my pneumatic tires with," he said.

He wondered then why his mother should be so much displeased with him for possessing a bicycle-pump, when she had not objected at all to the bicycle.

KNOCKED OUT WITH ONE BLOW.

A cutting story is being told at the expense of a well-known Louisville man, who is something of a beat, as well as a bore.

A wealthy man from the East was in the city a short time ago, and during his stay the Louisville man did his best to get his friendship preparatory to borrowing a goodly sum of money. He showed the eastern man all about the town, saw that he was admitted into the sacred precincts of the clubs, and took care that he had a good time in all respects. The easterner was charmed. He had often heard of Kentucky hospitality, and his greatest expectations were discounted by what the Louisville man did for him. He was no fool, however, and it was not long before he learned that his alleged friend was simply laying a trap for him.

One day, when the Louisville man thought his way to the rich man's pocket-book was clear, he broached the subject of a loan, doing

this, of course, in a most artistic and seductive manner. The rich man appeared much impressed, but when the story was ended he said, simply:

"Excuse me a minute while I go across the street and get a drink."

When he returned, the Louisville man had vanished. The coldness of the easterner who could announce cold-bloodedly that he was going to drink alone had got under the cuticle of the schemer. —Louisville Commercial.

THE SWIFTEST VESSEL.

Probably the swiftest vessel in the world has recently been built, according to the *Revue Industrielle*, in France. This extraordinary craft is the scagoing torpedo-vessel, constructed at Havre by the well-known house of Augustin Normand, the contract requiring that it should maintain a speed of from twenty-nine to thirty knots for an hour under full steam. At its trial trip, it seems, this vessel, the Forban, ran a distance of more than thirty-one knots in an hour, this being equivalent to about thirty-five miles, probably the greatest distance ever covered by a scagoing ship in sixty minutes—powerful engines being necessary, of course, to drive the vessel through the water at such a rapid rate. On this score, therefore, the statement is not surprising that although the displacement of the craft is only about one hundred and fifty English tons, it carries engines of 3,250 horsepower.

FREE CURE FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

We advise our readers who suffer from Kidney and Bladder disorders, weak back or rheumatism to try the New Botanic discovery Alkavis made from the Kava-Kava shrub. The Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, to prove its great value, and for introduction, will send you a treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail free. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy and every sufferer should gladly accept this free offer.



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So certain are we of its never-failing efficacy alike with Infants, Children or Adults of both sexes, that we have made a large deposit in the First National Bank, of Springfield, Ohio (Hon. A. S. Bushnell, Governor of Ohio, is its President), to be used exclusively as a Guarantee Fund, and we place an Order for One Dollar on this bank in each and every package, to be paid to the user thereof if it fails to cure when used as directed.

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Our Household.

LET'S PLAY.

Oh, the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say!
When they can't have the things they wish
for,
They take others and cry, "Let's play!"

"Let's play that the chairs are big coaches,
And the sofa a railroad-car,
And that we are all taking journeys,
And traveling ever so far.

"Let's play that this broken old china
Is a dinner-set rare and fine,
And our tin cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine.

"Let's play everyone of our dollies
Is alive and can go and walk,
And I can keep up long conversations
With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play that we live in a palace,
And that we are queens and kings;
Let's play we are birds in a tree-top,
And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play that we are school-keepers,
And grown people come to our school,
And punish them all most soundly
If they break but a single rule."

Oh, the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say!
And we might be as happy as they are,
If we would be happy their way.

What odds 'twixt having and not having,
When we have lived out our day—
Let us borrow the children's watchword—
The magical watchword, "Let's play."

HOME TOPICS.

BUTTER-MAKING.—The hot days and nights of August and early September are the most trying to the average butter-maker. Often, after churning a long time, the butter will be soft and white, and the butter-maker discouraged. This is especially the case if she does not have very much cream, and saves it several days to get enough for a churning. Then many housekeepers do not have a good, cool place to keep their milk and cream, and ice is out of the question. It is to such as these that I want to tell one woman's plan of making sweet, hard, yellow butter in hot weather or cold—butter that will always sell above the market price.

She usually churns from four to six quarts of cream at a time, and before she skims any cream into the cream-jar she puts three pounds of salt into it, and then every time she puts in cream she stirs it thoroughly, so as to mix the salt well through the cream. The churning is done in the usual manner, and the butter always comes firm and yellow. The butter is washed, which takes out all the buttermilk with very little working, and no salt is ever put into the butter. The salt put into the cream makes the butter just salt enough. Of course, the buttermilk is too salt for use, but the ease with which the butter is churned, and its superior quality, more than compensates for that loss.

TAKING CARE OF THE BED.—Do not try to get the chamber-work done too early in the morning. It is healthier to let the beds air thoroughly before making them. The chamber-work should be commenced early

be washed when soiled. In making the bed, the under sheet ought to be stretched as tightly as possible and tucked in all around, then put on the top sheet with the wrong side up, and the wide hem close to the head-board. The blankets and counterpane should be put on leaving about six or eight inches between them and the head of the bed, then the upper sheet will fold over nicely, and the blankets tuck in well at the foot.

In the winter, if you use comforts on the beds, it is a good plan to take a breadth of muslin as long as the comfort is wide, fold it in the middle and sew up the ends; then slip it over the end of the comfort and baste it on. This will save the comfort from being soiled so quickly, and is very little trouble to take off and wash when necessary.

I know a lady who, when traveling and sleeping in hotels, always takes along one of these slips and puts it on the covers of the bed before retiring; then she is sure they are clean on the outside, next her face and hands, at least. MAIDA McL.

SOME PINEAPPLE DAINTIES.

The most delicious manner of preserving this fruit for winter use is in honey, prepared as follows: To four grated pineapples take six pounds of sugar and one pint of water. Put all together into a stewpan, and boil twenty minutes; put into tumblers, and tie up while warm.

PINEAPPLE JELLY.—Jelly can be made by soaking two thirds of a boxful of gelatin in enough cold water to just cover it for one hour. Shred or chop fine one large or two small pineapples (canned may be used just as satisfactorily). Strain over the fruit the juice of one lemon, and cover with one pint of granulated sugar. Add a pint of boiling water to the soaking gelatin, and when it is all dissolved, turn over the prepared fruit. Put into a mold, and place on ice until it hardens. Serve the jelly with boiled custard or whipped cream. When gelatin is used with fresh pineapple, it should not stand for more than three or four hours, as the acid of the apple will digest the gelatin and turn it to liquid.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Soak half a package of gelatin in one half cupful of cold milk for two hours. Peel and grate pineapple enough to fill three cups. Place over the fire in a double boiler one pint of milk.

Beat light the yolks of six eggs, and add to them one cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and one gill of cold milk. When the milk is at boiling-point, stir in the fruit and the soaked gelatin, and lastly add the egg mixture. Cook for two minutes, stirring all the while; remove from the fire, and place the boiler in a panful of cold water, and then place in the ice-chest for several hours.

PINEAPPLE DESSERT.—A very nice, warm dessert is made as follows: Place in a saucepan four ounces of butter and same quan-

tity of sugar; put the pan over the fire, and when the butter becomes soft, mix in a quarter of a pound of flour, and stir well; add one cupful of boiling milk, and remove from fire. When the mixture is cold, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, and thoroughly mix before adding the whites of the eggs beaten light. Peel one pineapple, cut from it three or four slices

and lay them to one side. The remainder of the fruit pick from the core and chop fine. Butter a mold, and sprinkle it with sugar; cut the slices of apples into dice, and line the mold with them; put a layer of the prepared mixture in the bottom of the mold, and cover with some of the chopped fruit; alternate fruit and mixture until the mold is three quarters full. Cover with a greased paper; place in a pan of hot water one half the height of the mold; set in the oven to steam for one hour. Turn out on a dish, and serve with the following sauce: Put into a saucepan one pint of cold water and one half pound of granulated sugar, and place over the fire. Moisten an ounce of corn-starch with a gill of cold water, and add it to the sugar when boiling, stirring all the time until it is clear. Take from the fire, and flavor. Both pudding and sauce should be served very hot.

M. E. SMITH.

COLLARET.

For the first cool days of fall something about the neck is always comfortable. The boas will do later in the season, and the new ruffs of lace and insertion will afford a warmth, while still having a summery effect. They can be worn outside of cape or coat.

HAPPINESS AND WORK.

These two words, although not synonymous, are largely dependent on each other. There can be no real happiness without work, and one cannot work without being happy; at least, far more so than he would be if idle. When God made the

law that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his face, he conferred the greatest possible blessing upon him, and it is only those who are continually striving to evade that law that find life's pathway most difficult to travel. Who do the grumbling and fault-finding, and are never satisfied anywhere? Not the busy workers—those who work with heart and brain and willing hands to amass a fortune, to win a name among their fellow-men, or merely to earn a living. They are too busy for that. Their minds as well as their hands are employed, and they have neither the time nor the desire for idleness—the supposed state of happiness longed for by the drones in this busy workaday world.

Idle people find it a difficult matter to dispose of their time. They tire of reading, of lounging about, of walking merely for the sake of walking, of shopping with no particular object but to kill time, of visiting their friends, who, if like themselves, find the task of entertaining them decidedly irksome; or if they belong to the busy workers, are a continual reproach to the idlers, providing their sensibilities are not as indolent as their bodies, and they are far from being happy. An idle child is continually complaining for amusements, which the industrious one will provide for himself, and the tasks he has to perform are done with such an ill grace and with so much complaining, one would rather do the work than be bothered with them; while the willing worker disposes of each job as if it were a pleasure (as it really is), and when through with them goes to his play with the feeling that he has earned the right to his amusements, and enjoys them accordingly.

Tasks are made harder by putting off from day to day what should be done at once. "A task begun is half done" is an old and true saying, and there is no happiness like the happiness of looking back over work well done.

To the young and middle-aged work is a necessity. As it is one of the laws which

control our being, so it is of vital importance in our lives. As I said before, an idle child is worthless; how much worse is an idle youth! If their minds and hands are employed, they will not have either the time or inclination to be studying up crime or committing acts which cause them and their friends a life of sorrow. The middle-aged man or woman who will say, while yet in the prime of life, "I have done my share of work, hereafter some one else may take my place," is of another class that never "fell in love" with work.

The only ones who seem to have really earned the right to rest and be taken care of are the aged. It is a positive delight to me to see an old person who can enjoy himself or herself after a life of toil, and hear them tell over the tales of early trials and hardships, which, while hard at the time, only proved the mettle in them, as gold is tried by fire; and now that their working-days are over, can feel that they are deserving of the loving care that will follow them the few remaining days of their lives. And it may be that if we perform our work faithfully and cheerfully, we, too, shall hear at life's closing, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy rest." However it may be, even should we "get weary and think work is dreary, 'tis better by far to have something to do."

A. M. M.

GRAPES.

The abundance of fruit this season will spur every housekeeper on to great work in canning for winter use. In making grape jelly, the juice should be boiled down some before putting in the sugar. Jelly from half-ripe grapes is usually much nicer than from very ripe ones, as it is much more delicate.

A good spiced jelly is made by boiling spices in it while cooking. Tie the spices in new muslin, and then they can be easily removed. Jam will take the place of butter, and in some families a spread is always enjoyed. The best way to make grape jam is to pulp the grapes first, keeping the skins separate; then cook the pulps, and put through a colander, to remove the seeds. Put this in with the skins, with half the quantity of sugar, and cook carefully for one hour, keeping them well stirred with either a wooden or silver spoon, to keep from burning.

Pine bunches can be pickled by arranging them carefully in a stone jar, and pouring hot, sweet, spiced vinegar over them. They will keep by tying them up, first with paper, then a layer of cotton batting, and then another paper. Never use newspaper. Unbroken bunches can be kept till Christmas by covering the cut stems with sealing-wax, wrapping them carefully in cotton, and packing them in sawdust so that they will not rest too heavily upon each other.

For those who do not object to wine, some can be made up in that way, and kept entirely for medicinal purposes; also, the juice can be boiled out of them, slightly sweetened, bottled while hot, and used as a cooling drink in sickness.

L. L. C.

SLEEVES.

There is a great change in sleeves for fall dresses, and we give some of the best styles to choose from.



by opening the windows and spreading out the clothes, pillows and mattresses to the sunshine and air as much as possible; then take the slops down and leave the rooms until all the down-stairs work is done, when fresh water can be taken up, the beds made and the work finished.

Every mattress should be protected from soil by a slip-cover of muslin which may

HOPES.

Grieve not, O heart! for those fond hopes
Which faded ere the spring was born,
As snowflakes on the mountain-slopes
Which catch the light of early morn.
Grieve not for thy dead hopes.

Grieve not though gentle hands clasped thine
And soothed thy way, which are no more,
As stars which in the heavens shine
And pass from view when night is o'er.
Grieve not for thy dead hopes.

Oh! grieve not, though the past be dead,
That golden past thou once didst prize,
Though heights thou thoughtest once to tread
Have faded from thy longing eyes.
Grieve not for thy dead hopes.

Grieve not. The snows which melted here
Now sparkle in the rainbow's crown;
The stars, which seemed to disappear,
On other worlds are looking down.
Grieve not for thy dead hopes.

The peaks thou deemed so near to climb
When by the light of morning, kiss'd,
Still rear their crags and peaks sublime,
Though veiled before thee in the mist.
Grieve not for thy dead hopes.

And thy dead hopes shall rise again
To greet thy spirit in the land
Where love is purified from pain,
And Hope and Truth stand hand in hand.
Grieve not for thy dead hopes.

—Norley Chester.

FOOTING STOCKINGS.

I SAW an article in your paper not long ago advocating heeling and soling stockings. I want to suggest a much quicker and more lasting way, and that is footing stockings.

Lay the bottom of the pattern for the foot on a fold of an old stocking, and round heel and toe like pattern shown in illustration. Should you happen to have old



socks on hand, let the rib of the sock form the heel. Cut the stocking to be footed in a V-shape like pattern.

After seaming up the heel and toe, place the heel-seam at the back seam of the stocking and sew around to the toe; then return to the back seam again and sew to the toe. After all seaming is done, lay each seam open and run down on either side. Carefully trim all superfluous edges, and you will find you have a comfortable

stocking, and one that will wear fully as well as a new one. Socks fixed in this way are greatly preferred by gentlemen.

P. H.

TO SAVE LABOR.

Why will not we American women, who who must needs do much of our own work, learn some of the labor-saving devices of our European sisters?

Many a woman may yet be found who laboriously scrubs her floor each day as conscientiously as she washes her dishes. Why not have the floors properly painted, and save much of this hard work? Some may say that their floors are so old and uneven that it would do no good. This can be partially remedied by the carpenter's plane and hammer.

When there are cracks or knot-holes, an excellent filling for them is made by boiling together a pound of flour and a dessert-spoonful of alum in three quarts of water. While still upon the stove, thicken this paste with shredded newspapers, and while yet warm, pound thoroughly into the cracks. And now the floor is ready either for staining or painting.

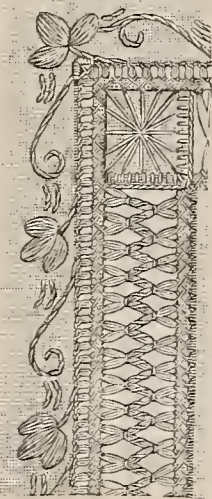
Stain comes in cans all ready for use. Sometimes, however, it is too thick, and must be thinned by the addition of linseed-oil. A delightful gloss may be given to it by adding melted beeswax and turpentine. A good mahogany stain is made by mixing turpentine and oil, colored with burnt sienna; or if cherry color is desired, add red oxide of lead to the turpentine and oil.

After the floor is painted and has become thoroughly dry, it should be varnished with what is called "hard-oil" varnish. This will give not merely brilliancy, but durability as well; and if this varnish be applied once a year, the paint will be preserved much longer than it otherwise would be.

A floor thus treated will not require the old-fashioned scrubbing process. Simply wiping up with a damp cloth is all that is required. ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

DRAWN-WORK BORDER.

This dainty piece of drawn-work, combined with a little silk embroidery, is very desirable to use upon handkerchiefs or small doilies. The corner is not cut out. Drawn-work is never out of style, and furnishes many pretty patterns, which are always decorative.



AN OLD-FASHIONED BUREAU.

Perhaps our grandmothers called this quite massive and ungainly piece of furniture a chest of drawers. It is literally that, with its plain, flat top and four or five drawers of varying depths. In this day of cheap and pretty bedroom-sets, the old-fashioned bureau is sure to be discarded from the spare room, usually to accumulate dust and molder away its dreary existence in some store-room or attic.

Of late I have observed a pleasing exception to this general usage. One of these old bureaus had renewed its usefulness, and like one whose latter years are peaceful and productive, it served its purpose and defied the changes of fashion. In a bedroom quite too small for a modern set of furniture, a carpenter cut out a place in one of the walls just large enough to fit the bureau. This opened directly into a closet, so that when the bureau was slipped into place the closed drawers were on a level with the wall of the room; the broad top extended back into the closet, affording ample storage-room for books, papers and the hundred and one articles that must be saved in a household, and yet ought to be put away out of sight. Such an arrangement answers every purpose of the drawers which are often built into a room at first. The cost of the carpenter's work is trifling, and if neatly done adds to the general appearance of the room. The front of the drawers may be painted to suit the rest of the furnishings, or simply varnished.

I have seen one bureau utilized in this way, with a neat bracket-shelf attached to

the wall above the drawers. This, with a mirror and necessary toilet articles, served every purpose of a dresser, while the floor-room was economized, and there was none of the moving inevitable with the furniture standing out in the room.

Of course, such an arrangement is practicable only when the opening can be made into a closet or store-room. Otherwise we would but rob Peter to pay Paul—improve one room to the detriment of another. The idea, as I have seen it carried out, led to vast economy in room and improvement in appearance, two items well worth the housekeeper's careful attention in the furnishing of a small room.

Our old bureaus, thus modestly retiring from public view, promise long years of usefulness yet, in the unobtrusive fashion peculiar to ripe old age.

BERTA KNOWLTON BROWN.

SOME DAINTY SANDWICHES.

The refreshments for informal luncheons, afternoon teas, picnics and such affairs hardly seem complete without sandwiches. Oftentimes the sandwich is the principal feature. It should be borne in mind that bread used for such purposes should be twenty-four hours old, so as to be firm enough to retain its form when cut thin.

The daintiest sandwiches ever made are those cut from bread baked in baking-powder cans, or other tins not over two or three inches in diameter. Bake slowly for half an hour, and allow the bread to partially cool before removing from the cans, so the crust will be very light and tender. If cans five inches in diameter are used, the slices should be cut in two, making half-circle or crescent-shaped sandwiches. If square loaves are used, the slices should be perfectly regular, either square or slightly oblong, then cut from corner to corner, making triangular sandwiches. The thinner the bread is cut, the more acceptable the sandwiches will be.

CELERY SANDWICHES.—Chop celery very fine, heart and all, and add enough salad dressing to spread it easily.

CABBAGE SANDWICHES are nice by substituting finely chopped cabbage for the celery.

MIXED SANDWICHES.—Chop very fine any cold meat or bits of fowl; two or three kinds may be used; add one half the amount of finely chopped cabbage or celery; mix with sufficient salad dressing to thoroughly moisten, and let it stand two or three hours before spreading between the slices of bread.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES.—Chop very fine tart cucumber pickles, add one half the amount of hard-boiled egg yolks rubbed smooth, and enough melted butter, and vinegar from the pickle to form a paste. Mix thoroughly and spread.

TOMATO SANDWICHES.—Pare very ripe tomatoes, and press through a sieve to remove the seeds; mix thoroughly with mayonnaise dressing.

NUT SANDWICHES.—Chop hickory-nuts, walnuts or hazel-nuts until fine, and mix with salad dressing; or with the rolling-pin roll to a paste, sprinkle well with salt, and spread very thickly between slices of bread cut as thinly as possible.

LEMON SANDWICHES.—Into a teacupful of nicest butter slightly softened beat the raw yolk of an egg and a teaspoonful of French mustard. Rub smooth the yolks of two eggs that have been boiled for three quarters of an hour; rub into them one fourth of the butter, a scant half teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Add another fourth of the butter and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and so on until all the butter and two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice have been used, rubbing completely until all is smooth and fine, and spread moderately thick. These are as appetizing as anything could well be.

PEACH SANDWICHES.—Pare very ripe peaches, slice thinly, sprinkle well with sugar, and let stand for two or three hours. Spread bread thickly with fresh, sweet country butter, add plenty of the sliced peaches, and serve at once. Almost any seedless fruit may be used for sandwiches. If for a picnic, slices of sponge-cake may be used instead of bread, and whipped cream substituted for butter, and served for dessert.

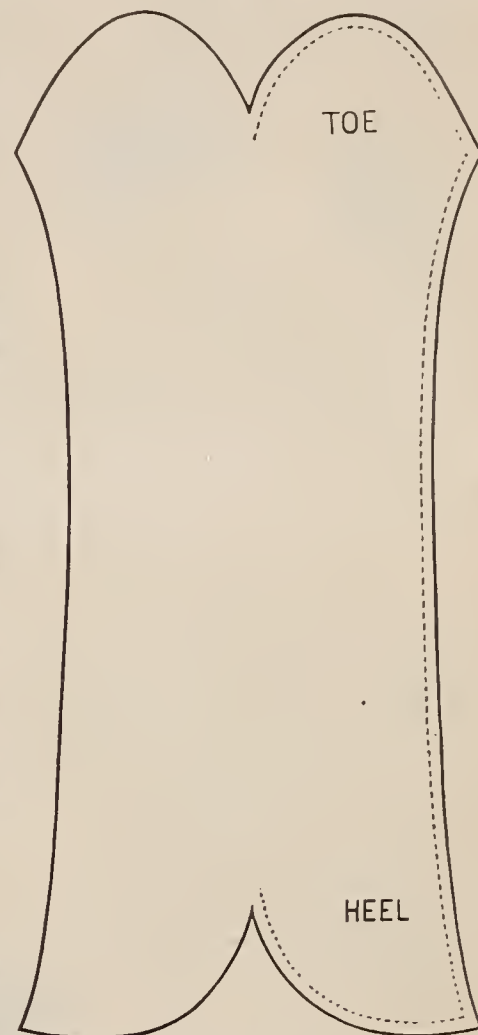
CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Split small crackers, spread thickly with grated cheese, place together, lay on a pan, sprinkle well with salt, and set in the oven until only slightly browned. These make deliciously crisp sandwiches that are very relishable served with tiny cucumber pickles.

CLARA SENSIBAUH EVERTS.

FASHION HINTS.

Mrs. Jenness Miller says in the March number of her magazine:

"A very deep, rich Java brown will make a woman of brown hair and brown eyes a very attractive figure, especially if a touch of old rose or Parma violet be introduced into hat or waist trimmings. On the other hand, the woman having very yellow hair must not attempt dull brown; neither must the woman of jet black, pure white or iron-gray hair. The very yellow-haired woman looks well in sapphire-blue or the yellow



ecru or golden shades, and, if her complexion be without a touch of age, in very decided myrtle-green. Gray-haired women are at their very best in the grays that have a pink shimmer, and in the reddish heliotrope shades. Black-haired women may wear deep wines, bronze-greens having a suggestion of gold, and, if their cheeks have the warm pink tints, very soft grays and violet. The very snow-white-haired type of woman may wear only purples, wines, ivory and pink lavender.

"An exquisite fabric for a glowing brunette shows the changeable effect of sudden lights and flashes of color in the lousine weave. There are frosted and waved and crinkled and dotted and interlaced effects in silks. The old-fashioned grenadines in silk, satin and velvet stripes, alternated with openwork design, are shown among the newest fabrics, but the handsomest of these grenadines are those that are very sheer and have exquisite lacy designs impossible of description. Such fabrics in black may be happily combined with a bright changeable silk underlining that will rob the black grenadine of its inartistic features, and make a gown at once shimmering and becoming."

THE SITTING-ROOM.

Some time may be saved in the morning if the parlor or family sitting-room be straightened up and put to rights on the previous evening before going to bed. Unless the hour be very late, or the housekeeper be more than usually weary, five or ten minutes spent in picking up books, papers, games, music or work, straightening rugs, table-cloths, cushions, putting chairs in place, and all such things, will not be unpleasant, and how much more comfortable the room will look next morning! It will be all ready for occupancy, without taking time from the breakfast-work to put it in order—time that always seems to be precious to the busy housekeeper.

Then if there should be illness in the night the room is presentable; or should an early caller come in the morning before the work has been done, one need not be embarrassed by its appearance; while last, but not least, it will add to the family comfort, and be a constant and silent lesson in neatness to the children.

CLARA S. EVERTS.

Our Household.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit, that is not their own,
The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar!—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching child,
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip;
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak;
And he will bless you—he who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

FRENCH NOSES.

My friend and schoolmate, a versatile woman proficient in modern languages, and a traveler of wide experience, just returned from a thirteen-months' sojourn in Paris. She is enthusiastic about French women, and the young girls, also. "Oh, their voices are so sweet!" she exclaims, repeatedly. "It is all nonsense to say that American women are more brilliant in conversation. French women far outshine them. The young girls, too, are fascinating talkers. It is not that they know more, or say better things, but the way they say them. Oh, they are so graceful, so piquant, so charming! Their motions, their exclamations, their manners!"

Not being experienced in French society, I could not confute these statements, but it must be acknowledged that such unqualified praise of French women, to the disadvantage of Americans, made me feel dejected. After several days, in one of our conversations, my friend exclaimed:

"One of the funniest things is the way Parisians blow their noses! Both gentlemen and ladies, with a perfect snort! At a concert or lecture one hears what seems to be the blast from a small trumpet. One looks around, and lo, the sound comes from a pretty girl blowing her nose! The lady with whom I boarded once said, 'Ah, m'amoiselle, you Americans blow the nose so silently!'"

Is not this encouraging? Those French ladies who are "so graceful, so piquant, so charming," have at least one habit that we Americans regard as disgusting. And this proves that all graces are not monopolized by any one nation.

K. K.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

As the company of girls gathered around the hearth, the hostess said:

"I have been thinking all the week about conscious power, and it has so wrought upon me that it has seemed worth bringing to you.

"Some are conscious of the power for wealth-getting; some have intellectual power; some power of body, muscular or physical power; and some seem only to have the power to suffer. All this has come to me from knowing the people in the apartment-house near my home.

"In one of the lower flats live a couple who cannot make a living, or do not. They are getting on in years. The husband drinks some, though not a drunkard, and is cross and sour. He has no trade and no regular business; in fact, his business is very irregular. His wife takes good care of what little he brings home, and does her washing and scrubbing, but is not able to work for others. She really has no conscious power for anything but suffering. She is worried, restless, mis-

erable, and has not even power to influence her husband to any better life. She stays away from her friends—avoids them on the market if she is liable to meet them. She never goes to church, because 'he' won't go, and she has no heart, so she says. She is not even conscious of the uplifting power of the religion of Jesus Christ, though she believes she knew it in early life.

"Just in the flat above her lives a frail little woman, whose husband died several years ago. She has children, and must depend wholly upon herself, yet she is bright and cheerful. She has conscious power of intellect. She easily earns the living, as she says, 'with pen and ink and some think,' or by tutoring languages and mathematics. She does not need to do her heavy work. Her conscious power keeps her above worry and anxiety.

"As I have watched them, somehow the words 'silver and gold have I none, but such as I have' never meant so much to me, and I want to encourage you to use such as you have, cultivate it until it comes to you a conscious power; in fact, try not to be satisfied until you are conscious of power of some kind. If you have wealth, seek the best and wisest use of it; if your social position is your power, care for it as a treasure of which you shall give account; but if 'silver and gold' you have none, learn what you have, and by using it it will increase a hundredfold, until you will be conscious of power in some line or walk of life.

MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

HOUSE-JACKET.

Often a good skirt is left of a costume which must do duty with bodices and jackets for house wear. These are the new



sleeves, and will be worn much during the season. The body part is of lace or all-over embroidery over scarlet or pale blue, the sleeves the color and material of the skirt, or of a plain, dark color to harmonize with the bodice.

THE AFTERMATH.

Christmas is over long ago, and it is almost time to be thinking of the next one, yet such pleasing fancies, such secret recollections, of the joyous tide will remain with us to cheer and drive "carking cares" away that we like to live over the day again.

One of my most useful gifts was a dozen kitchen holders, fashioned by loving fingers out of an old calico dress-skirt worn by me in my girlhood days, and left at the old home and long since relegated to the attic. That particular dress was a little different from most dresses, for it was made for a special occasion, and worn at "the best time I ever had," which, paradoxical as it may seem, comes a great many times in a young girl's life. Well, those days are gone. Days just as good, just as happy, but so very different, have come, and the old dress, now converted into holders, graces a nail on the kitchen chimney, and does homely duty.

Have you ever read a little book called "What is Worth While?" This beautiful little message, although it wasn't intended for a Christmas token at all, came into my

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hands about that time, and I count the possession of its contents among my richest treasures. I wish all the FARM AND FIRESIDE sisters might read it, for it is so helpful and uplifting.

This particular copy was on quite a tour, going in a roundabout way from coast to coast. An old friend read it, saw the beauty and richness of it, caught the spirit that it breathed, and sent it with a beautiful letter to a friend who was to read it, add a letter and send them all on to the next friend on the list made by the originator of the plan. Each one was asked to contribute to the letter, and thus add to the interest and richness of the first ideas. Isn't that a pretty way to read a pretty book?

One of the most novel gifts I ever saw, and at the same time one of the most valuable, was a gift from a mother to a son who had reached his twenty-first Christmas. It ought to have been valuable, for the giver was twenty-one years at work on it, or at least the work was undertaken twenty-one years before its accomplishment.

The gift was a book, originally a morocco-bound blank-book, but completed it bore on its outer cover, in gilt letters, "Letters to My Son, 18— to 18—." On every Christmas that mother had written to her boy, telling him the details of each day, and adding many other things thereto; in fact, we suppose them to be just such letters as a mother would write to her son. Many things in them are not to be shared in common with others, because of their very sacredness.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

PACKING SWEET CORN.

Canning sweet corn seems to prove a failure among many of our neighbors, and at last a substitute was found that is very satisfactory so far.

Cook the corn on the cob the same as for table use, then shave off as for drying. Take a gallon crock, scatter a layer of salt over the bottom, then about two inches of corn and one inch of salt alternately until the crock is full. Every layer of corn must be packed down solid with a potato-masher or something similar. Over the whole put a saucer or small weight, to keep the corn under the brine.

We kept it in that way until corn came again, just as fresh and sweet as when first put up.

When wanted for use, it is better to take out the corn, rinse with cold water several times to take out the salt, and let soak over night. When sufficiently freshened, cook as fresh corn, adding a little sugar.

GYPSY.

GOOD RECIPES.

CHOW-CHOW.—

- 2 gallons of green tomatoes,
- 1 large head of cabbage,
- 1 dozen green peppers,
- 1 dozen red peppers,
- 1 dozen onions.

Chop each separately, very fine; mix all, then put a layer of the mixture and a sprinkle of salt; then put into a bag and hang all night to drain; in the morning, squeeze it perfectly dry with the hands, and when put into a dish, cover with cold vinegar; let set six hours, then squeeze as before.

Season with

- 1 cupful of mustard-seed,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of celery-seed,
- 1 tablespoonful of upace,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of allspice,
- 1 quart of grated horse-radish.

Mix all of these well; boil vinegar enough to cover, put one pound of sugar in the vinegar; pour it boiling over the pickle.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald, and carefully peel small, pear-shaped tomatoes, not too ripe; prick with a needle to prevent bursting, and put their weight in sugar

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over them; let them lie over night, then pour off all the juice into a preserving-kettle, and boil until it is a thick syrup, clarifying it with the white of an egg; add the tomatoes, and boil until they look transparent. A piece or two of ginger-root, or one lemon to a pound of fruit, sliced thin and cooked with the fruit will improve it.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—

- 2 eggs, well beaten,
- 1 coffee-cupful of molasses,
- 1 teacupful of butter and lard mixed,
- 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger,
- 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar,
- 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in 1/2 teacupful of milk or water,
- 1/2 teaspoonful of salt,
- Flour enough to make the dough as stiff as a cup-cake.

Bake in a slow oven for half an hour.

MAIDETTE'S CAKE.—

- 4 eggs, well beaten,
- 2 cupfuls of sugar,
- 1 cupful of butter,
- 1 cupful of milk,
- 4 cupfuls of flour,
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder,

Flavor with four drops of almond essence, stir well. Bake in a solid loaf.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE CHRIST OF CALVARY.

Theology is but a scheme
Of logic wrought in air,
And history a troubled dream,
If Christ be wanting there.

The grave conceals a mystery
To which Gods holds the key;
I need the Christ of Calvary
To open it for me.

For life and hope and destiny
Are shrouded in its gloom—
My proof of immortality
Lies in his empty tomb.

I know not how the Lord arose
And passed out into day;
Enough for me the linen clothes,
And place whereon he lay.

A glorious fact, not theory,
Supports my simple creed;
I build my whole theology
On "Christ is risen indeed."
—George L. Spinning, D.D.

FESTIVAL OF THE BAMBINO.

STANDING on the height of the Capitol, we have on one hand the Tarpeian rock, and on the other the church of Ara Coeli, believed to be the site of the famous Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The Tarpeian rock, from whence traitors were hurled, taking the famous leap that "enred all ambition," is not so horrible a precipice now as it was in the brave days of old, the bottoms having been filled up with buildings and debris, but it is still steep enough to inspire dread, even though it is approached through a pleasant garden, with wild flowers growing in great profusion on the fatal edge, and ferns and forget-me-nots peeping out from crannies in the cliff.

The church of Ara Coeli—so named from a legend that Augustus erected an altar here to Christ with the inscription, "Ara Primogeniti Dei"—is in many respects one of the most curious and interesting in Rome, and certainly the interior is one of the most picturesque. It is made up of any number of styles of architecture, and is as much a museum of curiosities as a church. The floor is of the ancient mosaic known as Opus Alexandrinum, broken up by monumental slabs with worn-out inscriptions and effigies almost obliterated; the nave is separated from the aisles by twenty-two columns of varying size and material, taken from ancient edifices; the walls of the chapel are covered with rare frescoes, and the transepts are full of curious monuments. In the Holy Chapel is the altar marking the spot where it is said the altar of Augustus was erected to the first-born of God; in the chapel dedicated to Saint Anthony of Padua, a quaint variety of ex-votos adorn the walls, placed there by pious people who have escaped every deadly peril conceivable to life and limb through the good offices of the saint. In the chapel of the Presepio, open only at Christmas-time, there is a set scene, which is then exhibited, of the Nativity, all the figures being life-size, and then the celebrated Bambino forms part of the show. At other times it is only to be seen upon application to the authorities of the church.

Il Santissimo Bambino (the Most Holy Child) is a wooden doll, about two feet high, said to have been carved from olive wood from the Mount of Olives, crowned with a gold crown resplendent with emeralds, rubies and diamonds, and robed in swaddling-clothes literally covered with precious stones. The Bambino is alleged to have worked many miracles, and is still employed for that purpose when all human aid is failing or has failed. It is taken in a state carriage to see patients, and the people in the street, if they be decently devout, uncover their heads and kneel as it passes. The great festival of the Bambino is celebrated annually in the presence of a vast assembly, when the priests take the doll to the head of the great stairway leading up to the church, and, amid the crash of music, the waving of censers and the hum of voices, the Bambino is raised above the head of the priest, when every head is uncovered, every knee is bent, the soldiers on duty present arms, and the Bambino is worshiped, as Mr. Hobart Seymour says, "as if the Eternal Jehovah were visibly present in the image," and "with idolatry as gross as any that was ever found in pagan Rome."—*Cities of the World.*

TWO WAYS.

There are two ways of preaching a sermon; yes, more than that, but two that I have tried. One is to strive anxiously to gain attention and impress truth, to wonder even while you speak if the people are listening, and if they are helped; to struggle and strive, and perhaps get blue afterward with fear that you have made a failure. Yes, you know all about that way.

The other way is to get filled with the Spirit and filled with your subject, and then say, "This is the Lord's meeting. I am only the channel for the message. I have nothing to do with success or failure but to do my best." Then let the tides of God's infinite love and pleading sweep forth. Preach with serene confidence that God is with you. But you cannot do this unless God is with you. Pray God, brother, that it may not take you eight years to learn how to preach this way.

There are two ways of living. One is to worry and fret for fear that your plans will not come right; to fear and strive and grow timorous like a child in the dark; to fight the battle alone and bear the burden of the responsibility down to the grave. The other way, blessed be God, is to say, "This is the Lord's battle, for I am his. I love him, and I have his promise down in black and white that he will cause all things to work together for good to me. I will do my best, and then trust serenely in him." "My peace I give unto you," said Christ. How many a disciple has toiled in the tempestuous night with the Master at hand waiting to say, "Peace, be still."—*The Sabbath Recorder.*

SWEET HOME.

When two young people love each other and marry, they restore the picture of the apostolic church. They are of one heart and one soul. Neither do they say that anything they possess is their own, but they have all things in common. Their mutual trust in each other, their entire confidence in each other, draws out all that is best in both. Love is the angel who rolls away the stone from the grave in which we bury our better nature, and it comes forth. Love makes all things new; makes all cares light, all pains easy. It is the one enchantment of human life which realizes Fortunio's purse and Aladdin's palace, and turns the "Arabian Nights" into mere prose by comparison.

Before real society can come, true homes must come. As in a sheltered nook in the midst of the great sea of ice which rolls down the summit of Mont Blanc is found a little green spot full of tender flowers, so in the shelter of home, in the warm atmosphere of household love, spring up the pure affections of parent and child, father, mother, son, daughter, of brothers and sisters. Whatever makes this insecure, and divorce frequent, makes of marriage not a union for life, but an experiment which may be tried as often as we choose, and abandoned when we like. And this cuts up by the roots all the dear affections of home, leaves children orphaned, destroys fatherly and motherly love, and is a virtual dissolution of society.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

A HINT FOR CRITICS.

A group of church people were one evening discussing the merits of a former pastor, the weight of criticism being on the unfavorable side. At last one of the number remarked:

"Well, I don't think he was much of a preacher, anyway. I never could get interested in his sermons."

Appealing to an aged official brother who was present, and from whom she expected a sympathetic answer, she was immediately silenced by his reply, as follows:

"Well, Sister —, the poorest preacher that I ever heard could preach so much better than I can live, that I never feel like criticizing a minister."—*Zion's Herald.*

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

For ourselves, and for all that we do for God, living communion with him is the means of power and peace, of security and success. It was never more needful than now. Feverish activity rules in all spheres of life. The iron wheels of the car which bears the modern idol of material progress whirl fast, and crush remorselessly all who cannot keep up the pace. Christian effort is multiplied, systematized, beyond all precedent. And all these things make

calm fellowship with God hard to compass. The measure of the difficulty is the measure of the need. I, for my part, believe that there are few Christian duties more neglected than that of meditation, the very name of which has fallen of late into comparative disuse; that argues ill for the frequency of the thing.

We are so busy thinking, discussing, defending, inquiring, or preaching and teaching and working, that we have no time and no leisure of heart for quiet contemplation, without which the exercise of the intellect upon Christ's truth will not feed, and busy activity in Christ's cause may starve the soul. There are a few things which the church of this day, in all its parts, needs more than to obey the invitation, "Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place, and rest awhile."

OUR TIMES.

No one can read the newspapers of the day without being aware that the statement of the apostle Paul is certainly being fulfilled. He said that "evil men shall wax worse and worse" (II. Tim. iii. 13). The *Christian Herald* (London) gives the following sad statements: "The immoral state of France is attracting increased attention, and abundance of material is furnished by the Paris newspapers, which almost daily have to chronicle events so bizarre, sometimes so monstrous, that they can be explained only as symptoms of the moral sickness of the nation—pointing unmistakably to degeneration. The popular clamor evoked last spring by the attempts to suppress bull-fighting in the south of France might be attributed merely to devotion to what had been for centuries an institution of the South; but studied in connection with the wave of suicide and murder that is sweeping over France, it may be taken to point to a love of bloodshed, to a revival of fierce instincts no longer restrained by the discipline of civilization. In Paris it is so common for man and woman to die together by the revolver, that the newspapers take small notice of such occurrences, and sometimes group several of them under the heading 'Dramas of Passion.' We have in this dark picture a reason for desiring the Peacemaker to come and stop this tide of evil."—*The Coming One.*

A CONVERSATION.

"The Bible is a failure; for there are only a few that will be saved."

Answer.—Infidelity is a much greater failure; for by it nobody at all will be saved.

"According to the Bible account of things, the devil is more powerful than God."

Ans.—Better wait until the fight is over, before you decide who whips.

"If the Bible is true, it would be better not to have been created."

Ans.—But you have been created; so you had better make the best of it.

"None but the friends of Jesus testified to his resurrection."

Ans.—Of course not; for honest men could not testify to his resurrection till they knew it to be a fact, and that knowledge made them his friends.

"The witnesses of the resurrection were all interested witnesses."

Ans.—Yes; they were interested to the extent of receiving imprisonment, scourging and death for testifying.

WORTHLESSNESS OF RICHES.

A large portion of men make their gold to be their strength, their castle and their high tower, and for awhile they do rejoice in their wealth, and find satisfaction in gathering it, in seeing it multiplied, and in hoping by and by that it shall come to great store. But every ungodly man ought to know that riches are not forever, and often they take to themselves wings and fly away. Men of colossal fortunes have dwindled down to beggars; they made great ventures and realized great failures. None are secure. As long as a man is in this world he is like a ship at sea—he is still liable to be shipwrecked. Oh, you that are boasting of your gold, and calling your treasure your chief good, the day may come to you when your strength will be hunger-bitten, and, like the victims of famine, you will find yourselves helpless—you whose money aforetime answered all things and made you feel omnipotent!—*Spurgeon.*

ANNA IVOR'S REQUEST.

Personal letters reach Mrs. Pinkham by thousands; some asking advice, and others, like the following, telling of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done and will ever continue to do in eradicating those fearful



female complaints so little understood by physicians.

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SORE EYES

Selections.

LITTLE THINGS.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

RUBBER-TREES IN FLORIDA.

THOSE familiar with the southern portion of Florida are aware of the fact that the rubber-tree is indigenous here, and grows in greatest profusion on both coasts south of a line drawn west from New Smyrna. Many large trees grow on the east coast.

To the natives countless numbers of immense rubber-trees are known, but as their usefulness has not yet been developed here, they are very little noticed.

On the west coast the trees are abundantly prominent, and are an open bid for the people of Florida to investigate their value. At this time, when the people are looking for new avenues in natural products of the soil to replace the orange culture, it would be reasonable to suppose that they would utilize the wild rubber-tree. On any of the keys along the coast one could find a rubber plantation or estate in an advanced state of growth.

At Anna Maria Key, says the *Daily Florida Citizen*, at the entrance of the harbor, Col. John R. Jones has a place upon which is one of these trees, with five separate trunks, similar to a banian-tree. The largest trunk is eleven feet in circumference; the others measure twenty-eight, twenty-seven, eighteen and fifteen inches, respectively. When the tops of these trees become too spreading, they send down a sucker, which takes root and assists in the support of the branches. Such a tree as mentioned above covers a large area, and would afford a good revenue were its great flow of sap utilized.

Colonel Jones, on April 14th last, planted a little rubber nursing eighteen inches in height. On the fourteenth ultimo that tree stood five feet ten inches high, showing with what rapidity they grow in their wild state without cultivation.

SOLICITOUS.

Age does not always bring wisdom, or even expertness, as a Philadelphia gentleman will testify. He spent nearly three months gaining a thorough knowledge, as he supposed, of bicycle-riding, and when he ventured to Fairmount Park he felt both confident and competent. But by some mischance, in making a graceful curve, he slid over an embankment and came down with his wheel all in a heap. While he was wondering what had happened to him, two little shavers, one aged six, the other eight, came wheeling up to the embankment, dismounted easily, and while both regarded him pityingly, the youngest asked, anxiously:

"Is 'oo much hurted?"

The gentleman, who was more bewildered than "hurt," remarked afterward that if his legs had been broken he would not have groaned.

A TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

The editor of an exchange has discovered the fact that this is a sort of topsy-turvy world. One man is struggling for justice, and another is fleeing from it. One man is saving up to build a house, and another is trying to sell his house for less than it cost, to get rid of it. One man is spending all the money he can make in taking a girl to an entertainment and sending her flowers, in hopes eventually to make her his wife, while his neighbor is spending the gold he has to get a divorce. One man escapes all the diseases that man is heir to, and gets killed on a railroad; another goes without a scratch, and dies of whooping-cough.

FLORIDA'S CANE SYRUPS.

ITS BEST IS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD.

THE CANE OF THE SANDY UPLANDS OF THIS STATE RIVALS THE BEST LOUISIANA PRODUCT—SYRUP FERMENTS EASILY—SUGAR IN PLACE OF SYRUP.

(From *The Citizen*, Jacksonville, Fla.)

Florida cane syrup is the finest flavored of any grown in the South, or in any other land, and if properly clarified and bleached, and put in air-tight cans, will rival the best maple syrup in the markets of the world, especially in our Southern cities, in which it is preferred to any other kind of sweetening.

MAKE MORE SYRUP.

The high, sandy land of Florida is the best sugar section of the South, and it can produce sugar in large quantity, and of such a high grade of purity, as to make it as profitable a crop as it is in Louisiana. It would be much more profitable than any other field crop of the state, and on all railroads concerted efforts should be made to secure centrifugal sugar-factories, to make the cane into sugar instead of syrup. We should be glad that our juice is too rich in "sugar content" to make syrup, but it will make more sugar to the ton of cane by twenty per cent than will the best cane of Louisiana.

FOUR GREAT STAPLES.

In four great staples for which Florida is peculiarly adapted, a manifest shortage of the home product exists. Their production offers to Florida farmers a surer future than do any other crops that we can recall, and into the production of which we should at once enter with the greatest possible energy. These are sugar, tobacco, wool and long-staple cotton. No matter what may be our different ideas as to the duty of the government to foster certain industries to the exclusion of foreign products, it is safe for us now, in these times of overproduction, to expand those in which our country is deficient, and to whose growth it is specially adapted. Only about thirteen per cent of the sugar consumed in the United States is produced by its people. This leaves a safe margin for some years to come in our struggle to grow the remaining eighty-seven per cent. And more, unless a great revival takes place in many other departments of agriculture and manufacture, whatever may be the policy of the government on protection lines, a very great increase in the production of beet sugar in the Western states is sure to come, and thousands of acres that have been planted in corn will be changed to sugar-beets, and the West, with its undaunted energy, will in the next decade wrest from our fair state its greatest birthright.

Shall we show the world that Florida is the home of the tropical sugar-cane, and draw the restless thousands of Kansas and Nebraska to our own sunny land, or shall we force them to stay where they are?

FLORIDA SHOULD GROW STAPLES.

Florida has experimented for many years in luxuries to tickle the palates of its Northern customers, and allowed them to grow rich in sending us their staples. Shall we continue this mad policy, or shall we grasp the possibilities of our fine soil and climate for great field crops that do not perish in the shipping or wither with the faintest touch of frost?

Let others do as they will; West Florida places on her banner "sugar, tobacco, wool and long-staple cotton," and she lifts it in the clearest of skies, under the brightest of suns, the softest of moons, the gentlest of breezes, the clearest of raindrops, the most fragrant of flowers, the richest of fruits, the grandest combination of Edenic pleasures left to a sin-cursed earth.

JOHN T. PORTER.

HISTORY OF THE HILL COUNTRY OF FLORIDA.

THE PICTURESQUE TALLAHASSEE SECTION.

(Extract from article in *Jacksonville Citizen*.)

Middle Florida proper embraces the territory of the counties of Leon, Jefferson, Gadsden and Wakulla—the Italy of America. Our first presentation, however, will be mainly of the attractions and advantages of Leon and Wakulla Counties.

As far back as 1823, one of the first American visitors to the then newly acquired domain in Florida, having occasion to examine and report critically upon this section, makes the following report on Leon County: "In appearance it is entirely unlike any part of the United States near the seaboard. Instead of being a plain of unvaried surface, it resembles the highlands about the falls of the rivers of the Atlantic states, and is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, threaded by limpid, purling streams, and rendered picturesque by the number of lakes whose pure waters reflect the forests of oak that clothe the sides of the hills down to their very margins, affording beautiful situations for country residences where the natural, open groves of oak, hickory, beech and magnolia surpass in magnificence the proudest parks of English nobility. The soil of these uplands bears a strong resemblance to that of the best of Prince George County, Maryland. The face of the

country, in fact, is not unlike that of the south side of the Potomac opposite Washington." Can words make it more plain? Is not the power of simple expression exhausted by this unparalleled extract? There can be but one thing more added, and that is that the same is true to-day—the same hills and dales, the same fertile soil, the same limpid streams and placid lakes, and the same proud forest trees are all here, rendered only more picturesquely beautiful in their grandeur by the lapse of nearly three quarters of a century. This is the finishing stroke to a word picture of one of the loveliest landscape scenes in America, the hill country of Tallahassee.

THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION IS SOUTHWARD.

THEY ARE COMING TO MIDDLE FLORIDA.

(From the *Weekly Floridian*.)

It must be obvious to the most casual observer that a tide of immigration is setting in Southward, never before known in the history of the country. It is comparatively safe to say, and without fear of contradiction, that there is to-day no issue of any paper published in the South but contains some mention of attention being drawn to its particular section from the Northern, Western or Eastern states, and that they are confidently looking forward to immigration. They are inviting it, and their invitations are being accepted. That the sentiment in the direction of immigration is tending Southward is unquestionable; that the South can maintain a density of population with an ease and comfort conducive to prosperity greater than now exists in the most thickly populated sections of the United States is also unquestionable. In a broad assertion, it can safely be said that we have everything contributing to a general and enduring prosperity in greater profusion and accessibility, to be acquired with less exertion and expense than either the East, North or West. This is so because the climate and soils of the South, from an agricultural standpoint, make conditions such as will admit of a diversity of crops practically impossible in higher latitudes.

We do not make the assertion as a claim, but as a fact, that Middle Florida is attracting more attention just at this time than any other section of the South for general agricultural purposes. Inquiry is being received daily from all over the United States and Canada, asking for general information. We have not the space to give specifically or in detail the attractions and advantages offered by Middle Florida to the settler; we will, however, say that they are extended a cordial welcome, and with the invitation the assurance that a living can be made easier here with well-directed efforts than in any other section in the South. Finer crops have never been known than have been grown this season in Leon County, some of the planters having portions of last year's crop still on hand. Fruit and vegetables have been raised and grown in the greatest profusion and abundance where attempted. We have seen this year the finest specimens of truck-farm products ever grown anywhere, and fruit is particularly fine. The pear crop has been simply enormous; but for the blight which appeared when the pear was in bloom, the pear crop of Middle Florida would have been 25,000 barrels. The stock-farms and dairy industry are prospering, while we have the most encouraging reports from the tobacco industry.

It would be impossible in one article to even make a resume of the diversity of crops which can be successfully grown in Middle Florida. The climate and our fertile soils make this section susceptible of so many valuable agricultural resources of profit, it would be futile to attempt an intelligent description of them in so limited a space.

Read the letters in the sixteen-page illustrated editions of the *FARM AND FIRESIDE* from those who have visited the Clark Syndicate lands in Western Florida, and who have purchased farms in the Tallahassee country. For further particulars send to Clark Syndicate Companies, 315 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

THE RELATIVE VALUE OF LAND NORTH AND SOUTH.

The *Southern States*, of Baltimore, Maryland, in its issue for November 3, 1895, said:

"Is not an acre of land in the South that will produce in a year more revenue than an acre in Iowa, Ohio or New York, worth intrinsically as much? And yet, while land in these last-named and other Northern states is held at \$30 to \$100 an acre, land in the South, capable of yielding more money in a year, can be had for from \$2 to \$10 per acre. The price is low because there are millions of acres more than the present population can cultivate. As the population increases through immigration, prices will rise. Prices are now much higher than formerly in some localities. Can the Northern farmer afford to go on cultivating high-priced land that will never increase in value, when for a tenth to a fourth of the value of his farm he could get another in the South in which he could make more money and live in more comfort, and which would be getting more valuable every year?"

The Jacksonville (Florida) *Times-Union* elaborates this idea as follows:

"The low price of land should attract immigrants from the Northwest, where a farmer has to pay four times as much as in the South for land no better than he could obtain in this section. One hundred acres of land that in the South would represent an outlay of only \$500, would cost \$2,000 in the West.

"These conditions are purely artificial, and are sure to change. In fact, the change has commenced already. In the Northwest land is beginning to decline in price; in the South it is rising, and in ten or fifteen years, by a slight shrinkage in the former section, and a large gain in the latter, the price of land will be equalized.

"It is the part of wisdom, then—it is only plain common sense—to sell that which will depreciate and buy that which will appreciate. A Western farmer, who owns 100 acres of land, can sell, pay the expenses of moving his family South, buy an equal amount of land equally good, and in ten or fifteen years will be equally valuable, and have left more than \$1,000 in clear cash.

"This fact is beginning to be known and appreciated to an extent that has turned a considerable tide of immigration southward. It is also known that a greater diversity of agricultural products can be grown in the South than in the West, and proper diversification is the only guarantee against glutted markets and ruinous prices."

TALLAHASSEE.

TEACHERS ASSIGNED TO POSITIONS BY THE LEON COUNTY SCHOOL-BOARD.

(*Daily Florida Citizen*.)

TALLAHASSEE, July 14th.—Leon County will contain sixty-eight schools during the current scholastic year, thirty-two white and thirty-six colored. The school-board has assigned teachers to twelve white and six colored schools, as follows: White schools—Hale, Mrs. S. J. Bond; Mt. Zion, S. D. Hightower; Aenou, Miss Mary Herring; Jackson Bluff, R. L. Cowder; Iamonia, Mrs. L. K. Bannerman; Smiths, Miss Lula H. Smith; Strickland, Mrs. C. J. Crutcher; Spring Hill, Miss Mamie Johnson; New Hope, H. P. Woodberry; Pine Grove, W. B. Landrum; Tuten, Miss Genette Bond; Manville, B. F. Maxwell. Colored schools—Fountain Head, Lydia Harmon; Miller's Pond, Monroe Duncan; Pleasant Grove, Hasty Jenkins; Long Pond, Amanda Wanza; Footman, George N. Footman; Tallahassee graded school, J. G. Riley, principal; assistants, J. W. Jones, J. W. Davis, Jonas Frazier, Francis J. Gardner, Julia Williams, Mary C. Forbes.

A sample of Georgia "gourd-seed" corn, produced by a grower in Hernando County, is thus described by the *Brooksville Star*: "The ear weighs two and one half pounds, and measures twelve inches in length and ten inches in circumference. This corn was grown on pine land, without fertilizing, and is not a clear-cut giant by itself, but is a sample of the ten acres." Improvement in agricultural methods, through securing and carefully experimenting with new varieties of staple products, is always commendable. The true purpose in such experiments should be to produce the largest and most profitable returns from the least possible outlay in processes, on the smallest possible area.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

Round-trip excursions to Tallahassee, Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati have been arranged for the following dates: September 1st and 15th and October 6th and 20th. The tickets are good for thirty days, and the fare from Chicago is \$29.80, and from Cincinnati, \$22.80.

We leave Chicago either by the "Big Four" or the "Monon" routes, and from Cincinnati we leave over the "Queen and Crescent."

We pass by daylight through the beautiful blue-grass region, and make almost an entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to Florida, giving one a most excellent opportunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincinnati and join our excursion, go to your nearest ticket agent and get through rates from him on the special excursion days. Then, if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our own railroad lines while you are visiting Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, and the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston, at low excursion rates, which includes meals and berth on board steamer. For special rates by water from these eastern points address the steamship companies at either New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

For any further information regarding excursions to the Tallahassee hill country, address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Canaigre.—S. A. G., Villa Nova, Miss. Send to Experiment Station, Tucson, Arizona, for bulletin on canaigre.

Sorghum Syrup.—C. C. M., Hollenberg, Kan. Send to United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for bulletin on the manufacture of syrup from sorghum.

Sweet Potatoes—Wheat Production.—G. H. W., Trout Run, Pa., writes: "Have the sweet-potato growers any way of treating the potatoes so they won't grow if planted? If so, does it affect the taste?—Which state produces the most wheat? How does California rank in the production of wheat?"

REPLY:—We have never heard that sweet potatoes were treated to prevent them from growing. Sometimes salt is sprinkled over Irish potatoes to keep them from sprouting in the cellar, and when they are thus treated they are unfit for seed.—In 1895 Minnesota ranked first in wheat production, with 65,584,000 bushels; North Dakota second, with 61,057,000 bushels, and California third, with 40,097,000 bushels.

Wintering Cabbage.—A. B., Fresno, N. M. The accompanying illustration shows how cabbages may be wintered. Pull them only



when dry, wrap the outer leaves closely around each head, stand them, roots up, on the surface of dry ground, in single or double rows, and cover with a ridge of earth. If buried on the north side of a building, they will keep later in the spring. Do not bury them in bulk.

Cider.—A. R. G., Nepesta, Colorado, writes: "Please tell me how to keep cider sweet."

REPLY:—To make choice cider, select sound, ripe apples. Make the cider in cool fall weather. Carefully filter it as it runs from the press; every particle of pomace should be removed. Put the cider into a sound, sweet cask, and keep it in a cool place. Insert a small rubber tube in the bung, which should fit tightly. Let the tube bend over and the end hang in a vessel of water. The carbonic-acid gas formed in the cider will pass off through the tube, no oxygen will be admitted, and fermentation will be prevented. After standing awhile in a cask, the cider may be drawn off and bottled or put into small stone jugs. Seal the corks carefully, and keep the bottles or jugs in a cool, dry place. Various things are used in cider to keep it sweet. Some are good; some spoil the flavor; some make it unfit for use. By trial you can find out which are reliable.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Lung Trouble.—M. A. C., Norwich, Conn. The symptoms you give indicate the presence of chronic morbid changes in the respiratory organs, probably most serious in the lungs themselves. If your horse is yet feverish, the morbid changes are still increasing; and if free from fever, the disease is equivalent to heaves, and incurable.

A Lump.—A. G. C., Oxford, Iowa. The "lump" situated on the lower surface of the abdomen of your cow, apparently adhering to the milk-vein, and as large as a man's head, may be a hernia (most likely), possibly an abscess; or if really situated in the course of the abdominal subcutaneous vein, so-called milk-vein, it may be a big thrombus. Have the cow examined by a competent veterinarian, and follow his advice.

A Tumor.—C. F. R., Cozad, Neb. What can be done with the tumor on the upper lip of your horse, which tumor you describe as "a hard lump of the size of a goose's egg," and of which you say that it has been noticed over a year ago and neither grows nor diminishes, will depend upon the nature of the tumor on the one hand, and upon its connection, extent and exact situation on the other. Have it examined by a good surgeon, and if he deems it advisable, have it removed by him.

Does not Sweat.—J. W. R., Tarson Spring, Fla. Insufficient perspiration is observed in horses affected with chronic skin diseases, and also in horses that have chronic diarrhea or suffer from polyuria or diabetes; in other words, make too much water. Ascertain what may be the cause in your case, and then remove the same, if it can be done.

Tuberculosis.—H. H. B., Butler, Pa. Your description indicates that your cows are affected with tuberculosis. As this is a case requiring absolute certainty, I have to advise you to apply to your state veterinarian, Dr. Leonard Pearson, professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and ask him to examine your herd, and to apply, if he deems it necessary, the tuberculin test.

Evidently Sick.—J. J. S., Almena, Mich. Your mare, it seems, suffered last spring from an attack of influenza or some similar disease, and probably would have recovered if she had been treated as a sick animal and exempted from work. As it is now, she evidently suffers from disorders produced by morbid changes caused and left behind by the attack of disease in the spring. The nature of these morbid changes and the possibility or impossibility of removing them can only be ascertained by a careful examination of the animal, and not, at least not with any degree of certainty, from your description.

Infectious Abortion—Diseased Udder.—P. H., Miller, S. D. If you have some more cows with calf that have not yet aborted, take them to another non-infected place, and keep them there until they have calved; meanwhile subject the old premises to a thorough cleaning and disinfection. If yet another case should occur, destroy fetus and afterbirth by fire (cremation), and disinfect the genitals and the tail of the cow with a solution of corrosive sublimate, one part, in 1,000 parts of distilled water or clean rain-water.—The morbid condition of the udder of your cow is either due to target or is possibly the effect of tuberculosis. If it is the former, the remedy consists in frequent milking—once every two hours.

The Use of Milking-tubes.—Wm. K., Green Lake, Wash. Milking-tubes, no matter how well they may have been made, are at best dangerous instruments, because unless thoroughly cleaned and sterilized before each insertion they will cause infection and inflammation, and therefore aggravate the morbid condition which it is intended to remove by their use. If you wish to continue the use of the milking-tube, you must clean and sterilize it before each insertion, in boiling-hot water, and remove it immediately after the milk has been withdrawn. But even if you do this in a most conscientious manner, the damaged quarter of the udder of your cow will, sooner or later, become degenerated and dry.

Ropy Milk.—W. K., Kenesaw, Neb. If the milk of your cow presents a normal condition immediately after it has been milked, but gets ropy or stringy afterward, the fault is not with the cow, but the ropiness is the product of an infectious principle that enters while the milk is exposed. On the other hand, if the milk is already abnormal when drawn from the cow, the abnormal condition of the same is due to morbid processes going on in the udder. These morbid processes may be nothing but target, which, if attended to in time, is as a rule easily removed by frequent and thorough milking, or they may be of a tuberculous nature. If there is any suspicion that the latter may be the case, the truth can be ascertained with almost absolute certainty by subjecting the cow to the tuberculin test. Your state veterinarian undoubtedly will attend to such cases.

So-called Sweeney.—S. L., Coitsville, Ohio. What you describe, a case of so-called sweeney, consists in a morbid relaxation of the affected muscles, and is produced by an overexertion of the muscles themselves and of the nerve (usually the radial nerve) which governs their action. It really is a paralysis of the nerve, and the muscles are displaced and apparently shrunken, because inactive. The remedy consists in a gradual restoration of the nerve force. Rowels, blisters and other hokus-pokus so often applied are worse than useless. The rational treatment consists in exempting the affected horse (almost invariably a young animal) from all kinds of work, in feeding the same with good, nutritious food, and in allowing all the voluntary exercise the animal is willing to take. Time will do the rest, and if the case has not been spoiled in the beginning by injudicious treatment, the afflicted animal will fully recover in six to twelve months, according to the severity of the case.

Probably Trichinosis.—D. J. T., Clearwater, Neb. If all your statements are carefully considered, it appears very probable that your hogs were affected with and died of trichinosis. Still, the diagnosis that a hog is trichinosis is reliable only if the trichinae are found in the muscles. It is therefore advisable, if any more should die or become affected in the same way, to have certain parts microscopically examined. The favorite seats of

trichinae are in the muscles of the tongue, in the muscular fibers of the diaphragm and in the psoas muscles, or tenderloins. Still, if there are a great many, they may be found in about any piece of meat from any part of the body. The affection of the tenderloins, it seems, constitutes the principal cause of the paralytic symptoms in the hind quarters. I have no doubt that some one of the professors of your state university will cheerfully make the microscopic examination, if you send him a small piece of tenderloin.

A Peculiar Morbid Growth.—J. A. McC., Steele, N. D., writes: "I have a cow that has something growing about the center of the backbone like shell, very hard, and stands up something like fins on a fish. It has been growing there for two or three years. She is a fine large cow, gives excellent milk, and it does not seem to hurt her in any way only looks. I have tried different remedies, but they had no effect."

REPLY:—The nature of the morbid growth which you attempt to describe does not appear from your communication, consequently I have nothing upon which to base a reliable diagnosis. It is possible that the whole thing is nothing more nor less than a so-called horny wart. Therefore, unless a reliable surgeon is available, who can make an examination, ascertain the true nature of the morbid growth, and according to circumstances remove it, either by means of a surgical operation or otherwise, I have to advise you to leave it alone and to do nothing, especially not to irritate it, as irritation, very likely, would

accelerate its growth, because you say it does not seem to hurt her in any way except in looks."

Attacks of Colic.—A. C., Warren, Me. What you describe are repeated attacks of colic. Feed your mare as regularly as possible, and nothing but food comparatively easy of digestion and sound, water with clean water, preferably from a good well, and only allow her to drink a moderate quantity at a time. Further, never put the mare to work unless she has had at least one full hour of rest after she has finished her grain, and never feed her any grain or other heavy food immediately after she comes home from hard work, but wait at least a full hour. Meanwhile she may be allowed to nibble some good hay. If an attack is on, do not give any medicine unless necessary; make it as comfortable as possible for the animal by taking her to a place, a loose box, for instance, with an abundance of bedding, in which she can paw and roll as much as she pleases without injuring herself, apply gentle friction to the sides of her abdomen to promote peristaltic motion, and make injections with warm soap-suds into the rectum. Only, if the peristaltic motion is very insufficient or cannot be heard at all, a physic, an aloe pill, for instance, is indicated; but fluid medicines should not be given under any circumstances, and especially must be avoided in all cases in which the respiration is accelerated. If the attack is a severe one, but especially if the pulse runs over seventy-five beats a minute, a veterinarian should be called at once.

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Our Miscellany.

It is part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulness of life, and let the dismal shift for themselves, believing with good Sir Thomas More that it is wise to be "merrie in God."—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

"It is a great mistake," says *Bazar*, "to carry about handsome toilet articles in a traveling-bag; and traveling-bags themselves, while very superior, are not always such luxuries as might be thought. They are very heavy, and when all the toilet articles are put in their places, there is very little room left for anything else. Silver tarnishes quickly, and it is impossible to have it properly cleaned if journeying from place to place; so it is best to leave handsome toilet-sets at home, and take good, serviceable articles instead.

YOUNG people often have a time when they amuse themselves by saying everything backward. It once proved a nearly fatal habit to a young minister, who, for some time previous to his ordination, had been one of a number of hard-reading but laughter-loving young people of Berlin. At his first prayer-meeting, held in his native town, the poor young man rose and said: "Deacon Wood will please pread and rayer; no, rayer and pread." And then he sat down in confusion worse confounded, and left Deacon Wood to lead in prayer.—*Boston Budget.*

THE transmission of disease through the agency of public drinking-vessels is well known to mothers who find their children affected by dangerous sicknesses immediately following a visit to places where public gatherings make the maintenance of general drinking fountains and vessels a matter of seeming necessity. Where prevention is considered of greater value than cure, the necessary "ounce" may be readily supplied by a quarter sheet of note or blank paper. If this is formed into a sugar-loaf, or cone-shaped vessel, and the pointed top torn off even with the body of the receptacle, a safe and handy drinking-cup may be had on the instant.—*Domestic Monthly.*

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* says: "The ethics of good sleep should form a part of household morality. It is hardly an extravagant assertion that comparatively few people, after childhood is passed, know by experience what perfect sleep is, and satisfy themselves with a poor apology for this most perfect refreshment. Rising tired and weary from a disturbed imperfect sleep, they proceed to summon up lost energies by strong tea or coffee, which in turn again interferes with a perfect rest at night, and this process of life, more than mental or physical labor, wears women out and makes them prematurely old. 'I have been reading myself to sleep before retiring,' said a lady the other day, 'and when I have done this for two or three nights, I can see that I look five years older.' It is an experience that any woman can verify, and conversely, she can see that sleeping in a perfectly dark and well-ventilated room brings back the contour and the roses of childhood or early youth."

THE social functions attendant upon a birth in the royal family are very elaborate. They last several days. All the riches and magnificence of the court and nobility are displayed. At night the illuminations transform the capitals. Lamps are removed from the street-posts and in their places shine illuminated stars and circles. All house fronts, roofs and chimneys are outlined with lights. The trees are full of festoons of Chinese lanterns, and from every limb hang globes of glass in red, yellow, blue and green, each formed and hung so as to resemble fruit. The houses of the nobility look like fairy palaces. The gardens are ablaze with light, and everywhere appear the burning monograms of the emperor and empress. On the day the child dons its first shoes, the czarina gives three or four hundred pairs to be distributed among the poor children of St. Petersburg. These are ordinary shoes, of course, not a bit like the royal baby's, which are of white leather, embroidered with gold. The nurse of a royal Russian child is always gorgeous in her apparel. She wears a rich velvet skirt with two broad bands of gold around it, a blue velvet apron, also trimmed with gold, a bodice of black velvet fastened with silver buttons, and around her neck a golden chain. This is the dress for ordinary days. For state occasions there are other costumes even more elaborate.—*New York Sun.*

SWEATING OF THE FEET.

By applying boric acid thoroughly to the feet, particularly about the nails, between and under the toes, and to the soles, two or three times a week or oftener, as the case may need, dressing them while there is a good coating of powder on the skin, sweating of the feet may be effectually relieved. The application is easily made and will prove satisfactory.—*Medical Record.*

AND THE BRITON SWALLOWED IT.

Englishman (patronizingly)—"Your school facilities are excellent, I am told."

American (suavely)—"Well, I should say so. See the Smithsonian Institute over there? Think of a building like that, just to educate the Smiths!"—*Vogue.*

ARTIST'S PERFECT WOMAN.

An artist is authority for the following measurements, which he claims are necessary for a perfect model of physical beauty of the female form:

"To meet the requirements of a classic figure," he says, "a woman should be 5 feet 4½ inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches around the waist, 9 inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck.

"A queenly woman, however, must be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 36 inches bust, 26½ inches waist, 35 inches over the hips, 11½ inches around the ball of the arm, 6½ inches around the wrist, hands and feet not too small."

A similar authority lays down the rule that no colors should be worn, save those which have a duplicate in the hair, eyes or complexion, and he claims that a woman with blue-gray eyes and a thin, neutral-tinted complexion never looks so well as when dressed in blue shades which are mixed with gray.

A brunette should wear cream color, as this reproduces the tints of her skin; while florid complexions look well in plum and heliotrope, also in dove gray, as these contain a hint of pink, and so harmonize well with the face, in which there is a great deal of color.

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.

Very few people are aware of the medical qualities of grapes; but these they possess. The pulp is nutritious, and the juice contains sugar, tannic acid, bitartrate of potassium, tartrate of calcium, common salt and sulphate of potassium. Without doubt the woman who cultivates the habit of eating a great deal of fruit is the gainer of health and appearance. The grape-fruit, or shaddock, so called from its discoverer, Lieutenant Shaddock, or, to mention its soft Chinese name, punelo, is highly prized by those who live in malarial localities. It is a charming rival to quinine and boneset, and is driving them from the field. She who eats her grape-fruit with a spoon from the natural cup, or relishes it served as a salad, may gladden her heart with the reflection that she is not only pleasing her palate, but benefiting her health. Like oranges and lemons, the grape-fruit has great medicinal virtues. If you are of a bilious temperament, eat grape-fruit; if fever threatens, eat grape-fruit, but in this latter case do so only at the advice of a physician, as there may be certain tendencies which the grape-fruit would only aggravate. The complaint is often made that this fruit is extremely bitter and unpleasant. It is only the white inner rind which is so, and this should be carefully removed.

GREAT GEOGRAPHICAL GLOBE.

Mr. T. Riddiman Johnston, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, is going to erect in London a terrestrial globe which will show the earth's surface on a scale of about eight miles to the inch. This means that the globe will have a diameter of eighty feet, or about double that of the big globe which was exhibited at the Paris exposition in 1889. Every geographical feature of importance will be shown and named, as well as every city and town having five hundred inhabitants or more. The larger cities will be drawn to scale, London covering a space rather larger than that of a penny. The globe will take nearly two years to construct, and Mr. Johnston hopes to have the views of all those having a special knowledge of any portion of the earth's surface, and will confine his labors to systematizing the information received, organizing a staff and guiding it toward a satisfactory completion of the globe. This miniature world will be examined from a spiral gallery, to the upper end of which a spectator will be taken by an elevator, and as the globe is slowly revolving, every portion of its surface will come into view.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

THE GIFT OF A VOICE.

One would hardly think that a cow was influenced by music, but it seems she is. In Switzerland this fact is so well understood that a milk maid or man gets better wages if gifted with a good voice. Experiments have been made, and it has been found that a cow gives one fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasing melody. At the famous horse-stables in California a cross word is never heard, nor are the stable-boys or grooms permitted to swear while working about their charges. It will be a new idea to many children, however, that cows and horses thus appreciate gentleness and harmony.

DUST IN THE EYE.

When a speck of dust or metal gets into the eye, the best plan is to shut it and keep it shut for over a minute. Nature will then come to the relief, and there will be enough tearlike moisture to get rid of the obstruction, which will be found in one of the corners when the eye is fully opened.

A 16 TO 1 TOWN.

"Is this a sixteen-to-one town?" asked the drummer.

"It air on Sunday," answered the native.

"On Sunday?"

"Yas. Sixteen goes fishin' to one goin' to church."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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ARBITRARY ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes. But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese. Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice. But the plural of house is houses, not hiee. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kiue, But a bow if repeated is never called bine, And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, Add I give you a boot, would the pair be called beeth? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose, And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren, But though we may say mother, we never say methren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him, But imagine the feminine she, shis and shin? So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the greatest language you ever did see.

—The Commonwealth.

PUSSY'S PLEA.

Now is the winter of my discontent. When summer comes, and all the world is gay With nature's smiles, my mistress lies away To fields and pastures new, while I am pent In back yards lone and empty. Weak and spent From lack of food, I prowls by night and day O'er fence and gate, and howl my doleful lay; But there is none to heed a cat's lament!

Sad is my lot! Why was I born a cat? My mistress' ugly poodle takes his nap On some hotel piazza in her lap; Without a care he feasts and waxes fat The summer long. Please, editor, give space To plead the cause of my ill-treated race!

A GOOD LIAR.

I'm done with South America," he declared, with an air of disgust, as he looked at the other loungers in the hotel regaling parlor, and sipped a glass of beer. "Nature overdoes everything down there. Melon vines grow so fast that the melons are ruined by being dragged over the ground. Where the soil is most fertile, the natives have to go up in a balloon to pick grapes. Corn grows so tall that the crows eat it out of gun-range, and the stalks have to be cut down with an ax. The grass comes on so fast that the farmers make hay every week, and there is enough fruit raised to supply the markets of the world. A man can live there without turning a hand."

"I guess not," grunted an old toper, who was looking for just that kind of a snap.

"I say you can, and have the best there is going. But I wouldn't live there if they deeded me the whole shooting-match. There are more snakes there than there are leaves in Formosa, or wherever it is. They can run like a motor-car and climb a tree like a cat."

"Ugh!" shuddered the toper.

"And you people don't have any storms up here. One of your cyclones wouldn't be a fresh breeze down there. I've seen a blow in Brazil turn an iron kettle inside out. I'd just bought a ticket for a place sixty miles away one evening, when I'll be durned if the wind didn't pick the little station up and land me right where I wanted to go. It was done so quick that the old clock didn't get through striking seven while we were making the trip. I located a gold-mine on top of a hill, and it was full of gold. One night the whole top of that infernal hill blew away, and when I found it, a lot of Spaniards had jumped the claim."

"How's the grocery business?" brusquely asked a man who had come in a minute before, but the South American traveler had vanished as though on the wings of a South American storm.

"Runs a little one-horse grocery out here at Jumptown," continued the new-comer. "Never been out of Michigan in his life. Heavy-weight champion liar of the world."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRUTAL.

"Could you spare me a little money this morning, dear?" said she.

"Really," the brutal husband replied, with a harsh, dyspeptic laugh, "judging from the biscuits, I thought you had dough to burn."

TRANSFORMATION.

Dashaway—"I saw your sister on the beach half an hour ago in her bathing-dress. Where is she now?"

Willie—"She's up-stairs putting on some clothes."—*Life.*

PARTICULAR ABOUT STYLE.

Mrs. Prim (stylish boarding-house keeper)—"It cannot be delayed any longer. We must have a new set of dishes."

Daughter—"Yes, ma; the old set was very handsome in its day, but it's all out of fashion now."

Mrs. Prim—"Well, my dear, go to Brick-abrack & Co.'s and order a new dinner service; take nothing but Royal Windsor china or Dresden ware, no matter what the cost."

Daughter—"Yes, ma."

Mrs. Prim—"And, by the way, on your return step into the market and order twenty pounds of corned beef and forty pounds of liver."—*New York Weekly.*

SMARTNESS.

A gentleman traveling in England, some years ago, while walking near a railway, encountered a number of insane people in charge of a keeper. Nodding to one of the lunatics, he said: "Where does this railway go to?" With a scornful look the lunatic replied: "It doesn't go anywhere; we keep it here to run trains on."—*Philadelphia American.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"The best time to strike your clients is right after dinner, is it not?" asked the social statistician.

"It is when they eat at a hotel," answered the begging gentleman. "Home dinners, man is just as liable to be comin' away mad as in a good humor."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

WAITING.

Bacon—"It's funny you don't ride?"

Egbert—"I'm waiting until they have bicycles built for two."

Bacon—"You can get tandems now."

Egbert—"I know; I mean a bicycle built for two."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AGAIN THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

Rastus Hamilton—"Whar's yo'r di'mond stud, Mistah Jackson?"

Mr. Jackson—"I put it in soak, ef yo' knows whad dat means."

Rastus Hamilton—"Oh, yes. Sis does de same fing wif her teef nights evah since de muel kicked her in de face."

LITTLE BITS.

"You didn't tole de troof in your sarmon today, sah, when you said dat Mister Noah came fast outer de ark," said Deacon Snow.

"Can you proob dat, sah?" asked Reverend Mr. Johnson.

"Sartin! It says in de good book dat 'Noah came fourth out of de ark.' You should be keerful how you lead your flock astray, sah."

That was a bright girl in the street-car the other day who said to her companion, who was making the usual female search for her pocket-book:

"Let us divide this, Ethel; you fumble and I'll pay."

Two friends met recently after many years' absence. The one said to the other:

"Well, old chap, and how have you been getting on in the world?"

"Well," was the reply, "as a failure I have been a distinct success. But as a success I have been a complete failure."

"This, mum, is me twin bye, Mickey," said Mrs. O'Finnegan.

"Indeed; where is the other one?" inquired Mrs. Worthington.

"Sure, he's over to his mother's house, Mrs. O'Toole's. Her Jimmy and me Mickey was twins—born on the same day, mum."

"Pay your fare or get off!" said the trolley-car conductor.

"What do you take me for?" asked the dignified Philadelphian.

"Fif cents, same as anybody else," answered the conductor.

The mother asked little Dot to go into the next room and see if the clock was running, for she had not heard it strike all the afternoon. Dot came running back, put her curly head into the door, and exclaimed:

"Why, no, mama, de clock ain't a-runnin'! It is des stannin' still and a-waggin' its tail."

LUNG COMPLAINTS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c., are speedily relieved, and if taken in time, permanently cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. You will find in it also a certain remedy for Coughs and Colds. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sautative.

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Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of tough glass.



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The COLUMBIAN

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For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

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To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

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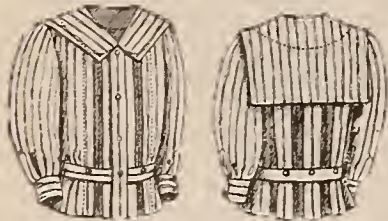
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NOTICE.—Send all orders for patterns direct to our central office, to FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, where our stock of patterns is kept.

Miscellaneous.

SOME TIME.

Some time, some day, the dark clouds will be
rified,
Some time will the pain from this sad life be
sifted,
And hearts aching now will with joy be up-
lifted,
Some time, some day.
Some time, some day, thro' the bitterness
springing,
Will fountains of light sweet heart-peace be
bringing,
Clear skies, soft winds, and sweet wild birds
winging,
Some time, some day.
Some times, some days, there are burdens of
sorrow;
Be patient, dear heart; faith hath light—we
may borrow,
The Savior holds for us a golden to-morrow,
Some time, some day.
Some time, some day, this drear earth will be
vernal,
There'll be rest, sweet rest, on fair hills eternal;
For sorrowing hearts there'll be joys supernal,
Some time, some day.
—Gertrude Judson.

A PREFERENCE.

When it comes ter selectin' a summer resort
I somehow don't keer for the prominent sort,
Whur the hills is so long an' the dresses so
short,
Though they seem to be liked, as a rule.
But whenever I'm restin' from work on the
farm,
An' the clouds seem ter melt 'cause the sun is
so warm,
I puts for the place thet'll ne'er lose its
charm,
Whur the shadows dip deep in the pool.
Thur ain't no piazzzy, thur ain't no brass band,
Nor nobody out promenadin' the sand,
Nor people a-grabbin' the cash from yer hand,
Ez ye try to keep up with the style.
But the smooth velvet moss whur the
branches bend low
Invites ye ter rest while the lazy hours go.
An' yer says ter yerself thet ye're lucky to
know
Of a summer resort thet's wuth while.
—Washington Star.

LIFE AND DEATH ETERNAL.

If I believe in the hopeless doom of
incorrigible sin, and also in the undimmed
glory of a perfected kingdom, I must
believe in the annihilation of the incor-
rigibly wicked. Fire, in the Bible, is gener-
ally an emblem of destruction, not of
torment. The chaff, the tares, the fruitless
tree, are not to be tortured, but to be
destroyed. The hell-fire spoken of in the
New Testament is the fire of Gehenna,
kept burning outside the walls of Jerusa-
lem, to destroy the offal of the city. Here
was the worm that dieth not, and the fire
that is unquenched; emblems of destruc-
tion, not of torment.

I find nothing in the New Testament to
warrant the terrible opinion that God
sustains the life of his creatures through-
out eternity only that they may continue
in sin and misery. That immortality is
the gift of God through our Lord Jesus
Christ; that man is mortal, and must put
on immortality; that only he can put it on
who becomes, through Christ, a partaker
of the divine nature, and so an inheritor
of him who only hath immortality; that
eternal life is life eternal, and eternal
death is death eternal, and everlasting
destruction is destruction without remedy
—this is the most natural, as it is the
simplest reading of the New Testament.—
Lyman Abbott.

HOUSEKEEPERS' NOTES.

To polish shell-combs, rub them with
flannel on which has been put some finely
powdered charcoal moistened with a little
water. Then with a clean flannel rub the
shell vigorously with whiting or precip-
itated chalk to which a few drops of vin-
egar have been added. After this, polish
with the palm of the hand and dry powder.

In traveling, a tooth-brush case is a
convenient little article to own. To make
it, take a piece of ribbon about an inch and
a half wide and a yard and a quarter long.
First, neatly line the ribbon with oil silk,
finishing the outer edges with the simple
herring-bone stitch, worked in silk the
same color as the ribbon. Then fold the
ribbon, overhanding the edges to form a
pocket. The remainder of the ribbon is
used as the cover. It is fastened to the
pocket by fine silk goods which tie in a
bow. This little case will be found most
useful in protecting the tooth-brush.

Warm bread and cake should be cut with
a knife the blade of which has been heated
by standing it in boiling water.

If a tablespoonful of vinegar is added to
the water in which tough meats or fowls
are boiled, it will serve to make them
tender.

Linen pockets and cases for night-dresses
and other toilet uses are easily decorated
by using white Honiton and other lace
braids and put on in a design of lover's-
knots, festoons and medallions. Blue
linen looks best decorated in this way, as
on white the pattern does not show to
advantage. Table-spreads of shadow silks
made for small drawing-room tables have
full double frills of silk muslin for a finish.

The woman who rests every day is the
woman who keeps young and fresh. If
she is a woman of leisure, she may indulge
in an afternoon nap, after which she will
rival her daughter in usefulness. If she is
a busy housewife, she should snatch at
least half an hour a day for lying still
in a darkened room. If she is a business
woman, she must break into the afternoon
with the only sort of rest she can com-
mand—sitting still for ten or fifteen min-
utes, with eyes closed, thoughts banished
and muscles relaxed. "Which advice,"
some old bachelor remarks, "not one
woman in five hundred would think of
doing, nor could if she would."

The bath-tub will be less trouble to keep
clean if it is painted with enamel paint.
This may be purchased already mixed,
and the least skilful woman will be able
to apply it satisfactorily. The tub should,
of course, be kept perfectly dry until after
the last coat of paint has been applied.
The walls of the bath-room back of the tub
and wash-bowl, if they are not tiled or
of marble, should be "papered" with
linoleum in tile patterns. This will per-
mit unlimited splashing of water without
damage. The floor may well be covered
with the same material. If the bath-room
has not been equipped with wire, soap
and sponge trays, shelves for bottles,
hooks for clothes, racks for towels, and
the like, there is no time like the days of
spring house-cleaning in which to repair
the omission. Before descending to the
lower part of the house, the mistress
should discover if her mattresses need
renovating. If she uses feather ones, she
should destroy them, for in the opinion of
physicians they are positively pestiferous.
Hair mattresses, if they are hard and dirty,
may be freshened by ripping the ticking,
removing the hair, washing the ticking,
picking the hair and putting it in a dry,
airy place for several days. When the
ticking is dry it should be filled lightly
with the hair and tacked together again.

DRESS NOTES.

Pearl buttons being used so universally
as a trimming has kept them much to the
front.

A charming visiting-costume is in gray
mousseline-poile-de-chevre, the front of
the bodice forming a little coat of gray
glace, with a straight collar, and trimmings
of small cords and barrels, the lapels fall-
ing slightly open to show glimpses of
white satin lining and vest of white tulle,
confined at the waist by a broad, black
satin band. The outer bodice is of poile-
de-chevre, with a natty little zouave of
white spotted muslin and embroidery
applications showing beneath a falling
collar of gray glace and cream embroidery.
The sleeves are rucked to the shoulders,
and the skirt is of the newest fashion, the
top forming box-plaits stitched down to
about three inches below the waist, giving
a princess effect above and full godets
below.

Another gown is of blue and white checked
mohair, trimmed with plain batiste ribbon
down the back and front of the bodice,
and showing beneath the folds of the tab-
lier in the skirt. The small collar is of
cream point-lace, and cream satin ribbon
is draped at the neck and twisted several
times around the waist and fastening at
one side. The sleeves are high puffs above,
with smaller ones below.

Although Mme. la Mode is most kaleid-
oscopic in her fashions this year, with her
pretty chine bouquets on white ground
glaces, divided by black, narrow stripes,
her gay chameleon shots, and her rich
multicolored brocades, there is still one
newer and more dominant fashion; namely,
bright green and bright pink silks, with
bold floral patterns upon them in pure
white.

\$3,000 in Prizes

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND
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In order to test the judgment of our subscribers and
club raisers on the results of the presidential election, we
offer prizes to the amount of Three Thousand Dollars
for answers to the question

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how many electoral votes will he
receive?

THE PRIZES

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- 1 Second Cash Prize for the first next nearest to the correct answer, 300.00
- 1 Third Cash Prize to the person who sends the next best answer, 100.00
- 10 Cash Prizes of Ten Dollars each for the ten next best answers, 100.00
- 50 Cash Prizes of Three Dollars each for the 50 next best answers, 150.00
- 75 Cash Prizes of Two Dollars each for the 75 next best answers, 150.00
- 200 Cash Prizes of One Dollar each for the 200 next best answers, 200.00
- 2,000 Prizes, value of each 50 cents, for the 2,000 next best answers, 1,000.00
- 2,338 PRIZES, - - - Amount, \$3,000.00

Each and every answer must be inclosed in the same letter with
the subscription and the money.

Each subscriber is entitled to one answer for each yearly
subscription.

Each agent or club raiser is entitled to send as many answers
as there are yearly subscriptions in each club.

Only those can send answers who send yearly subscriptions.

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS AND CONDITIONS.

If at any time before election day two or
more persons send the correct answer, then the first
prize of one thousand dollars will be equilly
divided among those sending the correct answer.

If two or more persons send the next nearest
to the correct answer, then all of the second prize
of three hundred dollars will be awarded
to the person who first sends the next nearest
to the correct answer; and the one of these answers
that is stamped with the next earliest date will be
considered the next best answer, and all of the
third prize of one hundred dollars will be
awarded to the person sending it. This same plan
will be followed in awarding all of the remaining
prizes.

We will stamp each answer with the day
and hour it is received in our office. No more
than one prize will be awarded to any one
person.

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are ordered singly or in clubs, with or without
premiums. Offers in back numbers of this
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time will be extended one year from the date on the
yellow label.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ANSWER.

Put your answer on a separate piece of paper
about three inches wide and five inches long.
Suppose you think Smith will be the next
president, and that he will receive 400 electoral
votes; then fill out your answer after this
style:

SMITH, 400 VOTES.
Answer of
James Johnson,
Beaver,
Brown County, Idaho.

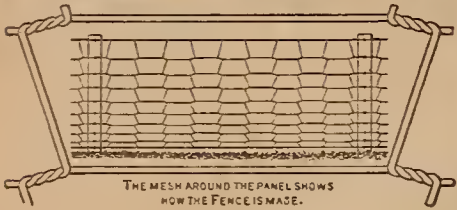
The table below is given to assist you in making up your answer.
There are 447 electoral votes, divided among the states as follows:

Alabama.....	11	Kansas.....	10	Nevada.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Kentucky.....	13	New Hampshire.....	4	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Louisiana.....	8	New Jersey.....	10	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6	New York.....	36	Vermont.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	Maryland.....	8	North Carolina.....	11	Virginia.....	12
Delaware.....	3	Massachusetts.....	15	North Dakota.....	3	Washington.....	4
Florida.....	4	Michigan.....	14	Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	6
Georgia.....	13	Minnesota.....	9	Oregon.....	4	Wisconsin.....	12
Idaho.....	3	Mississippi.....	9	Pennsylvania.....	32	Wyoming.....	3
Illinois.....	21	Missouri.....	17	Rhode Island.....	4		
Indiana.....	15	Montana.....	3	South Carolina.....	9		
Iowa.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	South Dakota.....	4		
						Total.....	447

Set down your estimate of the electoral votes that each state will give
the man you think will be the next President, add up, and you will have
an answer. The sooner you send an answer, the more likely you are to
get a large prize.

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for which wind
mills are used
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grinding mills
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Humor.

THE SQUARE THING.

The sheriff was talking politics when a constable drove up with a man in a buggy.
"Majah, this yere is Jim Howland, who has ben sentenced to jail fur ninety days by the court over at Marion," said the constable.
"Jim Howland, eh?" queried the sheriff.
"Wat's the sentence fur?"
"Stealin' two pigs," said the prisoner.
"Waal, yo' orter be sent to jail. Look yere. Jim Howland, what sort of a man might yo' be on the average?"
"Purty squar", kurnel—purty squar'."
"Because," resumed the official, "one end of the jail has caved out, the roof has sunk in, and the niggers has ripped out all the floors. It's a mighty lonesome place to put a white man in, and I don't reckon he'd stay but over two minutes. I don't want to be bothered goin' around thar two or three times a day, and I don't want to put yo' to the trouble of breakin' out."

"I see," mused the prisoner.
"And so yo'd better pass yo'r word not to get onery and skip out, and yo' kin hang around town, and come up to the house fur meals."
"I'd druther be in jail, kurnel. Fact is, I've allus wanted to be sent to jail, but sunthin' has allus happened to prevent."
"But consider the circumstances, Jim. Yo' hain't nuthin' ag'in me, hev yo'!"
"Oh, no; but it'll disapp'nt the ole woman and children if I'm not put behind the bars."
"Thar hain't a blamed bar or bolt or lock about the shanty, Jim."
"Couldn't I be chained to the wall?"
"Y-es, yo' could, but it would be bad fur yo'r health. Yo'd hev chills inside of three days. They'll hev the new jail done next year, and then, if yo' feel that yo' must go to jail, I'll take yo' in fur thirty days."

"Waal," said Jim, "I don't want to be onery to nobody, and as yo' seem to want to do the squar' thing, I'll agree to hang around town; but remember, kurnel, that the next time I'm sent to jail I'm either goin' thar or rip the cotton out of one hull side of this county!"
And Jim got down, and was soon seated on the platform, telling the crowd of idlers what ailed the county, and the remedy for it.—Harper's Magazine.

HE WON HIS CASE.

Charles O'Connor and James W. Gerard were once opposed to each other in an important trial. When Mr. O'Connor produced his first witness, Mr. Gerard rose and said:

"Mr. O'Connor, what do you propose to show by this witness?"

Mr. O'Connor told what he wished to prove.
"It is useless to waste the time of the court and jury in proving that," said the other.

"I admit it."
Mr. O'Connor then called his next witness, and the same question and answer were repeated.

"I admit it," said Mr. Gerard; "don't let us waste time."

Another witness began, and Mr. Gerard interrupted:

"I admit all you say you are going to prove. Let us hurry along."

With a rapidity which almost took O'Connor's breath away, all the facts which he had accumulated were accepted wholesale. There he rested his case, and Gerard, for the defense, called no witnesses, but at once began his address to the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "some of you know me personally. I have no doubt those of you who are not personally acquainted with me know me by reputation. Now, gentlemen, you know that if my client had been guilty of any fraud, I should be the last man on earth to admit it. I should hide it from you, I should cover it up, I should fight, fight—and I know how to fight—against the proof of its getting in evidence. If my client had been guilty of fraud, do you think I would admit it? No! no! Never! never! never!" Here he looked at his watch. "Gentlemen, excuse my brevity. I have an engagement to dine to-day, and my time is almost up; I will detain you no longer."

He won his case.—Argonaut.

A NEW PLANT THAT CURES ASTHMA.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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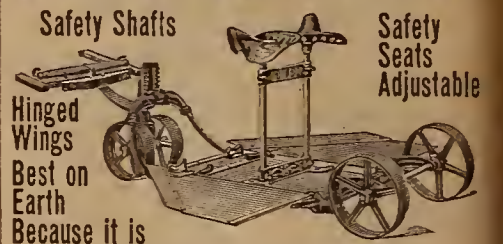
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VOL. XIX. NO. 24.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1896.

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faith and honor of the government and the welfare of the people.

"The meaning of the coinage plank adopted at Chicago is that any one may take a quantity of silver bullion now worth fifty-three cents to the mints of the United States, have it coined at the expense of the government, and receive for it a silver dollar, which shall be legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private. The owner of the silver bullion would get the silver dollar. It would belong to him and to nobody else. Other people would get it only by their labor, the products of their land, or something of value. The bullion owner on the basis of present values would receive the silver dollar for fifty-three cents' worth of silver; and other people would be required to receive it as a full dollar in the payment of debts.

"The government would have no part in the transaction, except to coin the silver bullion into dollars. It would share in no part of the profit. It would take upon itself no obligation. It would not put the dollars into circulation. It could only get them, as any citizen would get them, by giving something for them. It would deliver them to those who deposited the silver, and its connection with the transaction there end. Such are the silver dollars which would be issued under free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one. Who would then maintain the parity? What would keep them at par with gold? There would be no obligation resting upon the government to do it, and if there were, it would be powerless to do it. The simple truth is, we would be driven to a silver basis—to silver monometallism. These dollars, therefore, would stand upon their real value. If the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold would, as some of its advocates assert, make fifty-three cents in silver worth one hundred cents, and the silver dollar equal to the gold dollar, then we would have no cheaper money than now, and it would be no easier to get. But that such would be the result is against reason, and is contradicted by experience in all times and in all lands. It means the debasement of our currency to the amount of the difference between the commercial and coin value of the silver dollar, which is ever changing, and the effect would be to reduce property values, entail untold financial loss, destroy confidence, impair the obligations of existing contracts, further impoverish the laborers and producers of the country, create a panic of unparalleled severity, and inflict upon trade and commerce a deadly blow. Against any such policy I am unalterably opposed.

"Bimetallism cannot be secured by independent action on our part. It cannot be obtained by opening our mints to the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, at a ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold, when the commercial ratio is more than thirty ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. Mexico and China have tried the experiment. Mexico has free coinage of silver and gold at a ratio slightly in excess of sixteen and a half ounces of silver to one ounce of gold, and while her mints are freely open to both metals at that ratio, not a single dollar in gold bullion is coined and circulated as money. Gold has been driven out of circulation in these countries, and they are on a silver basis alone. Until international agreement is had, it is the plain duty of the United States to maintain the gold standard.

"It is not an increase in the volume of money which is the need of the time, but an increase in the volume of business. Not an increase of coin, but an increase of confidence. Not more coinage, but a more active use of the money coined. Not open mints for the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, but open mills for the full and unrestricted labor of American working-men. The employment of our mints for the coinage of the silver of the world would not bring the necessities and comforts of life back to our people. This will only come with the employment of the masses, and such employment is certain to follow the re-establishment of a wise protective policy which shall encourage manufacturing

at home. Protection has lost none of its virtue and importance. The first duty of the Republican party, if restored to power in the country, will be the enactment of a tariff law which will raise all the money necessary to conduct the government, economically and honestly administered, and so adjusted as to give preference to home manufactures and adequate protection to home labor and the home market. We are not committed to any special schedules or rates of duty—they are and should be always subject to change to meet new conditions—but the principle upon which rates of duty are imposed remains the same. Our duties should always be high enough to measure the difference between the wages paid labor at home and in competing countries, and to adequately protect American investments and American enterprises."

DURING the reception ceremonies in New York, Li Hung Chang received a delegation of Christian ministers representing churches having missionaries in China. Replying to an address read by one of their number, Earl Li said:

"It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the grateful welcome to this country offered to me by you as the representatives of various boards and societies who have engaged in China in exchanging our ideas of the greatest of all truths which concern the immortal destinies of man. In the name of my august master, the emperor of China, I beg to tender to you his best thanks for your approval and appreciation for the protections afforded to the American missionaries in China. What we have done and how little we have done on our part is nothing but the duties of our government; while the missionaries, as you have so ably expressed, have not sought for pecuniary gains at the hands of our people. They have not been secret emissaries of diplomatic schemes; their labors have no political significance; and last, but not least, if I might be permitted to add, they have not interfered with or usurped the rights of the territorial authorities.

"In a philosophical point of view, as far as I have been enabled to appreciate, Christianity does not differ much from Confucianism, as the golden rule is expressed in a positive form in one, while it is expressed in the negative form in the other. Logically speaking, whether these two forms of expressing the same truth cover exactly the same ground or not, I leave it to the investigations of those who have more philosophical tastes. It is at the present enough to conclude that there exists not much difference between the wise sayings of the two greatest teachers on the foundations of which the whole structure of the two systems of morality is built. As man is composed of soul, intellect and body, I highly appreciate that your eminent boards, in your arduous and much-esteemed work in the field of China, have neglected none of the three. I need not say much about the first, being an unknowable mystery of which our greatest Confucius had only an active knowledge.

"As for intellect, you have started numerous educational establishments which have served as the best means to enable our countrymen to acquire a fair knowledge of the modern arts and sciences of the West. As for the material part of our constitution, your societies have started hospitals and dispensaries, to save not only the soul, but also the bodies of our countrymen. I have also to add that in the time of famine in some of the provinces you have done your best to the greatest number of sufferers to keep their bodies and souls together.

"Before I bring my reply to a conclusion, I have only two things to mention. The first, the opium-smoking, being a great curse to the Chinese population, your societies have tried their best, not only as anti-opium societies, but to afford the best means to stop the craving for the opium; and also, you receive none as your converts who are opium-smokers.

"I have to tender, in my own name, my best thanks for your most effective prayers to God to spare my life when it was imperiled by the assassin's bullet, and for your most kind wishes which you have just now so ably expressed in the interests of my sovereign, my country and people."

WITH THE VANGUARD

COMMENTING on a compilation showing the world's wheat production from 1882 to 1896, the Cincinnati Price Current says:

"It appears that the annual average for the five years from 1882 to 1886 inclusive was 2,175,000,000 bushels; for 1887 to 1891 inclusive, 2,330,000,000; for 1892 to 1896 inclusive, 2,600,000,000. It thus appears that the annual average for the past five years has been about twenty per cent greater than the average for the first five years of the period. This information makes it quite apparent that the world's wheat production in the past twenty years and more has advanced more than the increase in population, probably largely due to the lessened cost of production and of transportation from localities of surplus to those of requirement. For the current year the indications are that the world's crop of wheat will not vary greatly from last year, and also will not be much out of line in comparison with the estimated consumption—which implies that while the markets may not be so forcibly influenced by accumulated stocks in sight as heretofore, there is promise of an abundance for all requirements."

IN political affairs, next to platforms in interest stand the letters of acceptance by the presidential candidates. Mr. McKinley's letter has been given to the public. On the money question, it reads in part as follows:

"For the first time since 1868, if ever before, there is presented to the American people this year a clear and direct issue as to our monetary system, of vast importance in its effects, and upon the right settlement of which rests largely the financial honor and prosperity of the country. It is proposed by one wing of the Democratic party and its allies, the People's and Silver parties, to inaugurate the free and unlimited coinage of silver by independent action on part of the United States at a ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. The mere declaration of this purpose is a menace to our financial and industrial interests, and has already created universal alarm. It involves great peril to the credit and business of the country—a peril so grave that conservative men everywhere are breaking away from their old party associations and uniting with other patriotic citizens in emphatic protest against the platform of the Democratic national convention as an assault upon the

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

School of Horticulture. The Missouri College of Agriculture, Columbia, will open a school of horticulture January 5, 1897. The twelve weeks' course covers instruction in nursery work, orcharding, small-fruit growing, market gardening, hotbed forcing, floriculture, landscape gardening, greenhouse construction and management, soils, manures, etc.

Treatment of Seed-wheat for Smut. Bulletin 64 of the Ohio experiment station reports the results of a series of experiments made on the station farm at Wooster in 1895 in the treatment of oats for the prevention of smut, in which it was shown that from duplicate samples of seed, taken from the same sack, the untreated seed produced as high as forty per cent of smutted heads, while the treated seed produced a considerably larger crop entirely free from smut. These experiments have been repeated with the same result in 1896, a year when the smut of oats has been exceptionally prevalent. It has also been demonstrated that, with a very slight modification, the same treatment will absolutely prevent the stinking smut of wheat, and the bulletin named gives full directions for this treatment, both for oats and wheat. From the reports which have come to the station it seems probable that the farmers of Ohio have this year lost not less than half a million dollars from oat-smut alone.

Wheat Experiments. The Ohio experiment station has grown sixteen varieties of wheat side by side for eleven years. The following is a comparative statement of their average yield and weight per bushel:

AVERAGE YIELD TO THE ACRE.	AVERAGE WEIGHT TO THE BUSHEL.
Valley.....30.36	Velvet Chaff.....60.13
Poole.....30.12	Deft.....59.85
Red Fultz.....29.97	Martin's Amber.....59.82
Tuscan Island.....29.40	Nigger.....59.72
Nigger.....29.27	Egyptian.....59.70
Egyptian.....29.21	Valley.....59.25
Deft.....27.91	Theiss.....59.20
Velvet Chaff.....27.73	Fultz.....59.14
Democrat.....27.28	Tuscan Island.....58.97
Mediterranean.....26.87	Mediterranean.....58.85
Clawson.....26.58	Democrat.....58.73
Silver Chaff.....26.36	Poole.....58.52
Surprise.....26.21	Red Fultz.....58.51
Fultz.....25.80	Silver Chaff.....57.77
Theiss.....25.71	Clawson.....57.39
Martin's Amber.....25.56	Surprise.....57.18

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

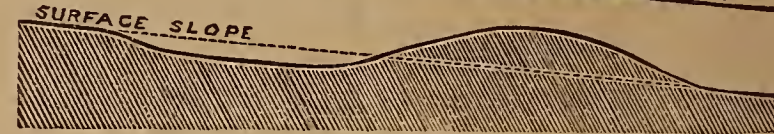
Salicylic Acid. A great deal of editorial ink has been spilled in warning against the promiscuous use of salicylic acid. This drug is a good thing in its place, but we have thought that its proper place is not exactly in our canned fruits and other goods, especially when it is put in unknown to the user. Years ago I occasionally took light doses of it as a medicine, but I always found that when it was put into the fruit as a preservative the fruit tasted insipid. Now, really, I do not fear that the minute doses of salicylic acid which we are liable to put into our stomachs in an occasional dish of canned goods will kill or even injure us. Some injury might result if we use canned goods thus doctored in large quantities, and right along. Few use such articles in that way. In the very small quantities that the drug comes into the stomach of the ordinary user it can hardly be poisonous, or even in any degree harmful. The main objection to its use is that it injures the flavor of the doctored article, makes the fruits, etc., taste flat and insipid.

Tilling Hill-sides. When traveling through our hilly sections, one can see large tracts of hillside land in hoed crops. Some people would wonder why such lands are used in this way, when plenty of nice, level land lies idle in many parts of our vast territory. But people will always try to make the best use of the land they have, and if that happens to be hilly it has to be planted just the same. I have an idea that hoed crops are seldom the best or most profitable crops one can plant on a hillside. I would prefer trees, either forest or orchard, for such localities, and permanent grasses next. In most cases, where hill-sides are planted to corn or potatoes, the rows are made up and down the face of the hill. Now, if you happen to see these fields after a heavy rain, you will find great gullies washed out, and much of the loose surface soil carried down to the foot of the hill. Planting up and down the hill is surely all wrong. My usual practice in handling hill-sides has been to plant alongside the face of the hill, and sometimes to lay this off in terrace-shape.

A recent bulletin (No. 121) of the North Carolina experiment station treats on making hillside terraces or ditches, and those of our friends having hill-sides should try to secure a copy. The terraces, of course, have to be laid off in such a manner as to afford a slight slope, if possible, toward a natural watercourse. How terraces may be formed with the plow is pictured and described as follows:

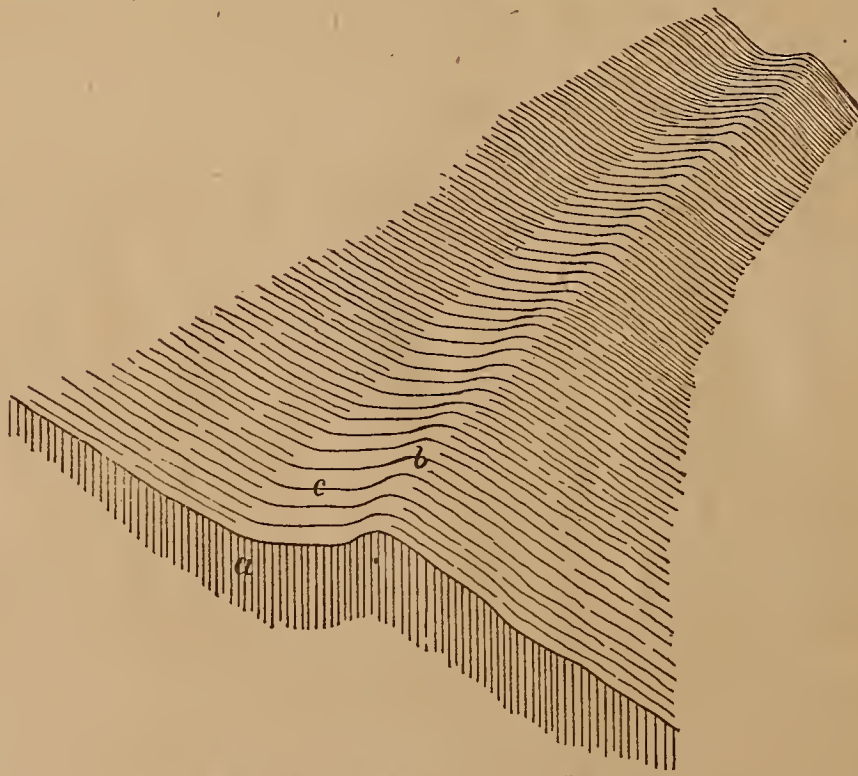
"With a small plow and one mule turn two furrows, one up and the other down,

when the terrace is finished. A side-hill plow to work back and forth on the same strip should be used, but turning the soil every time one furrow toward the bank of the terrace. When the plow has been used as much as is desirable, the work may be finished by hand labor. Use a level, and shovel out enough of the plowed soil from upper side onto the bank to make a level about ten feet wide. The terrace is complete when this leveling has been done. The terrace is kept up and strengthened each year by making the bank the back furrow every time the field is plowed. In planting, the rows are run diagonally across each terrace, and just steep enough so that if there is any water to run it will follow the row instead of crossing from row to row. Water is discharged from row to terrace toward the top, or up hill rather than down. Therefore, the steepness of the hillside, and tendency of the soil to wash, determines the slope of the rows. The tendency all the time should be to deepen the soil by thoroughness in plowing, and thus further retard the flow of water. Care should be taken to add something to the humus in the soil each year, and also to plow a little deeper each time until there is sufficient depth of soil to take up and hold the water from a sudden heavy shower or a long storm, and ease it down to the outlets of the terraces with no appearance of water on the surface to threaten a break anywhere in the field."



PROCESS OF FORMING TERRACES BY THE USE OF THE PLOW.

The Wild Onion. Some years ago I made the acquaintance of the wild onion, and with all the noxious weeds we have to contend with here, I think we are fortunate in not having the wild onion. I had all I wanted of it by even a slight acquaintance with the pest. It is said to be a native of Germany, Switzerland and Italy, but is now very abundant, and one of the worst weeds, from New Jersey southward. Our friends in infested localities can secure a good deal of information about it from a bulletin recently issued by the Tennessee experiment station, but unfortunately they will not be able to gather much consolation from the suggestions found therein. The pest seems to be well nigh unconquerable. Plowing, frequent cultivation, mowing and persistent cropping, all have been tried without complete success. "Shaving the soil" at



SECTION OF HILLSIDE SHOWING TERRACE.

on the line indicated by the broom-straws. Now a heavier plow and team may be used, and eight or ten furrows plowed on each side toward the first, which is to be the embankment of the terrace when completed. The work may now be advanced by plowing on the upper side only, as shown by the drawing, except that more earth will be removed in this case than is there shown, and the bank made higher

or near the surface is the only thing recommended that promises complete relief, if done as fast as the green tops make their appearance. If the work is properly done, regardless of its considerable cost, not a plant can remain. The bulletin suggests the use of a large, broad-bladed implement by which the work can be rapidly and thoroughly performed.

T. GREINER.

WINTER OATS IN INDIANA.

Winter oats is a comparatively new and untried crop in the state. Advertisers claim winter oats to be hardy in Indiana, heavier, more prolific, and a more certain crop than spring oats. The tests at the experiment station do not sustain these claims as to yield and hardiness, and the reports in the agricultural press are con-

flicting. A number of queries were recently sent to fifty farmers living in northern, central and southern Indiana.

The following is a summary of the twenty replies received: Eight state that they have grown winter oats one year; four, two years; one, three years. The area varies from one to twenty-five acres. The yields range from nothing to sixty bushels to the acre. Four state that they sow in August, six in September and one in September and October. The quantity of seed sown varies from three pecks to two bushels to the acre. Most sow but one bushel. Eleven state that they sow with a drill, and one sowed a part of the seed broadcast. Five state that their purpose in growing winter oats is to obtain seed. Six state that they sow both for pasture and seed. In reply to the question, "Would you advise your neighbors to grow winter oats as a regular farm crop?" five answered "yes." Two of these five correspondents live in Bartholomew county, and one each in Madison, Jennings and Lawrence counties. One correspondent each in Harrison, Morgan and Cass counties state that further trial of winter oats is necessary to determine their adaptability. One correspondent each in Ripley, Jackson and Tippecanoe counties answer the question with a "no." One correspondent each in Gibson, Switzerland, White, Randolph, Noble and DeKalb counties is unable to learn that the winter oats are grown in the county.

One correspondent each in Posey and Putnam counties states that winter oats have been tried in a small way without favorable results.

Judging from the replies received, winter oats are not a reliable crop even in southern Indiana. In all parts of the state where spring oats can be grown successfully, it will be less risk to grow them. This is especially true of the north half of the state. Winter oats "killed out" completely at the experiment station in the winter of 1894-5. The winter of 1895-6 so seriously damaged the crop that the yields on two plots were only twenty-eight and thirty-seven bushels, respectively. Spring oats in the same field yielded forty-seven to eighty bushels to the acre.

Where spring oats is an unprofitable crop, it will doubtless be well to give winter oats a further trial, in the hope of developing greater hardiness. An acre or two will be quite enough for this purpose. Early sowing is advised, both for pasture and to enable the crop to pass the winter more successfully.

Farmers are cautioned to carefully clean the oats before sowing, to remove any weed-seed that they may contain.

W. C. LATTA,
Agriculturist of Indiana Experiment Station.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY.

With the oleomargarine business curtailed, as is reported by the Internal Revenue Department regarding the sale of stamps, taking the whole country over there should be an increase in the demand in addition to the regular trade in pure butter. Taking the consensus of opinion of the producers and dealers throughout the country, it would indicate that the moderate prices and the excellent class of goods, the demand on the average would be sufficient to absorb them all.—*Elgin Dairy Report.*

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

LOW PRICES.—A big crop is not necessarily a profitable one. The individual farmer may put forth his best effort to get large yields per acre, and may succeed satisfactorily, but net profits depend also upon the prices obtained. This year prices are ruling low, and in some cases there is no apparent market at any price for some kinds of produce, while other kinds command very low figures. It never pays to become discouraged, and it is in such years as this that one needs to display the most energy and use the most judgment in disposing of his farm products. Years of experience in disposing of crops inclines me to mention some mistakes that we are apt to make when the market is dull and prices are low.

COST OF PRODUCTION.—The question whether one can afford or cannot afford to grow a crop at the ruling price should have no weight in deciding whether a certain price should be accepted. It often does have weight, and leads to further loss. Figures that prove that potatoes cannot be grown for twenty cents a bushel in the Ohio valley, or that wheat cannot be raised for fifty cents a bushel, or that a good draft-horse cannot be put upon the market for seventy-five dollars, are worth nothing in determining whether we should accept such prices or hold for an advance. When the supply exceeds the demand, cost of production exerts no appreciable influence upon the price of the goods on hand. The old idea that it does must be discarded, if one would have his judgment worth anything to him as a guide. The goods have been produced, and the only point to be considered is the time and way in which they may be converted into the greatest amount of cash.

SHIPPING TO CITY MARKETS.—We hear much about farmers getting close to consumers, and the advice that they should is all right in a general way; but my observation is that many farmers ship only when they cannot sell at good prices at home, and these are the very times when they should not ship. It takes some men a long time to learn that the occasional shipper has no show in a glutted city market. When markets are bare and prices high, every shipper may receive good attention from commission merchants, but in a glutted market these merchants have all they can do to protect their old and regular patrons from loss. While farmers may complain at the seeming injustice, it is considered only business to give first attention to regular patrons; and the outsider who forwards a few hundreds of dollars' worth of stuff a year must accept neglect when a market is overrun with shipments. The fact that local buyers do not want one's products at what he may regard a living price is usually evidence that sales are slow, and should be a warning not to ship. One may more safely ship for himself when local dealers are eager to buy.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—It is the custom of commission merchants to send price currents to the addresses of everyone who might ship stuff to them. The quotations prove misleading to many farmers. A few facts should be kept in mind: First, there is sharp competition between the various commission-houses for shippers' patronage, and there is consequent temptation to represent that the market is in good condition, and that the firm making quotations is getting top prices. Second, it is considered legitimate to base quotations for the best on any chance limited sale of extra fine goods—such as only a most favored locality could supply. The farmer's idea that his stuff is first-class amounts to nothing when it is placed side by side with something extra fine. Not one farmer in twenty, nor one community in twenty, furnishes really "fancy" products of any kind. Third, regular shippers do not depend exclusively upon these printed price currents, but are advised by wire when the market is becoming glutted, and are thus protected; but the occasional shipper has no guide but a printed market report that comes by mail, and may be

several days old before his goods can reach the market. These things are often the cause of disappointment to the farmer who does a limited business.

SELLING DIRECT.—I certainly am not advocating the cause of the local dealer. The farmer needs all the money he can get for his products. But it is true that a year of overproduction is a bad time to begin shipping for one's self. It is equally poor policy to load stuff for a city market just because home prices are low. Such consignments too often bring absolutely no returns for the produce sent. The only satisfactory plan for the farmer who proposes to send two or three car-loads of stuff to a city market is to bill the ears to himself, go to the city, and then sell to the merchants instead of consigning. This course is advisable nine times out of ten. I am not attacking commission merchants, but some observation of city markets, made while disposing of my crops, fully convinces me that the occasional shipper should be upon the ground himself when his produce reaches the market, and this is especially true when the market is dull. He need not expect the attention to his consignments that is given those of regular patrons of a firm. Old patrons get the first attention.

HOLDING FOR BETTER PRICES.—Storage of crops entails more expense than many estimate. Wheat may be held at less expense than most other farm products. The shrinkage of wheat, if fairly dry when threshed, does not exceed two or three per cent, and the only considerable items are handling, loss from vermin, insurance and interest. Corn fit for the crib loses heavily by the next May. No exact figures can be given, the results of tests varying much. A loss of fifteen per cent should be expected. Potatoes lose heavily, and the risk in storing is far greater than in the case of grain or hay. In years of plenty immediate sales from the field of fruits, vegetables and hay at very low figures usually afford more net profit than results from storing. DAVID.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FLORISTS.

The twelfth annual convention of the Society of American Florists has just been held in the city of Cleveland. This society, which at one time had the reputation of being the strongest distinctively horticultural organization in the United States, has had an interesting history. Its inception dates back to the centennial year of 1876, at which time there was organized the American Association of Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen. This organization was for a time quite successful, and appeared to fill a place not occupied by any existing horticultural society. About the year 1883, the seedsmen, feeling that their interests could be better subserved by an organization devoted wholly to their own affairs, organized the American Seed Trade Association.

The following year the florists organized a society of their own, naming it the Society of American Florists. The reason assigned for this new organization was that in the old society not sufficient time was devoted to the interests of commercial floriculture, although a large proportion of the members were florists. The first regular meeting of this society was held in Cincinnati, in the year 1885. The attendance was large and the interest great. For several years the society made rapid growth, and was noted for the enthusiasm, vigor and genuine earnestness of its members. The meetings of the original society were still maintained, but after the withdrawal of the seedsmen and florists it was devoted entirely to the interests of nurserymen, and in 1887 the name was changed to American Association of Nurserymen.

Notwithstanding the remarkable success of the Society of American Florists, the tendency toward subdivision or still further specialization still continued. This tendency was manifested, and reached its culmination in the formation of the Chrysanthemum Society of America, the American Carnation Society and the American Rose Society. Although the first subdivision resulted in great good, and the seedsmen, florists and nurserymen were each the gainers thereby, the subsequent division of the florists has almost imperiled the life of the Society of American Florists. The treasury, which was formerly over-

flowing, is now empty, and the membership has rapidly declined.

The objects of this society, as set forth in the constitution, are to secure a greater national interest in floriculture; to encourage the development of its industries, commercial and otherwise; to judiciously examine and classify its products; to determine nomenclature, and to hold exhibitions and conventions.

Perhaps the most interesting session of the Cleveland meeting was the one that had been arranged with special reference to interest and instruct the general public. This session was devoted to a number of brief, practical talks by experts, and could scarcely fail to increase the love for and knowledge of ornamental plants.

Robert Craig, of Philadelphia, gave an equally interesting and instructive talk, illustrated by specimens, on "Foliage-plants for Home Adornment." He said that the use of plants for home adornment, and the very graceful habit of decorating public assembly-rooms, were increasing at a marvelous rate. Among the plants now largely used for this purpose, the various species of palms held the first place. These were closely followed by Dracenas, rubber-plants, Araucarias and others. Many of these were hardy, and would stand a wide range of temperature. As a rule, the lack of success with these plants was generally due to irregular and insufficient watering. The lack of moisture had probably caused the sickness and death of more house-plants than all other causes combined. One large eastern firm of florists now grows and sells annually over 100,000 of a single variety of palm.

Among the other speakers were Edwin Lonsdale, of Philadelphia, who read a paper on "Flowering Plants for Windows." He especially commended various forms of geranium or pelargonium, cyclamen, Chinese primrose, fuchsia and others. The various flowering bulbs presented many advantages, the first of which was that by proper management they could be forced into bloom at almost any season. Flowering plants need light, plenty of moisture, and should be kept free from dust.

Other features of the session were talks upon "Cannas," by J. F. Cowell, Buffalo, New York; "Pansies from Seed," by J. C. Vaughn, of Chicago; "Roses for Outdoors," by E. G. Hill, Richmond, Indiana, and "The Care of Cut Flowers in the House," by J. M. Jordan, of St. Louis.

Among the auxiliary or closely affiliated organizations, the Chrysanthemum Society of America and the American Carnation Society held brief meetings, elected officers and adopted a new scale of points for judging flowers at exhibitions. The subject of awarding a medal for competition at the approaching centennial of the National Chrysanthemum Society of England was discussed, but no action was taken.

Another interesting affiliated society is known as the "Florists' Hail Association." It is organized for the purpose of insuring the greenhouses of the florists against damage by hail-storms. A member pays a certain fee to join, and if his glass is broken by hail he is reimbursed for his loss. During the past year the association had insured something like 8,000,000 square feet of glass, valued at \$500,000. Losses to the amount of \$7,380 were paid during the year. In some portions of the country the hail-storms had been unusually severe, and the damage correspondingly large.

The selection of a place of meeting in 1897 occasioned no little discussion. There were two invitations, one from Nashville, Tennessee, the other from Providence, Rhode Island. The latter city was chosen. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sent a very cordial invitation for the society to meet there in 1898, when the fiftieth anniversary of the state will be celebrated in that city.

W. R. L.

ANCIENT SHEEP-COTES.

When the Romans occupied the British Isles (B. C. 55), many parts of the country were overrun with wolves to such an extent that sheep-raising was not generally engaged in. The Romans sought to give importance to this colony by introducing some systems of improved agriculture and preparing the country for comfortable occupancy. Sheep husbandry at that time was of considerable importance, and a woolen manufactory was established at Winchester and Cirencester, which served to give advanced consideration to already well-established domestic woolen fabrication of cloths. The conclusion is that no sheep existed, because of wolves, in what are known now as the Cotswold hills; at least the Roman historians make no mention of sheep in that section until a more complete occupation of the country.

For safety—partly from prowling beasts and to protect the flocks from the snows and storms of winter—the sheep were provided with "cotes." This fact designated these sheep from all other sheep in England, and finally gave them the name of Cotswold—"cotes," sheds, and "wold," a plain or low hill, or a plain without timber. In time the sheep that were accustomed to cotes gave the name to this range of hills. Some have thought that the hills gave the name to the sheep, but this is not the case.

These cotes were made of wood or stone, and "were long ranges of buildings, frequently three or four stories high, with low ceilings and with an inclination at one end of each floor reaching to the next by which the sheep were enabled to ascend to the topmost one."

Whether these cotes were suggested by the Roman colonist or not, we are left to so consider it, since the Romans were the most civilized people of the period, as well as the most enterprising in everything that would bring reputation and prosperity to their dependencies. R. M. BELL.

DAIRY GOSSIP.

A good cow has a bright, observing eye; so has the good dairyman. I know a mechanic who is just starting in the dairy business because the factory is closed down. He lives in the city, but keeps one cow for home use, and sells milk to his neighbors. He knew he had a good cow, and he wanted to purchase two or three others just as good, and if possible a little better.

How is he to know when he found one for sale whether she was good, bad or indifferent? Ask the owner? The owner would say she gave five or six gallons of milk a day, as near as he could guess, though he never milked her himself, or noticed her milk very carefully. But he would avow that she was as good a cow as one could find in a day's drive.

No; our friend had his eyes open to business, and he made a trip of twelve miles to have his cow's milk tested. It showed 6.6 per cent butter fat. He then said he would be willing to give a fair price for any cow as good as his. Of course, those who had cows to sell said their cows were as good as his, and perhaps a little better. He saw the cows milked; he took samples of their milk and had them tested. They frequently fell far below his estimates, and not for some time did he find cows that gave both a large flow of milk and a large per cent of butter fat.

Now, some reader may ask what difference did it make if the milk was below the standard in butter fat, so long as he was not making butter. He was selling his milk on its merits, and to a special class of customers who wanted a good article, and were willing to pay for it. He was determined to sell six-per-cent milk, at least, and with his class of customers he was right in that determination.

But to the butter-maker the question of butter fat in the milk drawn from his cows is of much more importance. His cows either pay him a revenue or they collect a revenue from him. How many are there of each class in the average herd? I doubt if one farmer in ten can tell. He may guess at it, but is quite likely to be mistaken. They usually judge by the flow of milk alone. This is very deceptive. I have known of cows with half the flow of milk make more than twice the amount of butter of another cow in the same herd. While the big cow was getting credit for good work, it was the little cow that deserved it. Let both quality and quantity count in the contest. Better sacrifice quantity, however, rather than quality.

Care and feed are also important factors in the profitable cow. The cow that has no other shelter than a rail fence in winter cannot be expected to prove very profitable. She consumes too much butter in her effort to keep warm. She sheds too many tears for the wrongs she has endured. Give her a warm stable in winter, a shady pasture in summer, an abundance of proper food, and she will give back in return a good flow of milk. If she does not return favors for favors, turn her off for beef. JOHN L. SHAWVER.
Shady Nook Farm.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

THE TOMATOES.—For years I have planted scores of different tomatoes every year; but last spring I came to the conclusion that I would retain only two; namely, the Early Leader and New Imperial. Both have been spoken of in these columns before. Now, the Early Leader (Vick's) is not one of our best tomatoes. The specimens are only of medium size, some even small, and they are not as smooth and uniform in shape as would be necessary for a good market tomato, and yet the variety has decided value—it is early; in fact, it is the earliest tomato I have yet found. When we have no other ripe, fresh tomatoes late in June or early in July, we are not so very particular, and will appreciate a tomato that is far from being very large in size, or very smooth and uniform. The color of the Early Leader is good, and so is its texture. It has firm flesh and good flavor, and some twenty years ago it would have been called a good tomato for general use. But the Leader leads in another direction. It has a habit which is one peculiar to itself, that of setting fruit early and in great clusters, even under unfavorable circumstances. I know of no other sort that will fruit so readily on the first bloom under glass. In short, we have in this new sort a new type which needs developing and improving, and better sports or selections will soon appear that may come nearer to our ideal as a first-early tomato. For a general-purpose tomato, and for later fruiting, I think we will have to hunt a good while before we find anything much better than the New Imperial (Maule's). It has size, solidity, flavor, good color and uniformity in shape and ripening, or all in all a combination which will be hard to beat.

TOMATO BULLETIN.—Prof. W. M. Munson, of the Maine state college agricultural experiment station, last year read a paper, entitled "Some Notes on Tomatoes," before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. This paper has now been printed in bulletin form. Prof. Munson's "ideal" tomato, as described by him, must be of medium size, firm texture, rich color, perfectly smooth, and must be early and productive. He thinks such variety is not in existence at the present time. Now, if he is not satisfied with the Imperial, he is hard to please. Of course, he had not yet tried it when he wrote that paper. Possibly, too, it is a little larger than his ideal. A tomato can be too large to become popular. We have seen this in Peter Henderson's Ponderosa. It was too "ponderous," indeed, and we dropped it for that reason as much as for any other. Besides, these very large tomatoes do not usually ripen up evenly.

In regard to solidity in a tomato, Prof. Munson says:

"Solidity is largely an individual rather than a varietal character. The solidity of a fruit depends on the relative number of cell or seed cavities. A further controlling factor is the number of seeds present. Now, we know that the amount of pollen available has an important bearing on the seed production of most fruits. In other words, with certain limits, the amount of pollen received by a given flower, by determining the number of seeds produced, may to a large extent control the size, form and relative solidity of the resulting fruit. Every grower is familiar with the small, unmarketable fruits so common in the house during winter. A careful study of these fruits will reveal the fact that most of them are nearly, if not quite, seedless."

In fruits as grown outdoors, with pollen supposedly furnished freely, we find a great difference as to number and arrangement of seed cavities, number of seeds, etc., and consequently of solidity. This is due mostly to inherent varietal characteristics. Yet the amount and availability of pollen undoubtedly has a great deal to do in determining the degree of solidity under some conditions. Seedless greenhouse tomatoes are solid clear through like a plum and without seed-cavities.

WHAT PAYS?—From the reports given me last spring by seedsmen about their materially decreased sales of seeds, I had jumped at the conclusion that the planting

would be much lighter generally. But here we meet the fact that our markets are fully supplied with a great abundance of all sorts of vegetables. Many of them are hard to sell. Fruits, too, such as early apples, plums, etc., are in oversupply and can hardly be given away. The low price of wheat has driven many of our farmers, who used to make that crop their chief source of income, to seek greater profits in growing vegetables and fruits, and the consequence is we are feeding choice vegetables and fruits to our city people, charging them next to nothing for our labor. And yet I have an idea that we can produce some things with profit. For instance, I look to my Prizetakers, grown on the new method, for some fair returns for the labor expended, and I surely can figure out good profits yet in raising pickling onions (Barlettas). Then I think choice Emerald Gem melons still pay if put in a discriminating market. There may be other vegetables that still leave us a profit. I hope that readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who are still making money in some lines will tell us about it.

TRANSPLANTING DEVICE.—The transplanter here illustrated has been largely advertised this year under the name "Richard's Transplanter." Just now we are using this device for transplanting strawberries, especially in filling out vacant spots in the rows planted last spring. It seems to be a safe way of doing such work, and we are confident that we can get a fair crop of fruit on the vines thus moved from their original spot near the old plant to a new location. The transplanter has three parts. One part (Fig. 1) is a bottomless pail about four inches in diameter and depth, with an upright rod of iron twenty-six inches high on either side, and a wooden handle. Then there is an ejector (Fig. 2), which is a concave disk of galvanized iron fastened to handle. It has an opening on one side to admit the stems of the plant to be transplanted. The third part (Fig. 3) is the transplanter proper. It is a bottomless sheet-iron, of same dimensions as that of the excavator, having a strong iron handle.

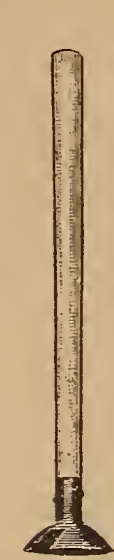


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

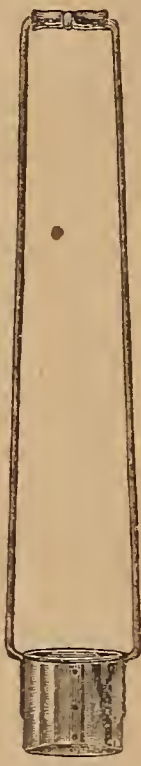


FIG. 1.

In using this tool, we select the spot where we want the plant, press the excavator down into the soil clear up to the rim with the foot, and pull out (by the handle) filled with soil. This

leaves a smooth, clean hole of the size of the excavator. Next we place the transplanter over the plant to be taken up, and press it down to the rim; pulling it out again by the handle, we have the plant complete as in a flower-pot. Transplanter and contents are now placed into the hole previously made for it, the ejector placed over the plant to hold it down, and finally the transplanter pulled out by its handle, leaving the plant smooth and clean in its new place. Vegetable-plants can be transplanted in the same manner, and with equal safety. The set includes six transplanting pails, and the cost of the whole is \$2.50.

CELERY-BLIGHT.—If there is anything that will cure celery-blight, our readers will want to know what it is. I believe that a simple solution of copper sulphate is more effective than the Bordeaux mixture or the ammoniacal solution of copper carbonate, or anything else yet tried. My success this year, at least with a small lot that was terribly affected with the blight (Septoria Petroselinii), is complete and elevating. The strength of the solution used was one quarter ounce of the copper sulphate to two gallons of water, and the

applications were made thoroughly and frequently. The one lot which was cut back severely (within a few inches of the ground), and had the affected leaves all removed, recovered fully after one or two more sprinklings with the common garden-sprinkler. I find that stronger solutions can be used without harm to the leaves. Thorough sprinkling with a solution of one quarter ounce to the gallon of water seems perfectly safe, and I don't know yet how much stronger it might be made with impunity.

T. GREINER.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

PEACH-YELLOWS.

The word "yellows" is often confounded with any weak or yellow condition of peach-trees, but in this case it stands for the disease commonly thus termed. Peach-yellows is very generally spread throughout the peach-growing sections north of North Carolina and Tennessee and east of the Mississippi river. A section of Tennessee and Kentucky, where the peach does exceptionally well and is very healthy, is generally looked to by nurserymen for the pits for growing stocks.

It should be understood, to begin with, that peach-yellows, like plum-knot, is a communicable and fatal disease. This has been clearly recognized by New York and other states, where it is treated as a public nuisance.

SYMPTOMS.—When yellows attacks a bearing tree, the first sign of its presence is usually in the fruit. The one unmistakable symptom in the fruit is the presence of bright red spots on the skin, which may be likened to measles blotches, and the flesh is more or less marked by red spots and streaks, which often run through to the pit. When the attack is faint the streaks do not appear, but the spots show plainly. The fruit generally ripens prematurely, often as much as six weeks in advance of its season. Trees may also ripen their fruit prematurely from the presence of borers, but the fruit will not then have the bright red spots.

The disease generally appears in only a small part of the tree at one time, and perhaps only a few fruits or a branch will be affected the first year, and whether cut off or not, the whole tree will probably be affected the next year.

The next characteristic of the yellows is the appearing of short, yellowish, unbranched shoots upon or near the ends of the healthy branches. These shoots generally appear in August or September, but may come earlier or later. Sometimes these also appear early in the spring, and again the trees may flower late in the autumn.

Another symptom is the appearance of abnormal shoots on the larger branches or trunks, the leaves of which are narrow and stand out at right angles. These shoots develop into bushy growths the first or second year; later on, the whole tree takes on a peculiar growth, which is characterized by reddish or yellow, stiff leaves, but in this stage it is not easily distinguished from trees that are infested with borers. To distinguish it, we must depend on the peculiarly spotted fruit, the yellow tips and bushy growths.

The cause of the yellows is not known. It is well known that it spreads from one tree to another, but we do not know how. There is no known remedy, and the destruction of the infected tree is the only proper treatment. If fruiting trees are affected only in a small part, it is considered safe to remove and burn the infected branch, allow the tree to ripen its wood, then dig and burn it. Where this practice has been closely followed it has held the disease in check. This is notably so in parts of Michigan.

The disease is most injurious to the peach, but also attacks the nectarine, almond, apricot and Japanese plums.

JUNE BUDDING EXPERIENCE.

The storm broke off one of my sand-cherry hybrid grafts, June 6th, that was nicely started, with nine cherries on it. June 8th I cut a green bud from it, and budded it into the same stock below where it broke off. It started to grow, and now (August 12th) is three feet high, with some side branches. That is a pretty good record for only a little over two months.

Minnesota.

H. KNUDSON.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Plants for Name.—E. K. A., Colebrook River, Conn. The slips consisted of Rubus odoratus, or flowering raspberry; fruit of Amalanchier, or Juneberry; leaves of common speckled alder.

Snowy Cricket.—S. R. P., Oskaloosa, Iowa. The insect you inclosed is the snowy tree-cricket, that lays its eggs in the canes of raspberries, etc., which so weakens the canes that they may break off when loaded with fruit. It is not otherwise injurious.

Propagating Choke-cherries.—L. B. R., Waterville, Minn., writes: "I have five nice large choke-cherry trees, ten years old. I want to bud them with tame cherries."

REPLY:—The choke-cherry, or wild black cherry, cannot be successfully budded or grafted with the cultivated varieties of the cherry, but the wild bird-cherry can be easily so treated.

Weakened Cherry-trees.—M. P. Arletta, Wash., writes: "My cherry-trees grow thrifty, blossom well, and then throw all the blossoms and look wilted. Gum exudes from the branches. Is there any cure for it?"

REPLY:—I judge that your trees are weakened by some adverse condition. Cold, wet soil might bring on the condition, and weaker sorts might have it when the hardier kinds would be free from it. Of course, a bad attack by borers might bring on this trouble, but I think you would know it if that was the cause. It is probably the result of a local condition which is unfavorable to the growth of the cherry. If the trees are very bad, I would throw them away and plant anew, after improving the conditions. If they are not very bad, improve their conditions and perhaps they will recover.

Hardy Fruits—Rochester Nurseries.—R. B., Provo City, Utah. The hardiest peach I know of is the Crosby. If you are on cold, wet land you will probably find the peach to do best when worked on the plum. The hardiest large blackberry is the Snyder or Taylor. The Italian is perhaps the most popular large prune generally grown. The largest well-tested large gooseberry is the Triumph. The Logan berry is very hardy, but the fruit is of poor quality; it is, however, of good size and red color. I do not know anything about the Red Cross nectarine. The earliest pear in cultivation is probably the Summer Doyenne, but the earliest large productive sort is probably Clapp's Favorite. The latest strawberry is probably Timbrel. English Morello is a good late, very hardy sour cherry.—The climate of Rochester, New York, is very cold, but well adapted to raising the trees of the north temperate zone. The thermometer not uncommonly reaches 15° below zero in winter, and much lower temperature is occasional.

Sports.—H. H. L., San Francisco, Cal., writes: "In the spring of 1836 I was living in Parkman, Geauga county, Ohio. I had thirty or forty apple-trees. Some men came along grafting apples, and I employed them to graft my trees, which were about six years old. They cut off the limbs and put in probably half a dozen grafts to the tree. When they got to bearing, one of the trees had one graft that bore apples of about medium size, and one half of the apple was yellow and the other half green. The yellow half was sweet and the green half was sour. One graft bore apples one fourth yellow and one fourth green; and again one fourth yellow and one fourth green. The yellow was sweet and the green was sour. Can you tell how that could happen?"

REPLY:—Similar instances have been noted many times. Darwin referred to them, and thought them due to the effect of the stock on the scion, and called them graft hybrids. A most peculiar thing about these hybrids is that they often come true from the graft. Greening apple-trees have sometimes borne russet apples. We know not how or when such "sports" come, and practically the stock affects little, if at all, the quality of the fruit produced by the graft, but occasionally the qualities of both stock and scion show in the fruit. In thinking of the peculiarity where one section of an apple is different from the rest, you should remember that apples are naturally divided into five parts by the seed-pods inside. The marks of some of these divisions can often be seen on the Golden Russet and other apples, and is generally found on the Talman Sweet apple, where it is plainly indicated by lines on the skin. Similar graft hybrids have also been noted in other fruits and in potatoes.

Vigor

And vitality are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is quickly overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and carries health and not disease to every organ. The appetite is restored and the stomach toned and strengthened. The nerves are fed upon proper nourishment and are therefore strong; the brain is cleared and the mind refreshed by

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Our Farm.

TREATMENT OF FARM ANIMALS.

TO GET the most for any purpose from farm animals, it is necessary to give them more than sufficient food and shelter. Farm animals, especially the dog (the farmer's dog is a farm animal), the horse and the cow, are more human, or have more human characteristics than they get credit for. They all want something more than food and drink—they want kind words and human sympathy.

Suppose a farmer brought home a cooley pup, and from that time on did not speak to the dog or give him any attention, except to throw him his food. What kind of a dog would that farmer have? A useless dog, if he remained; but he would not remain, probably, for no self-respecting dog would live where he was treated so ill.

A farmer had a dog that ran away and remained for weeks. He was whipped and kept tied up, but when given his liberty was off again. Returning after a long absence, the dog met his master in the lane leading to the pasture, and crept up to him, asking as plainly as a dog could for forgiveness; but the farmer resolved to have no more to do with him, and passed him without a look. The dog was seen to creep away with head down, moaning piteously, and was found dead the next day.

I mention this to show that even a dog, perhaps, may die of a broken heart. Some reader may smile at this, but the most insignificant dog has a heart or something akin. When you return home after an absence of several days, the dog shows his delight if he has been treated as a friend or companion. If you think he has no heart, or what is equivalent, do not notice him when he frisks around you in his attempt to express his joy at your return.

The horse is as intelligent as the dog, and under proper treatment will show his intelligence; and more, he will show his love for you if you will give him opportunity. The horse is a companionable, sociable being; he likes company, and likes the voice of his master, if the master be kind and sympathetic. Any man who has traveled on what was called the "Great American Desert" (now the best farming land in the United States) knows that at night it was not necessary to tether his horse. The horse given his liberty would go only a short distance. The solitude of the place impressed the horse as well as the man.

Horses, like children, show their bringing-up, their treatment at home. Let no man suppose that he can abuse his horse without others knowing it; it is impossible. The horse carries his home history in his face. I once had a neighbor who never spoke a kind word, as far as known, to any animal. To his horses he scolded and swore continually, and the result was that the horses became like their master—cross, ugly, with their ears turned back, always ready, apparently, to bite or kick.

In passing along the street, or where there are a number of horses standing, and looking into the faces of the horses, I believe I can select those that have at home something besides board and lodging. The "hang" of the head, the position of the ears, the eyes, the lips, and the set of the jaw, all tell the story. Some are hopelessly despondent, suspicious of every movement I make, and stand aloof; others are bright and cheery, and almost bow down (if not checked too high) to me and show their appreciation of a gentle pat on the neck or a soft stroke on the nose.

Calling at a farm-house I was told that the farmer was at the barn. I opened the barn door and looked in. There were six horse-stalls near the door, and there were horses in some of them, for I heard them moving and kicking flies, but not a head in sight. Waiting a moment, a nose appeared cautiously, then an eye, and at last the head. When the horses saw that the one who had entered was not the one they were acquainted with, they thrust their heads over the mangers and looked at me in a friendly way, and as much as said, "Come up nearer." I was rubbing their noses, when their master appeared suddenly. Every horse went back the length of his halter, as though he had been thrown back.

The abuse of the horse by the farmer—by any one in his senses—is beyond comprehension. Of all men, the farmer must be, and perhaps is, the most economical. He tries to save every penny, to be economical

of all resources to the last degree. The farmer knows that the oftener he strikes his horse, the less the horse will do, in the long run, and the less the horse will be worth. In other words, as the whip-lash shortens, the farmer's income grows less in the long run. If humanity will not lead a man to coax, to pet, to deal gently with farm animals, then common sense and experience ought to teach him that kindness shown to all animals (all animals are kind until made otherwise by ill usage) is profitable—always a good investment.

The owner of a fine herd of cattle went into the stalls at milking-time and found one of his men beating a cow because she held up her milk. Ill treatment of the animal excited the owner, and he seized his hired man and held him up against the side of the barn, and shouted to him: "Don't you know that every time you strike that cow you are taking money out of my pocket? Don't you suppose that that cow can feel a shovel as well as you?"

A horse refused to pull a load out of a deep rut. A hired man said, "Give him the whip." But the farmer had no use for whips. He sent to the barn for a sponge and a pail of cool water. He gave the horse a part of the water to drink, and with the remainder moistened the sponge and bathed the horse's nose, neck and shoulders, for the day was unusually warm. After ten minutes' rest, during which the horse was given half a dozen sweet apples, the farmer took the reins. "Now, Jerry, can you pull that?" There was no whipping, no shouting, no uproar. And Jerry went into the collar with a rush and drew the load out of the rut.

I went to a farm to see a cow. The farmer said that she was in the pasture, and the farmer's wife, who liked the open air, put on her broad sunbonnet and went with us. Then I saw what I have not seen often. Every animal on the farm not tied which saw the movement of the farmer and his wife followed, starting from all parts of the farm. Such a procession! The cats—all sizes and colors—I could not stop to count, but there must have been a dozen of them; and there were dogs, hens and chickens, turkeys and geese. Two calves tied in the orchard made a great uproar because they could not follow. When that wide sunbonnet appeared, all the animals appeared to know that their best friend was abroad. In pasture were several horses and about thirty cows. As soon as they saw us, every one started for the bars. A horse, an old fellow whose work-days were over, pushed his way through the throng until he reached the farmer's wife, who had a lump of sugar for him. What a sight! Cows, horses, dogs, cats, hens, turkeys and geese all together, and some of them talking loud enough to be heard across the farm.

On this farm, need it be said, animal life has its full enjoyment, and when animals do enjoy life marked out for them, then do they make for their owners better returns than they would if conditions were otherwise.

GEORGE APPLETON.

PROFITABLE STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

Now that the use of fruit has wisely become so general in American families, the question of its economical production is one of special importance.

The culture of the luscious strawberry, that most indispensable one in the list of small fruits, ought to be largely increased. Possibly a change in the season of planting from spring to fall can be made with more satisfactory results than many suppose.

My experience confirms me in the opinion that much weeding and backache can be prevented by midsummer and early fall planting of strong plants, from the first runners that put out from the parent plant; or still better, from the planting of potted ones. Were it not for the dry weather, which seems to be the usual condition during September, strong layer plants could be set with satisfactory results. The safe way, however, is that of setting potted plants.

Many a farmer, in the hurry of last spring's work, has doubtless failed to set out a bed of strawberry-plants, and the old bed has become so overgrown with grass and weeds that it will cost much more to get it into good shape than to set a new bed. By setting a few dozen of potted plants in rows thirty-six inches apart and eighteen inches apart in the row, where a

crop of early potatoes or other garden crops have been removed, a full crop of nearly a quart to the plant of luscious berries can be had the spring following, as well as a full crop the succeeding year. The potted plants can be obtained from the leading seedsmen and nurserymen.

When planting, make the trenches three inches in depth. Should a drought prevail at the time the plants are expected to arrive, thoroughly saturate the trenches with water, and fine and pack the surface soil, and reopen the trenches after four o'clock in the afternoon, and set the plants so that the crowns of each will be about half an inch below the general surface of the bed. Spread out the roots as you would those of a tree, and press the soil firmly with the hands over the roots, and still more firmly about the crowns or stems of each plant. See that the roots of each plant are kept moist while setting. Rake the surface as soon as the planting is completed. The daily use of the rake or wheel-hoe will hasten the growth of the plants.

A liberal growth of surface roots is an essential point in the production of a good crop of fruit in the spring. As soon as planted, begin to feed the plants, by scattering a liberal supply of bone-dust and hard-wood ashes over the surface. Plenty of potash makes high-colored, firm, sweet berries. If wood ashes are not available, use muriate of soda as a source of potash.

As soon as winter arrives, mulching with leaves, straw, corn-stalks, slough-grass or any other material that is entirely free from seeds is essential to success. Cover the entire surface between the rows to a depth of three or four inches, but do not cover the crowns of the plants so that you cannot see a few leaves of each plant. When the growth commences in the spring, gradually uncover the plants, and just before the fruit-buds appear, clear a space ten inches in width on each side of the row, and apply nitrate of soda at the rate of fifty pounds to the acre, and work it in with the scuffle or wheel-hoe. Then replace the straw or other litter about the crowns and near the plants. No further cultivation will be needed until after the plants have ceased bearing. An occasional cultivation, the keeping of the runners clipped off so as to form a narrow, matted row, and the application of fertilizers, will insure a paying crop the following year.

Glencarlyn, Va.

W. M. K.

FRUIT REPORT.

FROM EASTERN NEW YORK.—G. T. P., Ghent, N. Y., writes: "The apple crop in eastern New York is quite above the average. In many instances trees are overloaded, and many props have been put under them to prevent the breaking of limbs. The Baldwin leads, and most red varieties are bearing well. The fruit is usually fair, though it will be smaller in size on account of the large quantity, and orchards are as a rule uncultivated. Apples in Europe are short, and there will be a good foreign demand for all fruit put up in good shape. There will be a good demand for good apples in our own markets, but neither our home nor foreign markets will receive inferior fruit and pay much for it. The crop ought to bring a large amount of money into the state, and it will if only good fruit is put upon the market. Better let the poor stuff rot on the ground than put it on the market to lower the value of the entire crop."

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MISSOURI.—It is fortunate for men of small means that there are still large tracts of land open to settlers and homesteaders. In Dallas, Wright, Douglass, Texas, Ozark and Howell counties lands can still be had very cheap, and they are admirably adapted for apples, peaches and all the small fruits. The county of Howell especially has a great future before it. Already it can boast of great fruit-farms, prominent among which is the "Oldden" fruit-farm, comprising 2,600 acres. It has one block, one hundred acres, in Ben Davis apples. This farm has 120,000 fruit-trees and large quantities of small fruits, such as grapes, strawberries, etc. Thirteen other fruit-farms aggregate 188,000 peach and apple trees. The Culver Bros., Buchanan county, Mo., recently purchased 14,000 acres of land in

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Howell county, which they are clearing for fruit. The peach and apple crops rarely fail. The size and flavor of fruit grown on the southern slope of the Ozark cannot be exceeded anywhere in the United States, and the profits on fruit-raising are wonderful. Men may make more money on a ten-acre orchard with less labor than they do on hundreds of acres of land in grain culture. Land is yet very cheap, but in a few years the whole country will be one vast body of fruit-trees. But this is not all the attractions of this country. Off to the northwest is the beautiful country of Cass, Bates, Johnson and Jackson. Those wishing to purchase farms will find land from ten dollars to fifty dollars an acre, according to the improvements. There are rich deposits of iron, lead, zinc and onyx in Howell county. An iron-mine near West Plains has been worked successfully for years, and recently some amateur operators at one shaft went through a vein of mineral twenty feet thick; but being poor men of the neighborhood, unable to buy the appliances necessary to keep the shaft clear of water, "the find" could not be realized. The water is excellent and the climate very healthful. Not only to the poor man does this country hold out inducements, but it is an inviting field for the capitalist; for the truth of Thomas H. Benton's remark, years ago, that "there is more room for labor underneath the ground in Missouri than there is on its surface," is more and more apparent.

East Lyme, Mo.

FROM OHIO.—The fore part of the season was very dry, and crops were planted in good shape earlier than usual, and the warm growing weather gave the crops a good start. Heavy rains set in about May 25th, some doing considerable damage in washing the plowed soil. The early-planted corn-fields are looking well, and will perhaps make above an average crop. The wheat crop was the poorest for years, hundreds of acres not being harvested at all; the yield was poor and the quality inferior. The oats crop was the best for years, but injured some by chinch-bugs. The hay crop was light. Potatoes will be plentiful. The early-set tobacco made a good growth. In some few instances the crop was damaged by "black-rot." When the plant is affected by this disease the roots become black and rotten, and the plant finally dies or makes no growth at all. The present crop will probably make the heaviest in years. Orchard fruits are very scarce, there being no apples except a few of the earlier varieties. The prices of farm products are about as follows: Corn, 30 cents a bushel; wheat, 60; potatoes, 30; fat cattle, 2½ cents a pound; fat hogs, from 2¼ to 3 cents a pound; butter, 8 cents a pound; eggs, 8 cents a dozen; fat lambs, 4 cents a pound. Garden vegetables of all kinds are very plentiful. Health is generally good.

Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio.

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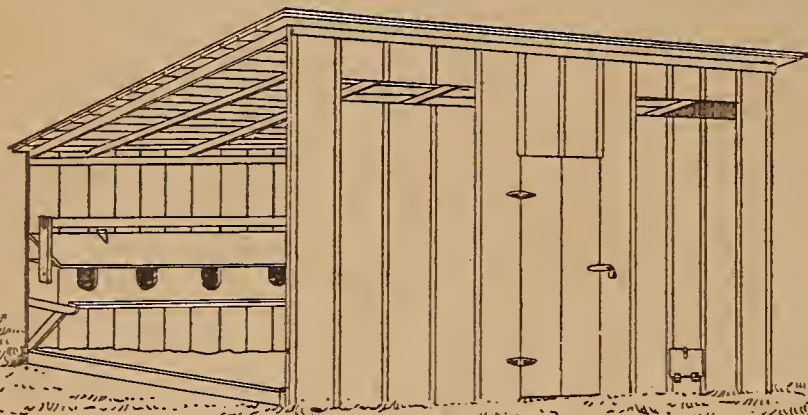
THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammon, New Jersey.

POULTRY-HOUSE FOR TWELVE FOWLS.

MR. W. S. HENDREN, Kentucky, has a number of houses built on the plan given in the illustration, the description of which he gives as follows:

"This house was intended to accommodate a flock of twelve hens, allowing eight square feet of floor-space to the fowl. Fifteen Cochins are kept in such a house. It is eight by twelve feet, nine feet high in front and five feet at the rear, and is made of 1x12-inch boards, battened on the outside, covered with shingles, and has a sliding window at each end, which affords plenty of light. The nest-box is one foot from the floor, and contains seven nests, each fourteen inches square. The droppings-board is twenty inches wide, hinged to the house, and answers for a top to the nest-box, which makes it very convenient when the nests are to be cleaned, white-washed, etc. The perch is 2x4 inches, beveled on top and fitted in sockets at each end of the nest-box, so that it can be removed at ease. If desired, it could be made to extend the full length of the house, thereby giving more roosting-space. There are two ventilators at the front,



HOUSE FOR FLOCK OF TWELVE FOWLS.

seven and one half feet from the ground, eight inches wide by three feet long, with shutters hinged at the bottom on the inside, and operated by a pulley. These shutters are kept closed all winter, and opened during the summer. They are made to open about half way, so as to throw the draft up against the roof. The floor is made of clay, beaten down hard and smooth, and is six inches above the level ground, which keeps perfectly dry, and is easily cleaned. The material in this house costs about \$12.50, including hardware, etc. The houses are eight feet apart, having a scratching or roosting shed between, with wire netting in front."

FENCES AND BREEDS.

Whether fences are a necessity or not depends upon the location of the plant. In a majority of cases there is no way to avoid fences, but there are breeds which can be kept within bounds with a four-foot fence. Even a high fence will not confine some of the active breeds. When considering "the best breed," not only should the question of how many eggs will a breed give be considered, but also which is the best for reducing expenses. On a farm where there is ample range, such as an orchard, the cost of the fence is not important; but when the fowls are to be confined, or when several breeds are desired, the fence is a serious problem to those of limited means. The best course to pursue in such cases is to select Brahmas or Cochins, as they cannot fly over a four-foot fence. Pekin ducks are frequently kept in yards with only a two-foot fence. It may be that farmers or poultrymen may not prefer the breeds named, but if they are wise they will endeavor to put less money in fences and more in poultry-houses and fowls.

PROPER FOOD FOR CHICKS.

To feed the chicks on grains that they can utilize is to give them an opportunity to scratch, which is beneficial to them. We might mention screenings, cracked corn, broken rice, cracked wheat, millet-seed, hemp-seed and the refuse seeds from the hay-loft. These foods are not superior to cooked ground grain, but they afford an agreeable change and compel the chicks to work and exercise. There is danger in

feeding the chicks and allowing portions of the food to remain over, as it becomes sour and causes disease. One good mess of mixed food given at night is sufficient, as the meals during the day, after the chicks are a month old, should be substances which they should seek for litter. Corn-meal is frequently given to chicks, and while it has been used for many decades and found excellent, yet it should and can be improved. It is deficient in mineral matter and does not provide lime for the growth of bones. First, always scald the corn-meal and feed as a stiff dough, or feed it dry in a little trough (never on the ground). To a quart of the corn-meal add one gill of ground meat, the same of linseed-meal and a teaspoonful of salt and bread-soda mixed. Then mix all the substances well before scalding or feeding.

THE FAULT OF OVERFEEDING.

One of the causes assigned by those who feed several times a day is that the birds are always hungry, and immediately run to the attendant for more as soon as he puts in an appearance. This is a habit on the part of the fowls. They are not at all hungry on such occasions, but have learned to look to their owner for everything they receive, consequently they will always run to him when he appears. Such hens seldom lay as many eggs as they should, are usually very fat, and cost more for feed than they deserve. The way to

treat them is to scatter a tablespoonful of millet-seed for them to scratch. The seeds being small, and being delicacies to all fowls, will be highly relished, and the hens will work industriously for them, thus taking exercise as well as keeping themselves in better laying condition. The greatest inducement to overfeeding is to find the hens hungry, but it is best not to be deceived by appearance.

CROP-BOUND FOWLS.

There will be more cases of crop-bound fowls now and during the winter than in the summer, due to the desire of the hens to eat bulky food, which induces them to swallow long, dried grass, old rope, rags and other substances which they should not touch, and which clog the passage between the crop and the gizzard. If the fowls are confined in yards, it is best to clean out all rubbish, and no cases of crop-



END VIEW OF HOUSE, AND NEST-BOX.

bound will result. If the hens are also fed cut clover and cabbage, they will have less inclination for the coarse substance which they pick up when running at large.

BEGIN WITH SMALL FLOCKS.

It requires a year's experience to know where the mistakes are made, and if one can learn how to avoid them, one half of the difficulty will have been overcome. The greatest mistake is in undertaking the business with too many hens. The proper mode is to commence with a small flock, breed for the kinds preferred, and gradually increase until the desired number

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has been secured. A breeder who had but little experience when he began procured several hundred hens with which to commence, but nearly two thirds of them died with disease. He regards the disease as the most fortunate thing that happened, as he found out how to avoid mistakes that he had made, and the result is that he has since made his flocks pay him well. Drawbacks are discouraging, but they are sometimes blessings in disguise.

SHARP GRIT A NECESSITY.

Farmers who live where there is an abundance of gravel provide no gritty material for their fowls. Now, fowls always select the hard substances with cutting edges. Give a piece of glass to a fowl, and when the glass is voided, it will be found as smooth and polished as though done by machinery. The grit is intended to cut more than to grind the food. If the flock has had the run of a field, there will be but little sharp material left, and the hens will not swallow the smooth gravel only as a last resort. To test this matter, pound some broken glass or china, and it will be noticed that the fowls will swallow the pieces with avidity, although they may be at liberty on a gravelly run.

SCALDING THE FOOD.

It does not pay to have an attendant to manage a cauldron or boiler, but it will be an advantage to scald the ground grain before feeding it to the chicks that are to be made fat for market. It is usually done by taking a mixture of ground wheat, corn and oats, to which is added linseed-meal and ground meal, the whole being well mixed in a tub, and the boiling water turned on, stirring well during the adding of water, until the whole is a stiff dough (not wet). Let this be done at night, and in the morning the mess will be softened and easily digested. Do not keep any portion over until the next day, as it may become sour, but feed each day's mess the day it is prepared.

INVESTMENT AND PROFIT.

If wheat is one cent a pound, and is used as food for poultry, there is an opportunity for the farmer to make a profit by feeding it to his fowls. With the grass, seeds and worms secured at certain seasons, it should not exceed fifty cents a hen for the food purchased. The profit on this will depend on the kind of hens, the presence of lice and the price of eggs. Even at twelve cents a dozen for eggs, and allowing one hundred eggs a year from each hen, there is a profit of fifty cents a hen, which is apparently small, but it is one hundred per cent on the investment for food, while the chicks raised must also be considered among the profitable items.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Bees in Georgia and Florida.—H. E. T., Gooden, Va. There are locations in Georgia and Florida where beekeeping is quite profitable.

Making Maple Sugar.—R. J. S., Au Gres, Mich. Send thirty-five cents to A. I. Root Co., Medina, Ohio, for Cook's "Maple Sugar and the Sugar Bush."

Ginseng Culture.—H. A. T., Nimisila, O. Send to Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for bulletin on "American Ginseng: Its Commercial History, Protection and Cultivation."

Timothy.—U. G. S., DeGraff, O. Timothy can be sown in early autumn or spring. It can be sown alone or with winter grain. It is usually drilled in with wheat. For land of moderate fertility one half peck to the acre is the usual quantity of seed.

Rape.—M. I. C., Clark's Summit, Pa., writes: "Please tell how rape is cured for fodder."

REPLY:—Rape is not used for fodder, but for pasturage. It is usually sown in midsummer to furnish fall pasturage. It is a particularly fine pasture crop for sheep. It is excellent for cattle, but they waste much of it by trampling it under foot.

Redtop.—C. P. H., Boicourt, Kan., writes: "Give me some information concerning redtop. When is the best time to sow, and how much seed is required to sow an acre? I wish it for pasture. Will it hurt it to pasture very lightly the first season? The land is wet and seepy. Is not redtop a good grass for such land?"

REPLY:—For such land as you mention, redtop is better than blue-grass or timothy. It thrives naturally on a moist soil. Sow about twenty-eight pounds of good, clean seed to the acre. It may be sown in the fall or early spring. If you have abundant fall rains, or if there is an abundance of moisture in the soil, sow it now. Do not pasture it too heavily at first. For permanent pasture it is best to prevent it from seeding.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Bloody Milk.—W. B. H., Fernwood, Miss. Please see answer given in the present number to J. M., Starkville, Col.

Dog Has Ticks.—H. C. W., Mansfield, Mass. Put one drop of any fat oil on each tick, and the latter will soon tumble off.

Pumiced Hoofs.—J. A. K., Jordan, Ky. Have your horse, that has been foundered and now has pumiced (degenerated) hoofs, shod with good bar-shoes by an intelligent blacksmith, and he will go much better and be able to do ordinary farm work, but he will never get well.

Lame Pig—Sore Teats.—A. K., Mayville, Mich. Feed your pig some bran, not middlings, and, if possible, some clover, and let it have all the voluntary exercise it is willing to take. If you do this, and the rachitic condition of the pig has not too far progressed, the same may recover. The principal and most frequent cause of sore teats in cows is milking with wet hands.

A Hard Swelling.—E. R. B., Nameless, Va. The hard swelling in the face of your colt, midway between eye and nostril, and half as large as a man's hand, but thicker, is undoubtedly an exostosis; that is, proceeding from the bone. But your description, of which I have copied every essential, does not say anything concerning the character and the origin and probable cause of the hard swelling. As such a swelling can be produced by numerous causes, and very much differ in character, it is impossible to give you any other advice than to have the animal examined by a competent veterinarian.

Wants to Know if the Hog is Fit for Pork.—G. G., Heusler, N. D. You can best find out whether or not your hog, which you say breathes hard and is partially paralyzed or stiff, is fit for pork, if you have the same butchered and then the carcass examined by a competent person, with the special object in view to see if the hog is measly or trichinous. While so-called measles, the presence of the cysticercus, Cysticercus cellulosae, in the meat is easily detected with the naked eye, the examination for trichinae must be a microscopical one. One of the best places to find them, if present, is in the tenderloins.

Probably Tuberculosis in the Bones.—L. C., Pennside, Pa. It is possible, and even probable, that what you describe is nothing more nor less than tuberculosis in the bones. At any rate, I had an opportunity a few years ago of observing a case of tuberculosis in the bones of a cow that presented symptoms almost identical to those you describe. It is true several of the weeds you mention as occurring in the pasture are poisonous, but cows, as a rule, avoid poisonous plants, and I do not think that any of the poisonous plants named would have produced the symptoms you describe. As long as the cow is alive, the question whether the disease is tuberculosis or not can be decided with any degree of certainty only by the tuberculin test.

Probably Spavin.—J. E. McD., Colorado Springs, Col. Your description, if every statement you make is taken into consideration, indicates spavin. Do not do anything now during the fly season, but wait until the November 15th number, in which you will find an article on the treatment of that disease.

A Very Sore Teat.—D. E., Knohrrill, Pa. Discontinue the use of any and every kind of dirty grease, no matter what may be its name; see to it that the cow is milked in a very gentle manner and invariably with clean and dry hands, and then apply to the badly cracked teat after each milking a liberal quantity of a mixture of lime-water and olive-oil, equal parts.

Bloody Milk.—J. M., Starkville, Col. The causes of bloody milk, or an admixture of blood to the milk, when drawn from the udder of the cow, are numerous; still, where the admixture of blood is limited to the milk of only one quarter, the main causes are reduced to two; namely, internal lesions or inflammatory processes in the udder and extremely rude milking. Where existing inflammatory processes are constituting the cause, the remedy consists in frequent milking, executed in the most gentle manner; and where rude milking should be the cause, the proper remedy suggests itself. Where inflammatory processes constitute the cause, frequent washings of the affected quarter with cold water also have a beneficial effect.

Ticks and Worms.—J. F. C., Fox, Ala. Ticks on horses are best removed by dropping one drop of a fat oil on each tick. I doubt whether it will be safe to resort to a wholesale treatment and give horses an oil bath, as is recommended by Dr. Francis for cattle. Worms already in the rectum, if Strongylus armatus, also called Sclerostomum equinum, are about ready to make their exit, which you can hasten if you inject a pint of raw linseed-oil into the rectum of the horse. Still, the damage done by these worms already has been done before they reach the rectum. The worm-brood itself is taken up by the horses with stagnant water for drinking and in low and wet or swampy places, provided, of course, these places have before been frequented and been infested by horses affected with these worms. The prevention, therefore, consists in avoiding such places.

An Aggravated Case of Founder.—J. B. D., Lake Arthur, La. What you describe is an aggravated case of founder, or laminitis, made so by the treatment the horse received. In the beginning it cannot have been bad, because otherwise you would have known that the horse was foundered, and would not have driven the same that ten miles you speak of; secondly, if, instead of giving the horse alum, you had given the same a good physic, and if, instead of supplying hot water to the inflamed feet, you had used cold water or even ice, the horse might have recovered. As it is now, all four hoofs sloughing off, I do not see that any advice I can give you will do any good. It may be possible to keep the horse alive, but even that is doubtful; and even if kept alive by good care and rational symptomatic treatment, the horse will never again be a serviceable animal, and it will take nearly a year until new hoofs are produced.

Pigs Coughing.—M. C., Howard, Kansas. If your pigs, three months old, are otherwise apparently healthy, and fine, thrifty, hearty fellows, as you say they are, and have had the freedom of an old orchard, with plenty of water to drink, there can hardly be any doubt but that the same are affected with lung-worms, Strongylus paradoxus, and that the pigs picked up the worm-brood "with the plenty of water to drink," especially if they found the water in stagnant pools. Nothing can be done to any advantage by way of medication; still, if the pigs are otherwise strong and vigorous, they may survive and overcome the effect of the lung-worms, provided they are as soon as possible removed from the water supply, and taken to a place where they cannot get any water except what is given to them and is drawn from a good well or spring, or, at any rate, pure. Drain that orchard before you use it again as a pig-pasture, because it is now thoroughly infested with the brood-worm, even if the pigs, in the first place, should have picked it up somewhere else.

Bloody (?) Milk.—E. F. E., Fernwood, Ohio. If the milk is all right when drawn from the cow, and the red color appears gradually when the milk stands after the cream rises, you will find that it is not blood that causes the red coloration, but that the same must have another source. There is a bacterium known as Bacillus prodigiosus, that is of very frequent occurrence, and produces in a great many substances, milk included, just such a red pigment. It is easy to find out whether or not this bacillus constitutes the cause. Put a trifle of the red-colored cream on a slice of boiled potato, sliced off with a clean knife, put it on a clean sheet of paper, put a clean tumbler over it, and keep it in a dark and moderately warm place. If in a few days you find that the red color has spread over the slice of the potato, you may be sure it is the bacillus that produced it. This bacillus makes its appearance most frequently in hot and sultry weather, and where it has made its appearance a thorough cleaning and ventilation of the place in which the milk is kept is often sufficient to get rid of it.

Wants to Toughen the Hoofs of His Horse—A Splint—A Quarter-crack.—T. E. K., Hawkinstown, Va. The best way to "toughen" your horse's hoofs is to keep them clean and dry; also request your blacksmith to use very thin nails and not too many—at any rate not more than seven for each foot—and then don't wait with the shoeing until the old shoe gets loose or lost, but have the shoes reset once every month. Your horse probably has been standing too much in dirt and mud, or his hoofs have been "stopped" too often. The enlargement you speak of is an exostosis, or a so-called splint, and as it does not cause it alone; in time it will gradually grow smaller. But, if you are anxious to do "something," you may, once a day, rub in a little gray mercurial ointment, but not more than the size of a small pea at a time. As to the quarter-crack, I advise you to have the cross-cut made by a veterinarian, who knows where and how to make it, otherwise you will not succeed in removing it. Besides this, the horse must also be shod in such a way as will remove all and every pressure from the damaged quarter. The veterinarian will instruct you how to do it, or else the blacksmith will know.

Intermittent Lameness.—F. W., Leadville, Colorado, writes: "I have a young horse which I have had for about a year. He is five or six years old, and the man I got him from said that when he was three years old he was a three-minute horse. Not long after I got him, I took him for about a fifteen-mile drive. I started in the morning, and came back the same day, and when I got back, the horse bloated up and could hardly stand to be unhitched. I got him unhitched, and he laid

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CEO. S. JOSSELYN, Fredonia, New York.

down, and the perspiration rolled off of him. I got a veterinarian, and he gave the horse some medicine, and in a short time he was all right again. I drove him occasionally after that till about last January, when he began to get lame in the right hind leg. His lameness would get worse, so that he could hardly step on his foot, and he would seem to draw himself all up in a heap. Sometimes when he would get that way he would lay down, and after he had laid down for a few minutes, he would get up and appear to be all right, only that he would be a little lame. The veterinarian said he was a conundrum, and that I had better put him on grass. Since then I have had him on grass for about two months, and had him hitched once, but he acted just the same. The horse eats good and is crazy for oats."

REPLY:—The peculiar lameness of your horse undoubtedly is produced by thrombosis in, and thus closing of, one of the principal arteries of the affected hind leg. It is probably the crural artery. The bloating, or attack of so-called wind-colic, which you mention gives a good clue as to the probable cause, in so far as it shows that the horse, beyond a doubt, not only suffers from aneurism in the anterior mesenteric artery, but also that at least some coagula or exudates have torn loose and obstructed one or more intestinal arteries. In your case the aneurism, very likely, extends into the aorta itself, and coagula or exudates have torn loose, and passing into one of the posterior branches of the aorta, probably the crural artery, have closed that important vessel, and thus deprived the leg of its necessary supply of blood. If the horse has rest, the blood supply may be approximately sufficient, and the horse may not show much lameness; but the latter will make its appearance immediately as soon as the demand for blood is increased by exercise, and will become worse, and so severe as to make it impossible for the horse to make another step if the exercise is continued or made more severe, and thereby the demands for a greater supply of blood are rapidly increased. Then, after the horse has rested, and the demand for blood is thereby reduced, the animal is able to get up and to move without much lameness. I am sorry to be obliged to say that there is no remedy. Time, possibly, may cause some improvement, especially if the horse has enough voluntary exercise.

Many Questions Concerning Tuberculosis.—W. B. F., Galena, Md., writes: "1. Do cows always cough when they have the disease? 2. Do not healthy cows cough occasionally? 3. If a cow coughs much, is it to be supposed that she has the disease? 4. Is it very infectious? 5. Have persons been known to take the disease from using the milk (of tuberculous cows)? 6. If a diseased cow is removed from a pasture, how long a time must pass before it will be safe to turn healthy cows on the same ground? 7. Is there any other way for an inexperienced person to distinguish the disease than by the cough and the animal getting thin? 8. Will any other animal take the disease from another animal before they begin to cough? 9. I have an old cow that always has coughed more than the others. The cough is more frequent now. She has been dry several months and is putting on flesh. Do you think she is affected? 10. Is there any danger of giving the disease to healthy stock by testing with tuberculin? 11. What is the best thing to do when several cows in a herd take to coughing more than usual, but show no sign of being sick?"

REPLY:—1. No. Cows with pearly tuberculosis, or with any other form in which the seat of the morbid process is not in the respiratory organs may not cough at all. 2. Only when their larynx is irritated by a temporary cause. 3. Not if the existing morbid condition which causes the coughing is known to be non-tuberculous. 4. Yes. 5. Yes; in an exceedingly large number of cases. 6. I cannot tell you; it will very much depend upon circumstances, and I can only say that the spores of the tubercle bacilli possess great tenacity of life and are not easily destroyed. It would also very much depend upon the form of tuberculosis with which the diseased cow is affected, and upon the progress the morbid process has made. A pasture can be considered a source of infection only if sufficiently large numbers of tubercle bacilli or their spores have been deposited upon the grass, or in the water for drinking, with the excretions and discharges of the diseased cattle, to make it probable that the same will be taken up with the food or drink of other animals. Your seventh and eighth questions, as formulated, except in so far as they have been answered in the above, I cannot answer, and they, therefore, are omitted. 9. Yes; by applying the tuberculin test, or rather, by having it done by a competent man. The symptoms you mention are not reliable, and nobody is justified to base the diagnosis of tuberculosis on them alone, because they, on the one hand, also occur in other diseases of the respiratory organs, and on the other, are often absent in tuberculosis, especially in the beginning, and in those cases in which the seat of the morbid process is not in the respiratory organs. 10. Yes; but some possess more predisposition than others. 11. They may not cough at all; and if they do, the time will depend upon so many circumstances and conditions, the individuality of the animal, the magnitude and the place of infection, etc., that it would be a futile attempt to answer that question in a few words. 12. Apply to your state veterinarian, and ask him to subject your whole herd of cattle, male and female, old and young, to the tuberculin test, and then you will know how many of your cattle are tuberculous and how many and which ones are free. 13. None whatever. 14. Have the tuberculin test applied to the whole herd.

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Our Fireside.

THE DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night
From the realm of mist and dew:
One was a dream of the old, old days,
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane
That led to the pickerel pond,
Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old-time dream
Were pleasant and fair to see,
And the dreamer he walked with them again
As often of old walked he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane
That tangled his curly hair!
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought
From yonder midnight skies,
Or was it tears from the dear, dear years
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free,
As the moon benignly shed
Her golden grace on the smiling face
In the little trundle-bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come,
Of the glorious noon of day,
Of the summer that follows the careless spring
When the child is done with play.

And 'twas a dream of the busy world
Where valorous deeds are done;
Of battles fought in the cause of right,
And of victories nobly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear old home
And the quiet joys of youth:
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,
And fast and free it ran,
And it told to a sleeping little child
Of a boy become a man!

These were the dreams that came one night
To earth from yonder sky:
These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed,
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I
Were glad that it was so:
He loved to dream of days to come,
And I of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I
Unwillingly awoke,
But neither of his precious dream
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams
Gave each his tender sign;
For there was triumph in his eyes,
And there were tears in mine!

—Eugene Field, in *Chicago Record*.

Brother and Sister



MARRY YOU! No, you goose. Do get up off your knees and not strike such sanctimonious attitudes." And the girl burst into a peal of laughter, but suddenly checking herself, said: "There, Al, I do not mean to hurt your feelings, but you draw such long faces! I like you very well as a friend, but cannot love you. Please don't think me a flirt, for I don't mean to be, and I had no notion you cared for me. Can't we be friends?"

Here the young girl offered her hand, which Al took, and then hastily picking up his hat, left the room.

"Oh, dear!" Dora sighed, looking out of the window after the retreating form. "Now he is angry with me. Why can't I have a friend without his falling in love with me? That is the third or fourth offer I've had within a few weeks, and all from boys that I've known ever since I was a baby. Seems to me since I returned from school everyone seems possessed. If they would only treat me like a sister I should like it much better. How nice it would be to have a brother! But here comes Cousin Will. He is a dear, good soul, and the only one I take any comfort with. I'll go and see if his friend came."

In the next room there is but one occupant, a young man, who seems convulsed with laughter.

"Well," says Harry Percival, for that is his name, "she made quick work of it. Proposals made and rejected in five minutes. Wants a brother, does she? I've a good mind to apply for the vacancy. Wonder what she would say. By Jove! I'll try it. There comes Will now."

"Hi, Harry!" said Will, bursting rather unceremoniously into the room. "All ready? Supper is, so we'll go right down. Here, Dora," he continued, as they met that young lady at the head of the stairs, "allow me to make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Percival. Harry, my cousin, Miss Dora Andrews."

Supper is over, and Dora sitting on the piazza in the hammock, when Mr. Percival and Will appear at the door.

"You look too comfortable to be disturbed,

Dora," Will says. "Nevertheless, I see some friends of yours coming down the road, bent on dragging you on some moonlight excursion or other."

"I shall play martyr with a very good grace, Will. It is a lovely evening, and nothing would suit me better than a boat-ride. Of course, you and Mr. Percival will go?"

"I see that I'm booked," Will laughingly answered. "for there's Perry Hunter and his sister, Frank Willis and sister, Ellis Munro and two sisters. Now, as each of those fellows is escorting another fellow's sister, I suppose the extra Miss Munro is for my benefit."

"Then I hope," says Mr. Percival, "you will allow me the pleasure of becoming your escort, Miss Andrews. I never had a sister. We shall be under the same roof all summer, and I assure you I will prove an exemplary brother. May I call you sister, Dora?"

"Certainly," Dora answered. But somehow the arrangement did not please her very much.

"If you will excuse me for a moment I will go up-stairs and get my shawl, and be ready by the time they reach the house."

The merry party enjoyed a pleasant sail, and before parting, agreed to have a picnic the following week at a grove five miles distant.

Before the week had ended, Dora and Harry had become better acquainted, and he had taken on himself the office of mentor as well as brother. The evening before the picnic Frank Willis called to take Dot to ride. She went up-stairs to get her wrap. Coming down she met Harry Percival on the stairs.

"Where are you bound, sister mine?" he asked.

"Out to ride," she answered. "It is such an elegant evening."

"Don't you think your adjective misapplied?" he rejoined, coolly. "Elegant refers to polished or polite."

"Haven't you mistaken your vocation? Instead of a gentleman you should have been a critic."

"The two can be combined," he answered, quietly. "I don't think you ought to go to ride this evening, sister. You will be too tired to enjoy the picnic to-morrow; besides, the air is damp."

"Allow me to pass, please; I am keeping Mr. Willis waiting."

"Sister, indeed!" she muttered when she reached the piazza. "Any one would think I was in leading-strings. I'd go if I caught my death."

Dora did not enjoy her ride as much as she expected, and the air was damp; nevertheless she kept up such a chatter of small talk that Mr. Willis, who had long been one of her admirers, thought her one of the liveliest girls he had ever met.

"Good-night," she said, when they had reached her home. "I will keep that promised seat at the table for you."

Just then Dora heard one of the upper windows shut.

Up-stairs, Mr. Percival was muttering to himself. "Not if I know it shall he have the seat next to her at the table."

The next morning dawned bright and clear. The picnic party was all in good spirits, the baskets well filled, and everything promised well. Harry found pleasant seats for himself and Dora, and then went to help one of the ladies to carve some refractory fowl. On his return he found his place occupied by Mr. Willis.

"You won't mind sitting over there," Dora said, sweetly, pointing to a vacant place opposite. "I promised this seat to Mr. Willis last night, and, of course, you don't care to sit here, as we are brother and sister, and see each other every day."

"Certainly not, sister mine," Harry answered, biting his lip. Then he muttered to himself as he moved away, "Caught in my own trap, but I'll pay her off."

After dinner a party was formed to go further into the wood in search of berries. Mr. Percival asked Dora to accompany the party, and they were proceeding in a most amicable manner, notwithstanding their little scene at the dinner-table. At last they reached an opening in the wood and all sat down to rest, Dora declaring she could walk no farther.

"I am so sorry," said Annie Hunter, "for I had set my heart on going to the haunted oak, as it is called. It is not very much farther."

"I will go with you," Mr. Percival volunteered.

"What will Dora say?"

"She won't care," Harry said, before Dora could reply. "We are brother and sister, and understand each other perfectly. Come, Miss Hunter."

Dora was fiercely gay all the way back to the grove and devoted herself entirely to Mr. Willis.

Mr. Percival and Dora were again together alone.

"Well," Dora commenced, "we've had a splendid time. I don't remember ever enjoying myself so much at a picnic. Mr. Willis is so entertaining. I hope he and his sister will stay all summer."

"I am afraid, sister Dora, that it will not be best for his peace of mind, unless he is merely flirting, as well as yourself. By his manner I should judge him to be in earnest. Beware, little one, how you trifle with such a heart."

"Quite a little homily," flashed Dora. "You would be quite successful as a preacher. But how long since have you constituted yourself Mr. Willis' keeper, as well as my mentor?"

"Pardon me," he said. "I do not intend to anger you. Here we are at the house. I am going to the city on business in the morning, and shall not be back for a week. Let's make up, as all good brothers and sisters should."

So saying, he stooped and pressed a kiss on Dora's lips.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed, her cheeks flaming. "This farce has gone altogether too far. Don't you ever address that odious title to me again. You shall not call me sister."

And bursting into tears, Dora broke away from him and gained her own room.

"I shall be glad when that odious creature is gone," she sighed. "What makes him tease me so? I suppose he thinks I am a simple little country girl. I verily believe I should hate him if he stayed much longer. Oh, dear! I wish I could hate him."

All that week Dora roamed listlessly round the house or wandered down to the river-bank, with a book in her hand, but very little reading was done.

Mr. Willis called several times to take her to ride, but after accepting the invitation once, she declined to go again.

In Harry Percival's office in town, that gentleman does not look very busy except in the wear of shoe-leather, for he is striding up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, as if walking for a wager.

"By Jove!" he mutters, "I must settle this matter soon, or I shall be in a mad-house. A decided 'no' will be preferable to uncertainty. I suppose she prefers that fellow Willis, but it will be better to know my answer from her own lips. I expect she hates me, but somehow I don't understand women, and perhaps she does like me. Anyway, I'll go down this afternoon and hear my fate."

About five o'clock Mrs. Hammond was surprised by the arrival of Mr. Percival.

"I am so glad you have come back," the good lady said. "The house is so lonely. Will has gone to town to get me some groceries, but Dora is somewhere around the place. Shall I go out and call her, or will you go to your room and rest?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Hammond. I will take a little stroll; the fresh air will rest me after the city dust. I may meet Miss Andrews."

"She took her book to read, so I guess you'll find her down by the river."

Coming to the water's edge, he lifted his hat a moment to let the cool breeze fan his forehead, when suddenly he saw the gleam of a white dress, and he knew he had found her. Dora was sitting under an overhanging rock, her book lying on the grass and her face buried in her hands.

"Pardon my intrusion," Harry said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "but mayn't I comfort you?"

Dora shook his hand from her shoulder, and sprang to her feet with a startled look.

"Oh, Mr. Percival," she exclaimed, "you frightened me!"

"Am I then so repugnant to you that you cannot bear that I should touch you? And I love you so deeply! Never mind," he continued, "I will not trouble you; but I will go away, for I cannot bear to see you happy with another. Will you say good-by?" and Harry stepped toward her with his hand outstretched.

Dora looked up, and the gladness sparkling in her eyes cleared the cloud from her face.

"Don't go, Harry," she said, and he clasped her in his arms, hardly able to realize the sudden change to happiness.

"Then you do love me, Dora?"

"Yes, a little, brother mine," the saucy girl answered.

But her mouth was closed by a kiss, and Dora declares she shall surely drop the title if that is to be the penalty for using it.—*Boston Globe*.

WHICH WAS IT?

Major Fleming's pretty, delicate little wife sank on a couch of oriental stuff, almost exhausted. She had come from the remote army-post away off on the frontier to see the wonders of the world's fair, and for many weary but delighted days had tramped through the winding paths and the wonderful buildings of the great exposition.

Now her time was almost gone; she must soon join the rest of the tired things that trains and boats were carrying to their several homes, with full hearts and souls and empty purses. Amid all the wonders she had seen, the mystical scented rooms of the East Indian building attracted Marjory Fleming most. She would sit for hours in the divan covered with rich old cloth and lose herself in dreams of a misty perfumed past. The wonderful products of the far-off land, the crowds of pleasure-seekers, would melt away, and gazing into the dusky faces, the dark, passionate eyes of the strange men about her, she would feel herself wafted away into a palace on the banks of the Ganges; fancy herself, perhaps, a Begum, or an Indian princess, and only be brought back to plain, prosaic surroundings by the cravings of a world's fair appetite or the sound of some familiar high-pitched voice urging her departure. But all this was practically over now. To-morrow she must leave the dear, dirty old city, the scene of so many joyful reunions and so many magical hours, for her far-off home. Her room at the hotel was full of the confusion of an incipient packing. Her trunks stood open. Many a paper bundle

or broken box showed that her time had not been entirely spent in looking, and through the coming winter, when snow and hail should beat on the window-panes of her western home, from wall and mantel would shine out these evidences of her taste. Still she was not happy. Almost on her first visit to the East Indian building she had spied in a wonderful carved sheath a dagger. It was not a beautiful thing. What its composition was nobody could tell. It looked like onyx. It was a dark green, veined with white and purple lines, and on the tip there was a dash of deep red that glowed and glittered in the sun. It looked exactly as if it had been dipped in blood, and Mrs. Fleming's bright eyes grew big and round as she looked at it. It haunted her. The crafty attendant drew it from its sheath of carved sandalwood and held it silently before her, saying something, but looking at her with deep, observant eyes. He had not been born in the land of mystery, of hypnotism and of cunning in vain. The price of the dagger was extravagant. At least it seemed so when she thought of how little she had left in her flabby purse; but she could not turn her back on the coveted object. It haunted her dreams, as well as her waking hours. To her excited fancy the jeweled blade seemed full of enchantment, of fascination, and time after time, as she wandered sadly away and went slowly home, her heart felt heavy within her. To-day she turned to the Major, who stood patiently near, wondering why on earth women were so slow, and thinking how much better a hot dinner was than all this trumpery.

"Tom," she cried, "I must have it! Do get it for me. I promise it is the last thing I shall ask for. I will go home as contented and as meek as any lamb, if you will get it; for I know, I feel, that it has some history connected with it. That must be blood on the blade."

The wily Indian heard and understood, perhaps, though his impassive face showed nothing. He dangled the precious toy before her, and said, smoothly:

"Madame has heard, I am sure, the tragedy connected with the dagger. No? Well, perhaps, then, I had better not relate it. Is madame superstitious?"

Madame quivered with delight. A history! Oh, she was sure of it!

"Yes, tell it to me. I am delightfully superstitious."

So while the Major listened cynically, his wife enthusiastically, the son of Buddha told his tale.

"Many years ago, in our sunny land, this jeweled dagger formed a part of the belongings of a certain beautiful princess. She had a lover in whom she believed, but who was nevertheless unfaithful to her. At last she learned his treachery, and following him one night, unseen, unnoticed, she beheld his meeting with her rival. And there, under the golden moon, the silver stars, she went mad with jealousy and pain, and snatching this dagger from her belt, she plunged it first into the heart of her false lover, then into her rival. And turning, she held the blade, dripping with blood, high above her head and cursed the dead and the sword. Then taking a tiny bottle of subtle poison, she drained it, and fell on the ground beside the man she had once loved."

The dusky son of Brahma paused. Had he woven a sufficiently horrid tale?

"What was the curse?" cried madame in delight.

He hesitated, looked at the Major's cool, gay, blue eyes, at his pretty, delicate wife, and said, slowly:

"That the dagger should exist till it had fulfilled its mission and rid the earth of many unfaithful ones, but when it fell into the hands of man or woman whose lover, husband or wife was absolutely true in word or deed, it should then be resolved into its original elements, and return to the sun-god whence it came."

There was a gleam of malice in Mohamba's dusky eyes as he finished his story. Of course, Marjory Fleming did not believe this nonsense, but her little head was half turned with mystical odors and sights, and her woman's heart set on the dagger. The Major drew out his pocket-book with a sigh.

"I suppose there must come an end to all this sometime," he said, rather impatiently. "If I buy this trashy dagger, will you go home without another word? I'll wager we'll get no dinner now."

To this irreverent, almost sacrilegious speech Marjory refused to listen, for a woman can hear what she will and shut her ears to almost anything to get her heart's desire, and the pair left the sacred building and the enchanted grounds for the last time, with the precious blade, in its carved sheath, done up in many careful wrappings. That night at the hotel down-town a tired couple sat and viewed in dismay a room full of articles to be packed in the small space of two trunks.

"Let us hope," said Mrs. Fleming, with a mischievous smile, "that when we get home there will be nothing left of my magical blade. I should be so proud of the possession of such a husband that I should not even sigh for its loss."

The Major was tired, and, alas! just a little cross, and muttered viciously under his mustache, as he pulled an unruly strap:

"Magie humbug, my too confiding wife!"

The next day the visitors set off for their

western home. Many weary miles they traveled over prairie and mountain before they arrived at the little frontier station where the old United States ambulance met them, into which were loaded people and baggage, to be jolted and pounded over the last thirty miles, as the driver whipped up his mules, and they tore along in the reckless, desperate fashion of army ambulances.

When the Major and his wife had rested and refreshed themselves, the task of unpacking the trunks began. Mrs. Fleming unlocked the one in which the sword was placed. As she opened the lid, a peculiar odor greeted her. The articles on top seemed as they did when put in, but in the second layer she noticed little round spots and holes. They looked exactly as if a shower of sparks had fallen on them. At last they reached the silken gown. As she lifted it out and held it at arm's length, her cry of amazement was echoed by everyone in the room. Is it necessary to say that all the women in the post, except Mrs. Moody, the doctor's wife, and one or two others with whom a feud existed, and who were not on speaking terms with each other, were in the room? The delicate lace, the silken folds, simply dropped from her grasp, a mass of scorched and torn fragments, and the dagger with its silk envelop, where was it? Nothing remained but a few rubies and turquois and emeralds. Nothing but a charred, smoke-stained mass. The magic dagger had returned whence it came. Mrs. Fleming was tired and nervous and excited, no doubt, but was that any reason she should rush to her husband and embrace him so frantically and half sob:

"I am so glad, Tom. I knew it would go."
While the Major thought of his vanished dollars, and muttered sotto voce:
"Celluloid, as I thought. Spontaneous combustion."
But he was too wise a man to say any more.

MAN'S FRIEND.

An insect which is often killed, owing to the ignorance of the general public, is the dragon-fly, also known as the needle-case. He is one of the most useful insects of this climate. In his larval state he subsists almost entirely on those small squirming threads which can be seen darting about in any still water, and which hatch out into the sweet-singing mosquito. As soon as the dragon-fly leaves his watery nursing-ground, and, climbing some friendly reed, throws away the old shell and flies away, he is helping man again. His quarry now is the house-fly. Not long ago the writer saw one of these insects knocked down in a veranda, where he had been doing yeoman's service, and the children and women seemed delighted, although they shrank back from the poor wounded dragon-fly. They all thought he had an awful sting at the end of his long body—a cruel injustice. When the writer took the insect up there was general wonder, which was increased when a captured fly was offered him and he ate it greedily. The boys of that household will never harm a dragon-fly again.

FOR IDENTIFICATION.

A new law has just been passed in Hawaii which compels every man who is registered to leave his thumb-mark on the certificate of registration and on the stuh which is left in the book. That is, he must ink his thumb and leave a clear, distinct impression of it for future recognition. This applies to all classes of people on the island. The objection which many of the residents make is that it treats them all as though they were convicts. The truth is that it is the only positive means of identification. It is claimed that the lines on the thumb of no two people are exactly alike, while it is not infrequent to find people whose resemblances are so close as to make identification difficult. The Asiatics are invading the island of Hawaii to such an extent as to arouse the people settled there to some plan to prevent the overcrowding of the island, and this registering of the thumb-mark is believed by those who succeeded in having the law passed to be one of the ways in which it will be possible for them to regulate immigration into the island of Hawaii. It would afford an evening's entertainment for a company of young people to compare the marks of their thumbs.

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT AUSTRALIA.

We are indebted to the Sydney immigration office for the following notice of some popular fallacies concerning Australia: In the English mind Australia is generally associated with ideas of kangaroos, emus, dusky aborigines in scanty attire, rude shanties, bushrangers, and similar features, not omitting black swans, and cherries with the stones growing on the outside; but to the great majority of colonists, especially those residing in Sydney and its suburbs, the kangaroo is as rare an object as is a Northumberland wild bull to a London cockney; and it is very amusing to note the surprise with which new arrivals discover that, in place of cherries with the stones growing outside, they have fruits as rich and tempting as any Kentish orchard can produce. There are only five or six thousand aborigines in the whole colony, and these are found principally in the remote country districts.

They possess not the slightest power for mischief, even had they the inclination; and those who desire to see the black man as he was seen by Captain Cook must journey many hundred miles into the almost unexplored regions of the far north, where the land is still a solitary wilderness. In New South Wales country traveling by night or day is as safe as in England; nay, more so, for highway robbers are comparatively rare, the victims generally being individuals under the influence of drink, which forms the great vice of the colony, although temperate habits are making great strides in every direction.

NORMAL WEIGHT.

It is desirable for all persons, whether suffering in health or otherwise, to know as near as possible what the normal weight should be. We are indebted to the late Dr. Hutchinson for weighing alone 2,600 men of various ages. There is, indeed, an obvious relation between the height and weight so particularly weighed and measured. Starting with the lowest men in the tables, it will be found that the increased weight was as nearly as possible 5 pounds for every inch in height beyond 61 inches. The following figures show the relative height and weight of individuals measuring 5 feet and upward: 5 feet 1 inch should be 120 pounds, 5 feet 2 inches should be 126 pounds, 5 feet 3 inches should be 133 pounds, 5 feet 4 inches should be 136 pounds, 5 feet 5 inches should be 142 pounds, 5 feet 6 inches should be 145 pounds, 5 feet 7 inches should be 148 pounds, 5 feet 8 inches should be 155 pounds, 5 feet 9 inches should be 162 pounds, 5 feet 10 inches should be 169 pounds, 5 feet 11 inches should be 174 pounds, and 6 feet should be 178 pounds.

\$400 TRUCK FARMS IN VIRGINIA.

September 1st and 15th and October 6th and 20th Home Seekers' Excursion tickets will be sold from points in the West and Northwest over the Big Four Route and Chesapeake and Ohio Railway to Virginia at one fare plus \$2 for the round trip. Those who have investigated the state are of one opinion, that Virginia is the best state in the Union to-day for farmers. Situated at the doors of the great eastern markets, with cheap transportation and a perfect climate, it has advantages that cannot be overcome. Small farms may be had for \$10 per acre and upward, according to location and improvements. For descriptive pamphlet of Virginia, list of desirable farms and excursion rates, address U. L. Truitt, N.W. P. A., C. & O., Big Four Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago.

The lucky fellow is the one who works and takes advantage of every chance offered him, and is not discouraged by a few failures. The unlucky fellow stands around with a scowl on his face, a cud of tobacco between his jaws, his hands in his pockets, and says, "I can't." No, of course not, and you ought to be unlucky till the day of your death. The person who gets that One Thousand Dollars in cash, offered on this page, will be "lucky" because he saw the chance and tried; and if some lad gets the big prize, he won't grumble, but keep his eyes open, and the next time a chance comes along he tries again. Energy is at the bottom of all luck. There are over 3,000 prizes offered on this page. See if you can get a big one.

THE TORNADO SEASON.

The forces governing the movements of ordinary storms, however severe they may be, are of continental magnitude. So well are they understood that in these days even a hurricane seldom comes without ample warning. With the tornado it is different. Its forces are the result of local conditions. They are gathered in an instant; they strike with almost incredible swiftness and with paralyzing effect. Under these conditions observations by scientific men are of little value. Even if the laws governing the formation and progress of tornadoes were as well understood as those having to do with cyclonic storms, the suddenness of the blow in most instances would render its avoidance impossible.

Already in this season the destruction of life and property by tornadoes is appalling. If nothing can be done in the way of averting these terrible visitations, human sympathy and charity can do something for the stricken, and in every instance the response to the call for help should be prompt and generous.—*Youth's Companion*.

Dealers do not take enough pains to sell the right chimneys for lamps. Get the "Index to Chimneys"—free.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of "pearl glass" and "pearl top."

One Thousand Dollars FOR 30 CENTS

We will give prizes to the amount of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS to subscribers and club raisers for answers to the question, "Who will be the next President, and how many electoral votes will he receive?"

THE PRIZES

- 1 FIRST CASH PRIZE \$1,000.00**
to the person sending correct answer,
- 1 Second Cash Prize for the first next nearest to the correct answer, 300.00
- 1 Third Cash Prize to the person who sends the next best answer, 100.00
- 10 Cash Prizes of Ten Dollars each for the ten next best answers, 100.00
- 50 Cash Prizes of Three Dollars each for the 50 next best answers, 150.00
- 75 Cash Prizes of Two Dollars each for the 75 next best answers, 150.00
- 200 Cash Prizes of One Dollar each for the 200 next best answers, 200.00
- 2,000 Prizes, value of each 50 cents, for the 2,000 next best answers, 1,000.00
- 2,338 PRIZES, - - - Amount, \$3,000.00**

Each and every answer must be inclosed in the same letter with the subscription and the money. Each subscriber is entitled to one answer for each yearly subscription. Each agent or club raiser is entitled to send as many answers as there are yearly subscriptions in each club. Only those can send answers who send yearly subscriptions.

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS AND CONDITIONS.

If at any time before election day two or more persons send the correct answer, then the first prize of one thousand dollars will be equally divided among those sending the correct answer.

If two or more persons send the next nearest to the correct answer, then all of the second prize of three hundred dollars will be awarded to the person who first sends the next nearest to the correct answer; and the one of these answers that is stamped with the next earliest date will be considered the next best answer, and all of the third prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded to the person sending it. This same plan will be followed in awarding all of the remaining prizes.

We will stamp each answer with the day and hour it is received in our office. No more than one prize will be awarded to any one person.

It makes no difference whether subscriptions are ordered singly or in clubs, with or without premiums. Offers in hack numbers of this paper may be accepted. In every case each subscriber is entitled to one answer for each yearly subscription, and, in addition, the club raiser is entitled to send as many answers as there are yearly subscriptions in his club.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS TO FARM AND FIRESIDE.

(Without premiums.)

Single subscription one year, 50 cents
In clubs of three or more, each 30 cents
Each subscriber is entitled to one answer.

All subscriptions will be entered for one year from the date we receive the order, except the subscriptions of paid-in-advance subscribers, whose time will be extended one year from the date on the yellow label.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ANSWER.

Put your answer on a separate piece of paper about three inches wide and five inches long. Suppose you think Smith will be the next president, and that he will receive 400 electoral votes; then fill out your answer after this style:

SMITH, 400 VOTES.

Answer of

James Johnson,

Beaver,

Brown County, Idaho.

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

While the people elect a president by their votes, they do not vote direct for the candidate. The work is done through an Electoral College. In other words, each state puts up a ticket of Presidential Electors, and these cast the vote which finally decides who shall be President and Vice-president.

This ticket is made up so as to give one Elector for each United States senator and one for each member of Congress. The College, therefore, this year will contain 447 Electors. The successful candidate for President will be required to secure not less than 224. The electoral vote by states is as follows:

Alabama.....	11	Kansas.....	10	Nevada.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Kentucky.....	13	New Hampshire.....	4	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Louisiana.....	8	New Jersey.....	10	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6	New York.....	36	Vermont.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	Maryland.....	8	North Carolina.....	11	Virginia.....	12
Delaware.....	3	Massachusetts.....	15	North Dakota.....	3	Washington.....	4
Florida.....	4	Michigan.....	14	Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	6
Georgia.....	13	Minnesota.....	9	Oregon.....	4	Wisconsin.....	12
Idaho.....	3	Mississippi.....	9	Pennsylvania.....	32	Wyoming.....	3
Illinois.....	21	Missouri.....	17	Rhode Island.....	4		
Indiana.....	15	Montana.....	3	South Carolina.....	9	Total.....	447
Iowa.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	South Dakota.....	4		

Set down your estimate of the electoral votes that will be given the man you think will be the next President, add up, and you will have an answer.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Our Household.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code—
By love inspired—
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.

The tuneful throat is bid to sing,
The oak must reign the forest's king,
The rushing stream the wheel must move,
The tempered steel its strength must prove,
'Tis given with the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why, then, why, then,
To you the braver deeds belong!

And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I, who, giftless, sunless, stand
With barren life and hand.

—Carlotta Perry, in *Boston Traveler*.

A VERY SENSIBLE SCHEME.

MARION HARLAND says that the woman who does not lose her head in an extremity is always a treasure. The mother who in advance of the doctor does not waste valuable time in weeping and wringing her hands, but knows enough to do the best thing—to hold a broken limb in position, to put a convulsed child in a hot bath, to give an emetic if choking with croup, to exclude air from a burn, to apply ice to the head of a delirious patient, mustard to the chest of one suddenly attacked with difficulty in breathing, and hot fomentations to the abdomen if suffering from intestinal disturbances—often spares her patient serious illness, and may save a life.

When an accident occurs, everyone is apt to lose his head, and can neither recollect remedies nor where to find them. Instead of rushing madly around in search of something to relieve pain, on the wall of a

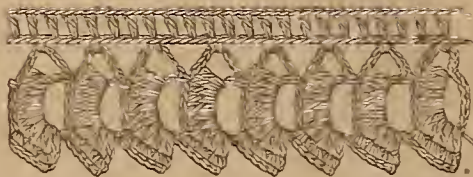
that children suddenly fall heir to, and a remedy.

The first on the list was "Bites," in plain, large letters to the left of the card. Below this to the right were written in a plain hand the remedies. Then followed the other things written in the same way, so they could be read at a glance. Among them were broken limbs, bruises, burns, fainting, convulsions, croup, cuts, fits, falls, poisons, nose-bleeding, scalds, sprains, substance in eye, nose and throat, felon, cramps, colds, etc. Beside the card stood a box fastened to the wall, containing all the remedies needed, bandages, linen thread, cord, needles and thread, pins, absorbent cotton, court-plaster, lint, mustard-plasters, toothache remedies, and everything necessary for an emergency. M. E. SMITH.

NEAT CROCHET PATTERN.

Materials: No. 30 cotton and fine steel hook.

Crochet in chain-stitch 12 stitches, fasten into a ring shape, then make 6 more chains, then into the ring crochet 12 double crochet; turn, and make a single crochet into the edge of the 6 double crochet; then chain 8, fasten into the second from the last double crochet, then 6 chain, and



repeat the pattern. When a sufficient length of this is made, crochet the heading on the top.

YOUNG LADY'S GOWN.

This lovely dress is of soft gray wool goods, with the epaulets, waistband and collar-band of changeable taffeta silk in colors of green and blue. The vest is of ivory mousseline-de-soie, with collar and cuffs of plaited tulle or very fine lace. The sleeves are a small mutton-leg, made tight



convenient room a lady of my acquaintance had hung like a map a large card labeled "Accidents." At the top was printed in big letters, "What to do and how to do it." At the bottom were the names and addresses of several good doctors. Between followed a list of accidents and diseases

to the arm as far as a little above the elbows. The silk epaulets are hemmed very narrow, and put on in double box-plaits. L. C.

What will One Thousand Dollars do? Get that one offered on page 9 and see.

EMBROIDERY.

There are still many ladies who prefer to do their own silk embroidery. The patterns here given may be easily traced on heavy white paper and inked, and can then be traced upon material. Well-twisted silk is preferable upon flannel. The pattern should be run with soft nun's cotton before working. The eyelets should be cut with small scissors, and an eyelet-puncher of ivory used to make the round ones. The leaves are cut lengthwise through the middle, and the material turned under with the needle. The work is best done basted upon a piece of patent leather or enamel carriage-cloth. With practice one can become very deft with the needle, and hand-embroidery always commands a better price than machine-work.

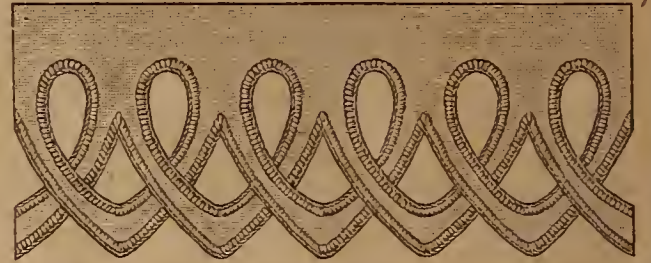
MILK AS A DISSEMINATOR OF TYPHOID.

A bulky volume would not contain the history of all the typhoid epidemics that within the last twenty years have been unequivocally traced to the drinking of infected milk; but two outbreaks that have been thoroughly studied in Massachusetts have been shown not to be the fruit of infection at the farm where the milk had been produced, but was the result of careless handling of milk at the central depot of delivery, and washing of the cans, not to mention the possibility of adding a very little water, shown to have been infected, by a person living in the neighborhood of the large buyer of single supplies. But it is delightful to note the effect of one good example in raising the standard of handling milk, and the resulting safety of the community.

It will be seen that the buying and selling of milk can be mixed "with brains" just as surely as can the pigments that shall delight the soul in the production of a noble picture that can charm and elevate.

A few years ago Governor Morton, of New York, lost some very valuable cattle and several thousand hens and chickens by tuberculosis, the evidence going to show that the barn and poultry-houses had themselves become infected. While the question of what to do about it was being debated, accident stepped in and destroyed barns, poultry-houses and fowls, the barns and their contents being so utterly swept away that not a spade could be found with which to begin to dig. The governor, it can well be imagined, studied up the microbe question thoroughly, and in buying new cattle used the utmost care to get those free from even a suspicion of disease, and in rebuilding put in practice the most sanitary ideas, the description of which is too voluminous for this place; but we shall describe how milk is handled at a receiving-station in Springfield, Mass., the methods being for the most part copied from those in practice at the Ellerslie farm of Governor Morton. The milk to supply the distributing-wagons, that start between three and four o'clock in the morning, is, of course, collected the evening before; but a cooling apparatus of the self-renewing ammonia pattern is used to keep it cool in the cans in which it is brought, to prevent the development of the bacteria, that without it are as sure to multiply with milk as the day is to follow the night. When the cans are returned to the milk dealer, they are cleaned, under a careful supervision, on the spot, being subjected to superheated steam warranted to kill any microbe that ever attempted to infest milk. The cans in this purified condition are returned to their respective owners, all being numbered and known, and nobody doubts that the milk from that dealer will be sought eagerly by all who have young children to care

for, as it is more and more coming to be known that bacteria from milk are at the foundation of the cholera infantum that destroys its thousands of children every summer. Since parents have learned the value of sterilizing milk, a most notable diminution in the death of young chil-



dren is seen in New York City. We look to see this preventive example largely followed. MRS. H. M. PLUNKETT.

WAIST FOR A SILK DRESS.

For a very serviceable and pretty effect, this waist can be made of black silk or satin to wear with any skirt, either silk or wool. The revers can be openwork grass-linen over green or jet-work or Irish lace. The little inner vest can be of pale pink, blue or white silk or chiffon, the same being used at the neck and wrists. Such a waist serves many occasions, and by changing the vest can be made plain or dressy. The sleeves are of the new order, and will be worn sometime and are suitable for all materials. L.



WILL YOU TRY?

A chance to get One Thousand Dollars in cash is offered every reader of this paper, on page 9; or you can have four chances and a valuable premium free by sending us a club of four yearly subscribers to this paper at 30 cents each, without premium.

LAMP-SHADE.

One bolt of bordered paper is all that is needed for this shade; a square frame and a bottle of paste. Cut the bolt (which should measure three and one half yards) exactly in two, pare off the shaggy edges. Make one piece as wide as the rod measures from the top to the corner, gather the cut edge with a double strong thread, tie close and tight around the frame-collar after the frame has been neatly wrapped with paper the color of the border. Of course, the wrapping must be pasted, else it will not stay, and an asbestos collar must be firmly fastened to the frame before the outside covering goes on, as it protects the shade from the heat. When the crape curtain is tied at the top, press into the shape of the frame, and paste along the rod.

The second curtain or other half of bolt divide into four equal parts after cutting it all the width of the frame at the corner rod; then in the center of each of the four divisions mark the width from the collar to the side wire. This will form a scallop when cut from the ends to the center and up to the end. Gather this with a strong thread, as you did the first, tie close and firm about the top, on top of the other, and paste it along the sides, pressing over the wire. When dry, ruffle the edges of both by pulling over the finger. One of the bordered pieces left from the curtains keep for the bows; the other cut about five

families would be much better if, instead of storing fruits and vegetables in the cellar under the house, an outside cellar were provided for that purpose. Farm-house cellars are often filled in the fall with apples, potatoes, turnips, beets, carrots, cabbage, etc., together with barrels of cider, vinegar, pork, and maybe a barrel of soft soap. Bins are sometimes made for apples and vegetables, and are left standing from year to year, collecting mold and decaying. Then, to make the cellar frost-proof, every window is hermetically closed, and no arrangement made for ventilation. All winter decay and mold accumulate, and poisonous gases are formed, which rise and permeate the whole house, carrying disease and perhaps death to some loved one of the family.

If the house cellar must be used for all these things, be sure and provide some means of ventilation. Do not close the windows so they cannot be opened every mild day at least. It is better to set a little stove in the cellar to keep out frost, and open the window a little every day. If the chimneys are built from the cellar floor, an opening into the flue of the kitchen chimney will act as a ventilator.

If I were building a house, and must use the cellar for a store-house, I would have the kitchen chimney start from the cellar floor, and in this chimney have an opening like a little fireplace, and keep a small lamp-stove burning in it a part of every day. This would do much toward ventilating the cellar. The object of the lamp in the opening is to warm the air and cause an upward current to draw the foul air from the cellar.

Instead of banking the windows with straw and manure from the barn, as is sometimes done, have wooden shutters, hinged at the top, and made to fit very closely. These will keep out the cold, permit the windows to be opened in mild weather, and look infinitely better than banking up.

As fast as any vegetables or fruit decay, take them out. Use plenty of half-slaked lime in the cellar, scattering it freely about barrels and boxes and under bins, then when it has slaked, sweep it about the floor. The ceiling and walls should be whitewashed not less than twice a year, and if the bins are stationary, whitewash them, also. It will destroy mold and partially prevent decay of the wood.

MAIDA McL.

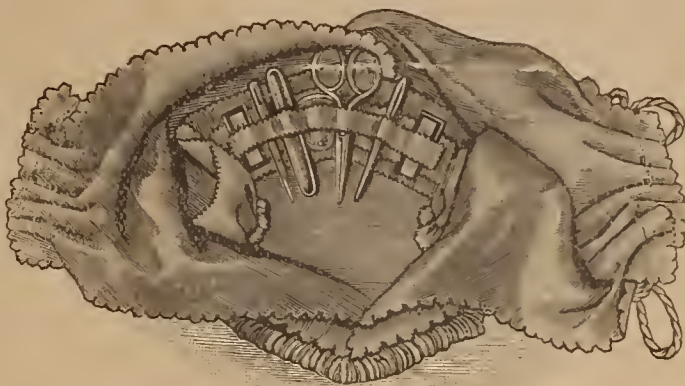
ANOTHER POSSIBILITY OF MILKWEED.

I think that balls made of the milkweed pappus, or down, and the little transparent bags used as "throws," although pretty in themselves, have been somewhat overdone. The balls soon catch dust, and are unsightly; as for throws, I am somewhat prejudiced, and think the effect is more often untidy than artistic. Nothing about a home requires so much taste and tact as the disposal of countless knickknacks, and their number may well become less rather than more.

Last Christmas there were among my gifts two little pillows, silken-covered and light as down. I never felt cushions so entirely adaptable to all human needs in the line of ease and comfort. It did not occur to me that they could be made of anything but swan's down, until the giver set me to guessing. They were filled with nothing more or less than the beautiful down of our common milkweed-seed. The seed was gathered little by little at picnic-grounds, in untidy fence-corners, along the roadside (if a supervisor had chanced to fall short of his duty), any place and every place the season through. The flat, brown seeds fall off with little trouble, and settle to the bottom, and there is your down fit for the couch of a king. The seeds will soon begin to ripen, and I offer this timely advice to gather it to those whom it may concern. I rather expected my dainty pillows to become hard and packed in damp weather or from constant use. Not so. They have stood the test of many months, have even been employed a few times in a civilized pillow-

fight, have pillowed many a weary head, and are just as downy as the day they were given to me. The outer cover can easily be removed and cleaned or replaced by a new one, as the case may demand.

This seems to me a very sensible use of one of nature's waste products. If such



pillows should become very popular, such havoc would prevail among the milkweed-pods that this very troublesome weed might in time become extinct or be found only in a cultivated state. For while we are at it, we may as well do a double good, and not only produce a desirable piece of parlor property, but at the same time take pains to destroy the seeds proper, and thus far help in the never-ending war against weeds.

BERTA K. BROWN.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

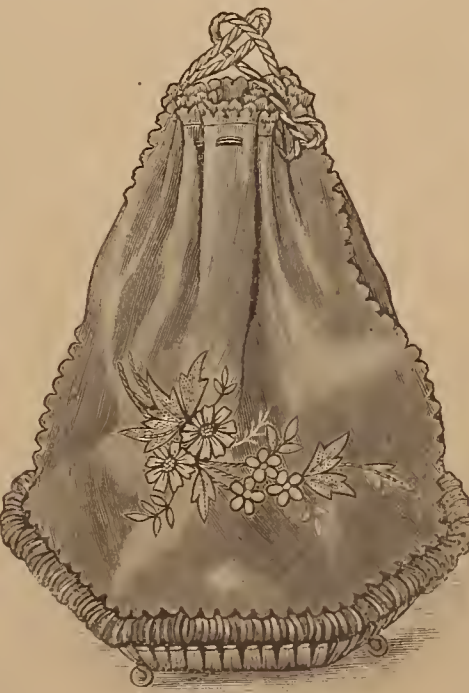
It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

A VISITING WORK-BASKET.

It isn't well for you always to stay at home; getting outside even to a neighbor's for a little brightening up does one good. Yes, the stockings must be darned, but that isn't work that engrosses your entire attention, so pack up your work in this handy work-basket, and go out for the

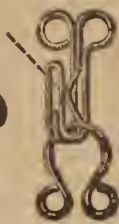


afternoon. The bottom is a six-sided basket, prettily lined with silk, with receptacles for all the tools; the bag itself is of art linen lined with the same silk as the bottom of the basket; they should be buttonholed in scallops together, with a drawing-cord to use to close it, and also as handles. By folding each part past the other, you get it secure against losing your articles. It is easily made, and the grandmother could easily fashion one for a young girl to keep as a memento. L. C.

IT will require an impossible deal of persuasion to influence that satisfied and sensible woman to try something else, who has once used the famous DeLONG Hook and Eye. And that's its best recommendation.

See that

hump?



RICHARDSON & DeLONG Bros., Philadelphia.

Also makers of the CUPID Hairpin.

2 Minutes for Refreshments THE Handy Tablet

requires neither sugar nor spoon to make healthful and refreshing drinks the moment it touches water. Sample Box, 10 cents.

The HANDY TABLET CO., 1041 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

SOLD! UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE

to wash as clean as can be done on the washboard and with much more ease. This applies to Terrill's Perfect Washing Machine which will be sent on trial at wholesale price; if not satisfactory money refunded. Agents Wanted. For exclusive territory, terms and prices write PORTLAND WFG. CO., Box 4 Portland, Me.

DILLEY'S KING WASHER. THE BEST WASHER ON EARTH. REMOVABLE BOTTOM. NO RUST, NO INJURY TO CLOTHES. EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED.

We want agents and guarantee good wages to any good, lively, hustling person. Write for full description. Address

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The best, handiest, easiest running, cheapest and most durable

Fly Shuttle CARPET LOOM in the world. 100 yards a day. Catalogue free.

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THE EXCELSIOR CARPET STRETCHER and TACK HAMMER.

Great preventive of profanity. A child can manipulate it. SIMPLE, STRONG and COMPACT. Post-paid for 65 cents stamps. Live agents make big money. Outfit free with first order for one dozen or more.

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EVERY WOMAN Can buy a WORLD'S WASHER on trial and no money paid until it is perfectly satisfactory. Washes easy. Clothes clean, sweet and white as snow. Child can use it. I pay freight. Circulars free.

C. E. ROSS, 10 Clean St., Lincoln, Ill.

12 Yards Torchon LACE Given Away. All one piece FREE to all sending for paper 3 mos. Fireside Gem, Waterville, Maine.

A 50-Cent Set of 7 Beautiful Dolls For 10 Cents.

We will send a family of seven beautiful dolls, lithographed on cardboard in many pretty colors, for 10 cents in stamps or silver. They Stand Alone, Made of Cardboard, Beautiful, Stylish, and a Bargain. This is the only set of dolls with a Grandpa and Grandma doll. There is also a Papa, Mama, Brother, Sister and Baby doll, all separate, and showing stylish clothing. The four "Big People" dolls are over 9 inches tall. They are finer than Dolls Selling at 50 Cents a Set. We are closing them out at the very low price of 10 cents a set. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Postage paid by us. Address

FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

One Thousand Dollars will be given to the person who answers the question, "Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?" See page 9 for particulars.

inches deep, and gather twice, about an inch apart, the bordered end being the top of the ruffle; tie this close around the collar over the gathering of the curtains, conceal the sewing with a band of the paper, or a very heavy cord made of the crape, cut into strips crosswise of the paper and twisted; pull out the paper to form a ruche. Two large butterfly bows and two small ones are pasted on the corners. These are partly made from the border and part of the plain. The illustration plainly shows the manner of adjusting the bows.

M. E. SMITH.

A HINT.

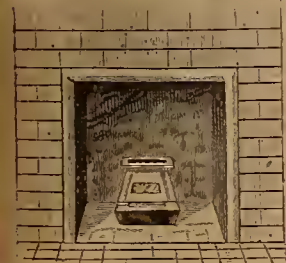
If eggs are very scarce, and you still have a desire to make a good show of a very few, let me make a suggestion: When you make your cake for Sunday, or for company, make it of the whites of the eggs; carefully break a hole in one end of the egg and pour out the white. Put the shell containing the yolks into a saucepan of boiling water. The shells will float, but this will not prevent the eggs cooking nicely. When done, break the shells away, and you will find you have nicely cooked yolks for your salad. Try it, and see how you like it.

P. H.

HOME TOPICS.

SWEET POTATOES.—Steam the potatoes until done, then scrape the skin from them carefully; cut them lengthwise in slices a quarter of an inch thick, and spread over each layer of slices, as they are put into the dish for serving, a sauce made of equal parts of butter and sugar melted together. Set the dish in a warm oven a few minutes before serving. This is one of the ways sweet potatoes are served in the South, and if you have never tried them you have no idea of their deliciousness.

CELLARS.—I believe the health of farmers'



40 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents

Any FOUR patterns, and this paper one year, 60 cents, post-paid

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received.

For ladies, give BUST measure in inches.

For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents.

Postage one cent EXTRA on skirt, tea-gown and other heavy patterns.



No. 6843.—LADIES' BASQUE WAIST. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 6447.—LADIES' CAPE. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 6853.—LADIES' TIGHT-FITTING JACKET. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 6851.—LADIES' JACKET BASQUE. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 6859.—CHILD'S YOKE DRESS. 10 cts.
Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

No. 6858.—LADIES' TAILOR-MADE BASQUE. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

No. 6856.—LADIES' SIX-GORED TAILOR-MADE SKIRT. 11 cents.
Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 6821.—LADIES' BASQUE. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 6516.—MISSSES' COSTUME. 11 cts.
Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 6797.—GIRLS' REEFER. 10 cents.
Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



No. 6777.—LADIES' OUTING JACKET. 10 cts.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

No. 6773.—Same Pattern—Misses' Size. 10 cents.
Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 6465.—LADIES' BLAZER. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust.

No. 6469.—Same Pattern—Misses' Size. 10 cents.
Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.

WE HAVE OFFICES IN NEW YORK CITY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, AND CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

NOTICE.—Send all orders for patterns direct to our central office, to FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, where our stock of patterns is kept.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE WAITING ONES.

To some 'tis given to stand and wait,
And watch the green of mold decay
Steal o'er their work, because stern Fate
Has scourged them back and barred the way.

Some lives stand ever on the brink
Of joy. They wait all through life's day
To see hope's sun shine out and sink,
And drag their sunset tints to gray.

They wait and watch some coming good
That flings its radiance ahead.
'Twas for another; where they stood
Falls but the shadow cold and dead.

As starving children through a pane
Watch others at some rich repast,
They see each boon they craved in vain
On happy sated favorites cast.

To some 'tis given to wait and yearn
Till faith slow smolders into doubt,
Till love and faith to ashes turn,
And all life's fires have burned out.

Courage leaps for valorous deeds,
And time will wipe out sorrow's tears;
But for the waiting heart's sore needs
Patience grows threadbare through long years.

Aye, if the lines grow hard and deep,
And eyes grow cavernous that wait,
Tis nobler far to wait and weep
Than conquer worlds when helped by Fate.

Brave, brave is he who bears his curse
With courage and a cheerful heart;
Who ever says, "It might be worse,"
And lifts his head when hopes depart.

—Baltimore American.

THE RED CROSS MOVEMENT.

THE published accounts of the war in the far East pay a signal tribute to the power and prestige of the badge that has done so much to alleviate the horrors of modern warfare—the Red Cross of Geneva.

The history of the Red Cross movement is a remarkable one. Thirty-five years ago a Swiss gentleman, who happened to witness Louis Napoleon's victory over the Austrians at Solferino, wrote a pamphlet describing the awful scenes of the battlefield, where wounded and dying men lay for days without attention. He went on to suggest the formation of societies for supplying medical aid in time of war; societies which should be strictly neutral in their services, and should receive a guarantee of immunity and protection from all civilized governments.

The suggestion bore fruit with surprising rapidity. In 1864 representatives of sixteen nations met at Geneva and signed the well-known convention that bears that city's name. The United States—where Miss Clara Barton was the great leader of the movement—were not among the original signers, but they joined by act of Congress during President Arthur's administration; and it was from America that the idea was introduced into Japan, where a national Red Cross association was formed eight years ago. Last September the mikado, who is president of this organization, directed his war minister to order the strict observation of the Geneva treaty by the Japanese forces. The newspapers report that its merciful rules, which protect the disabled soldier irrespective of his allegiance, have been faithfully carried out by at least one of the combatant parties in eastern Asia.

The facts thus briefly reviewed are a striking commentary upon the rapid march of history in this nineteenth century.—*Munsey.*

PRACTICAL GYMNASTICS FOR HOME TRAINING.

Proper attention to attitude and training of motions during childhood will preclude all appearance of the "age of awkwardness."

It is generally supposed that physical training can be acquired only with the advantages of a gymnasium or instructor. The idea is erroneous, and keeps many from taking measures for their own development.

Simple apparatus is often more effective than elaborate combinations of ropes and pulleys and springs, because it forces the performer to rely more on her own strength and positions.

A weak, rounding back and stooping shoulders are perhaps the most visible defects. A very certain remedy for these, if continued persistently, is a rod about forty-two inches long and an inch in

diameter. An old broom-stick will do excellently. Catch the rod at both ends, and raise over the head with vigor a number of times.

At first the arms will become very tired, and will ache in the shoulder-joints, but never mind. It is the muscles tearing themselves away from old habits. Keep this up every hour or so for a couple of days. By that time you will find that the exercise is not so tiresome.

Then try bringing the wand over the head and resting it on the shoulders with a jerk. All this tends to a gradual relaxation and expansion of the chest muscles, and a straightening of the spine. After this last can be done with comparative ease, take the wand swiftly over the head below the waist line.

Regular daily exercise in this way is guaranteed to straighten any one, not naturally deformed, in six months.

IN THE TIME OF NEED.

Yes, you may do without your Bible in the heyday of prosperity; when the sun shines and the birds sing, and not a breath ruffles the surface of your summer sea. You may then possibly afford to rest satisfied with barren theoretical views, or the chill of skeptic creed—to regard the sacred oracles as the effete record of a by-gone ceremony—antiquated sophistries—some writings of Palestine peasants and fishermen, which the superstition of an after age has palmed upon a too credulous world. But wait till the sky is clouded and the wind moans, and the hurricane of trial is let loose, and where are you without these described pages then? No poetry, no philosophy, can hush the sorrows and satisfy the yearnings of the crushed and broken spirit as that Book of books has done. When no other pauca is of any avail, it has put courage into fainting hearts and peace into the troubled hearts and hope into despairing hearts. Every other world oracle is a Delphic one. It is either dumb or its utterances are perplexing, dubious, misleading. But "Thy testimonies are very sure." "The Word of the Lord is tried." "This is my comfort in my affliction; for thy Word has quickened me!"

LET IN THE SUNSHINE.

We have all heard of the servant who complained of too much light in her kitchen, saying that the sunshine was so bright in this one that it brought in the dust as fast as she could clean it away.

We laugh at her ignorance and pity her untidy ways, and yet most of us are doing exactly the same thing. We are pulling down the shades and shutting out the light, and imagining that we have gotten rid of the dust. There are a great many things in our lives that will not bear a strong light; but we are too lazy to brush them away, and we take care that our friends shall see that side of us in a very dim light.

Shall we wait until the sunshine gets in, in spite of us, and shows to the world our little dust heaps, some of them grown into pretty big piles? Or shall we each take a broom—and we'll need a big and strong one—and sweep out all those faults and pet sins that are covering up the better part of us? Then we may pull up the shades and let in the light, and not be afraid of what God's sunshine may disclose.—*The Colporter.*

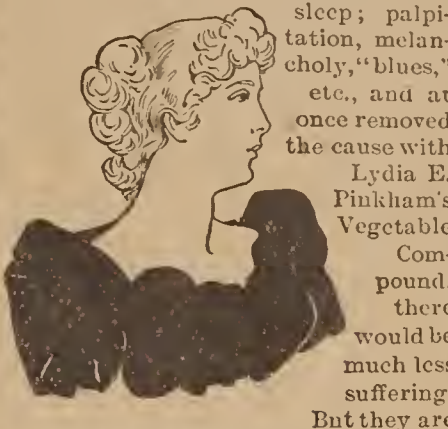
THE SECRET OF REST.

No fever can attack a perfectly sound body; no fever of unrest can disturb a soul that has breathed the air or learned the ways of Christ. Men sigh for the wings of a dove, that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. "The kingdom of God is within you." We aspire to the top to look for rest. It lies at the bottom. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence, be lowly. The man who has no opinion of himself at all can never be hurt if others do not acknowledge him. Hence, be meek. He who is without expectation cannot fret if nothing comes to him. It is self-evident that these things are so. The lowly man and meek man are really above all other things. They dominate the world because they do not care for it. The miser does not possess gold; gold possesses him. But the meek possess it. "The meek," said Christ, "inherit the earth." They do not buy it; they do not conquer it, but they inherit it.—*Drummond.*

HEEDLESS WOMEN.

They Pay a Sad Penalty for Their Neglect.

If women only heeded first symptoms—nervousness, backache, headache, lassitude, loss of appetite and sleep; palpitation, melancholy, "blues," etc., and at once removed the cause with



careless, or their physician is to blame, and they drift into some distressing female disease. The Vegetable Compound at once removes all irregularities of the monthly period: inflammation, ulceration and displacement of the womb, and all female troubles. All druggists have it. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., if you wish for advice, which she will give you free.

"I should not be alive to-day, if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was suffering greatly from an attack of female weakness, and nothing I had tried could give me relief; when by the advice of a friend I began the Compound. After using it two months I was a different girl, and now at the end of six I am entirely cured."—MRS. ANNIE KIRKLAND, Patchogue, L. I.

"Be Not Afraid"

The United States Mail is Perfectly Safe. Do not be afraid to send for and use "Beck Dandruff Cure" because you have been imposed upon at some time in your life by one or another of the poisonous and worse than worthless nostrums on the shelves of the drug-stores. Always remember that the Beck Dandruff Cure Co. offers a reward of Ten Thousand Dollars to any one who can find the slightest trace of any kind of mineral or vegetable poison in "Beck Dandruff Cure." It is sent to you, post-paid, for only One Dollar per package.

BECK DANDRUFF CURE

This magic remedy is the discovery of Herr. Dr. Johannes H. Beck, the eminent Berlin physician, and the number of radical, permanent cures to its credit in Europe and this country runs up into the tens of thousands. Never forget that it may be used with perfect safety alike on Infants, Children and Adults of both sexes. Bear in mind that it never fails to cure Dandruff, and that after the Dandruff is cured, the growth of your hair will be strong, healthy and lively. Then, too, it will cost you only One Dollar by mail, postage paid.

It Will Cure You

"Beck Dandruff Cure" is the only preparation in the world that is legally, plainly and honestly warranted to cure Dandruff, with real benefit to the scalp and hair. For YOUR benefit we have made a large deposit in the First National Bank, of Springfield, Ohio (Hon. A. S. Bushnell, Governor of Ohio, is its President), to be used exclusively as a Guarantee Fund, and we place an Order for One Dollar on this bank in each and every package, to be paid to YOU, the user thereof, if it fails to cure when used as directed. Think of this! One Dollar cures your dandruff, cleanses your scalp, strengthens your hair and gives you peace.

THE BECK DANDRUFF CURE CO.,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. AND CANADA.

AMERICAN GOLD FILLED CASES

Warranted 20 Years, are the best for service money can buy. Return this advt. with order and we will send by express prepaid, this beautiful Filled Hunting Case, full jeweled, \$12.50 to \$25.00. A guarantee with every watch. You see all before you pay. Give your full name, express and P.O. address. State which watch, ladies' or gents' size. If you want Watch sent by mail send cash \$4.50 with order. For 60 days a Gold and Silver Rolled Plate Price order. Chains of this style are sold from \$3.00 up. A Customer Writes: February 5, 1895—Watch received. Better than expected. Would not sell it for \$5. If I could not get another. E. SPOSTER, Washington, Pa. Address KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 111 Nassau St. N. Y.



CLEAN SWEEP BADGE.

HERE YOU ARE. The CLEAN SWEEP CAMPAIGN BADGE, Republican or Democratic. A broom with the portrait of your favorite candidate on it. Novel and attractive. Buy of us and save middlemen's profits. EIGHT BADGES, postpaid, 10 cents; 45 BADGES, postpaid, 50 cents; 100 BADGES, postpaid, \$1.00; 500 BADGES, postpaid \$4.00. Send money order. MAKE BIG MONEY selling these badges now. When ordering be sure to say whether you want Dem. or Repub. or part of both. Orders filled promptly. Address SAWYER & Co., Mt. Waterville, Maine.

Who will it be?

McKINLEY

...OR...

BRYAN

OR SOMEBODY ELSE?

\$3,000 IN PRIZES

For answers to the question, "Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?"

First Prize, \$1,000 in Cash.

See page 9 for full particulars.

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Sound Money March (Republican)	.50
True Blue Republican Campaign Songs for 1896	.10
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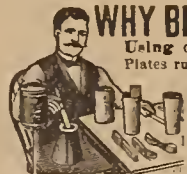
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Our Miscellany.

MAKING WOODEN CANNON.

THE Cubans who are fighting Spain to gain independence are obliged to use all sorts of things for weapons.

Rifles, cartridges and powder are brought to them from the United States in little ships which sail from Florida. Sometimes large vessels are fitted out in New York which, if they escape the Spanish warships, bring large quantities of arms and ammunition to the Cubans.

But the revolutionists are in great need of cannon, and as they cannot get the real kind, they make some out of trees. In the interior of Cuba grows a tree which has a winding grain; that is, the fibers of the wood go round instead of extending lengthwise.

The wood of this tree is very tough, and it is almost impossible to split it by ordinary means. When the Cubans want a cannon they cut down one of these peculiar trees, saw off a five-foot length, about one foot thick, and remove the bark. Then they burn out the bore with red-hot crowbars or pieces of iron pipe, and this burning increases the toughness of the wood.

While some of the soldiers are burning out the bore, others cut green oxhide into a long strip by commencing at the center and cutting in spirals toward the outer edge, just as an apple is peeled. One end of the rawhide strip, which is about three inches wide, is spiked to the breech of the wooden cannon, and a lever is attached to the other end.

Two or three stout negroes grasp the arms of the lever and slowly turn the wooden gun. The band of green hide is kept under a strain, and in this way the cannon is wrapped in one of the toughest materials in the world. The first layer of hide is wound to the muzzle of the gun and then back to the breech, and so on, back and forth, until a number of layers of rawhide are wound on.

The gun, with its rawhide wrapping, is placed in a draft of dry, hot air and allowed to harden. When this process is complete, the Cubans have a cannon which can be fired one hundred times before it is useless. The wooden cannon shoots scrap iron, round stones and fire-hardened clay balls.—*Chicago Record.*

AMERICAN WIT IN ENGLAND.

The art and fine spirit of James Russell Lowell are still quite frequently spoken of in the literary circles of London, and anecdotes of him are told with keen enjoyment. On one occasion at a large banquet the peculiarities of American speech were discussed with English bluntness. Lord S. called loudly to Mr. Lowell, so as to silence all other speakers:

"There is one new expression invented by your countrymen so foolish and vulgar as to be unpardonable. They talk of the 'ashes of the dead.' We don't burn corpses. No Englishman would use a phrase so absurd."

"And yet," said Mr. Lowell, gently, "your poet Gray says, speaking of the dead:

"'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fire."

"And in the burial service of the Church of England it is said, 'Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.' We sin in good company." A cordial burst of applause greeted this prompt rejoinder.

A clever New York girl made an equally apt rejoinder last winter in London. She was invited to meet the Prince of Wales at breakfast with some other Americans. During breakfast the prince rallied her countrymen good-humoredly on the liberty taken by Americans in "clipping the King's English," robbing words of letters in pronunciation. After they had risen from the table, he found the shy little girl in a corner, and asked her, kindly, "What in London has most impressed you?"

"Sinful, your highness," was the reply.

"Sinful?" said the puzzled prince.

"Oh, yes! There is nothing in the town as wonderful to me."

"I am afraid," he said, with a slight expression of annoyance, "that you know my London better than I. Sinful? Is it a theater, a cafe—what is it?"

"A church, your highness. We Americans would call it St. Paul; but as you call St. John, Sinful, this, it seems, must be Sinful."

The prince laughed heartily, and declared himself fairly worsted.—*Youth's Companion.*

EFFECTIVE MATCH-MAKING.

An old custom was revived by the Nez Perce Indians and their visitors during the celebration on the last Fourth of July. The natives of the local tribe are very wealthy people, and there are designing mothers among the aborigines as well as in the different classes of civilized society. The young bucks of the Nez Perce tribe are regarded somewhat like the scions of royalty in matrimonial circles. The maidens from all visiting tribes were brought to Lapwai to find husbands. The customs of the tribes, which were revived for the occasion, were more effective than the Boston man's way.

The marriageable maidens were by common accord quartered in a selected spot in the valley of the Lapwai. At an appointed hour the young men who wanted wives to share their annuities, their homesteads and the affections

of their hearts appeared in procession on the hallowed camp-ground. The hour was midnight; the scene was in a grove of trees made fragrant by the wild flowers, and every heart danced to the music of the rippling waters. The young men marched forth, and none but candidates for matrimony joined the march. They were dressed in their brightest colors, and each carried a white willow cane. As they approached the tents they chanted an Indian chorus that was as doleful as the song of the owl, and kept time by beating upon the tents with their canes. The drumming was deafening to the distant spectator, and must have been distracting to the waiting maidens in the tents. At last the singing and the drumming had the desired effect.

The maidens came forth, after a delay just long enough to satisfy that universal passion of the mind of a woman to drive a lover mad with doubt. There were more men than maidens. The former kept up the march and the music without. The maidens counter-marched on the line of the same circle, each selecting a husband from the line. The chosen ones hastened to follow their brides away into the darkness. The unfortunate suitors were left to despair.—*Morning Oregonian.*

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

According to Professor Patterson, of the coast survey, the reason why the needle points in a northerly direction is because the earth itself is a magnet, attracting the magnetic needle as the ordinary magnets do, the earth being also a magnet as the result of certain cosmical facts, much effected by the action of the sun. These laws have periodicities, all of which have not as yet been determined.

A condensed explanation accepted in regard to the needle pointing to the northward and southward is that the magnetic poles of the earth do not coincide with the geographical poles—that is, the axis of rotation makes an angle of about twenty-three degrees with a line joining the former, and hence the needle does not everywhere point to the astronomical north, and is constantly variable within certain limits; thus, at the northern magnetic pole, a balanced needle points with its north end downward in a plumb line, while at San Francisco it dips about sixty-three degrees, and at the southern magnetic pole the south end points directly down. The action of the earth upon a magnetic needle at its surface is of about the same force as that of a hard steel magnet forty inches long and strongly magnetized at a distance of one foot. No ultimate reason can be given of the fact in nature that the needle points to the northward and southward.—*New York Sun.*

UNCLE SAM'S POST-OFFICES.

The growth of the post-office business of the country has been amazing. At the close of the Revolutionary war there were only seventy-five post-offices in the United States. At the close of the war of 1812 there were 3,000. At the beginning of the civil war there were 28,586, and five years after its close, in 1870, there were 28,492, or about one hundred fewer, the only step backward during the history of the Post-office Department. By 1880 the upward rise had started again in full force, and the number of post-offices in the country reached 42,000. There are now 60,000 post-offices in the United States, and the number is constantly being increased.—*New York Sun.*

WATER AS A MEDICINE.

Of the many marvels of creation there are none more wonderful than the power of mineral water in relieving the aches and ills of mankind. It would seem that in creating the universe the Great Physician arranged for a chemical laboratory in the earth which should pour forth until the end of time, springs of medicated water. These waters are so mysteriously charged with gas and mineral properties that no human skill is able to imitate them. Chemists claim to be able to analyze them and say that they contain so much of this and so much of that, but utterly fail when they try to manufacture them by any artificial process.

One of the strange things about mineral waters is that they will only cure, or rather remove the cause of, one thing, and that is the inability of the organs of digestion and assimilation of food to perform their work, but this only proves the wisdom of the Creator of both the human body and the earth, for of all the sickness most of it can be traced back to the stomach, bowels, liver, kidney and blood. Make these organs perfect and sickness will be unknown.

America is blessed with numerous such springs, but perhaps the most famous springs are located in Orange County, Indiana. Every year thousands upon thousands of people go there from all parts of the United States to drink the water and every week cures are made that are almost miraculous. In fact, those who have not been there can hardly be made to believe the truth. They go there for cure or relief from almost every disease the flesh is heir to, and come away rejoicing that nature has provided such wonderful medicine, in the form of sparkling spring water. If any reader of this paper desires more information about this water, it will be sent free upon request by the French Lick Springs Co., French Lick, Ind.

HIS LITTLE DIFFICULTY.

"If the demonization of silver increases the value of gold," said Farmer Haycraft, "why is it, by ginger, that the demonization of common cattle doesn't raise the price of Texas steers?"

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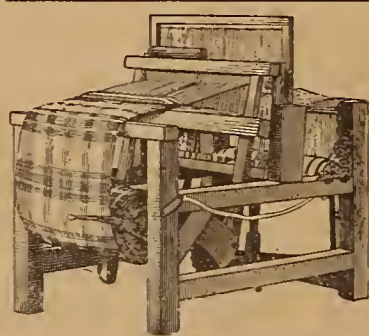
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Selections.

SKILLED AS A DANCER.

In Queen Bess' time Sir Christopher Hatton won his way to the lord chancellorship by his ability or agility in terpsichorean lines. He first attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth by his graceful dancing in a mask at court. He henceforth became a reigning favorite, and his promotion was rapid.

He was successively made a gentleman of the queen's privy chamber, captain of the board of gentlemen pensioners (the body-guard), vice-chamberlain and a member of the privy council. This delight of the queen to honor him caused much envy. Complaints were uttered that, under the existing government, nothing could be obtained by any others than "dancers and carpet knights, such as the Earl of Lincoln and Master Hatton." On the death of Lord Chancellor Bromley, the queen offered Hatton the great seal. Even while chancellor, Sir Christopher exhibited his skill in dancing. Attending the marriage of his nephew and heir with a judge's daughter, he was decked, according to the custom of the age, in his official robes; and when the music struck up he doffed them, threw them down on the floor, and saying, "Lie there, Mr. Chancellor!" danced the measures of the nuptial festivity.

THE CORSET'S MISSION.

A corsetless woman is rarely beautiful unless she keeps her figure trim by much exercise. The moment that is stopped unseemly stoutness about the hips and stomach creeps in, and in old age my lady is far from graceful.

The woman of to-day is not a slave to her corset, however. Above all else she is the essence of grace, and a tightly laced corset would soon spoil that. The corset which she wears sits snug on the figure and is comfortable and soft. Never a hard imitation bone wears my lady. When the wearer can afford it, the corset is made to order, being as carefully fitted as any dress.

The correct corset, even when bought ready made, should have bones running to a V at the bottom. It should be very short. Don't be guilty of buying a high corset under any circumstances, if you have any regard for your appearance.

A WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

In one of the Dutch colonial dependencies, the island of Java, there is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is still an independent little kingdom, governed and defended by women. The nominal sovereign is a man, but he is dependent, so to say, on his council of state, which consists of three ladies. All the authorities and officials of court and state and the soldiers are women. The men are the agriculturists and merchants only. The king—as in the case of the ruler of Dahomey—has a cavalry body-guard of amazons, beautifully drilled, and armed with spears and carbines. The throne descends from father to son, and if there is no direct heir, one hundred of the chief amazons meet in council, and select a crown prince from one of their own sons.—*Tit-Bits*.

ONE'S CORNER COUCH.

To arrange a comfortable and effective lounging corner, get a narrow cot, which may be bought at a furniture-store for a few dollars, reduce its height to about eighteen inches from the floor, and lay upon it a soft mattress or an improvised covering of thick quilts or shawls. Then cover it completely with one of the rich-colored Bagdad draperies in which oriental establishments abound, and complete the arrangement by forming as large a bank of down-pillows as one's resources admit. Pretty pillow-coverings may be made of linen, cotton, silk, velvet or any available material, and a sense of harmony in color is all that is needed to make the couch and its coverings an effective bit of furnishing.

BLUE MARBLE.

Some excellent marble is being taken from a new quarry in Washington, Vt. It is very dark, almost blue, and takes a beautiful polish. It is harder than marble usually is, and will not crack if water is thrown on it when it is hot. This feature will make it especially desirable for buildings where there is liable to be fires near. The supply is inexhaustible.

THE STATE OF STATES.

Until a comparatively recent period Florida has been considered a good place to spend the winter, but unpleasant and unhealthy in summer, and her products were not considered important enough for serious mention outside of the oranges annually distributed from her groves. Time and more thorough knowledge of the true condition of affairs, however, have made a complete change in this erroneous opinion. The statistics of the weather bureau will prove that the temperature of the "Peninsular State", is more equable than that of any state in the Union, and that the average height of the mercury during the summer months is less than can be claimed by any of the Northern or Eastern states. Added to this, there is always a breeze, either from the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico, which renders the nights almost invariably pleasant. As for health, the records will show that, while physical disorders are sometimes prevalent, as they are in every other section, the mortality list presents an average that will compare most favorably with those of the so-called healthiest parts of the country.

The state is just beginning to receive the public recognition it deserves. Of a fertility so wonderful as to be marvelous in productive power, a climate that is almost a panacea for the invalid, and a variety of animals, birds and fishes unapproached by any other portion of the North American continent, the entire civilized world must one day acknowledge it to be all that we, who live here, know it to be—the garden spot of the world. The Roanoke (Va.) *Times*, in a recent issue, has the following kind words to say about Florida:

"Florida is a wonderful state. Not only, if the Cuban war continues much longer, will it begin to furnish to the markets of the world tobacco equal in quality to the best that is shipped from Havana, but it is also said that recent experiments with the rubber-plaut in the southern portions of that state lead to the belief that the production of 'India' rubber will in time become an important source of revenue to those who engage in it. Cocoanuts will mature in some parts of the state, and bananas and pineapples are already largely cultivated. These, with the growth of vegetables and fruits of the temperate zone, which ripen months earlier than in more northern latitudes, furnish a scope for the energy and industry of the fruit-grower and farmer practically without limit."

Such words of praise are grateful to all Floridians, but they are no more than the state deserves. Florida has already proven her capacity for the production of high-class tobacco, long-staple cotton, semi-tropical fruits in great variety, and from now on she will show herself as being the early truck-garden for the entire United States. It is impossible to estimate the acreage recently cleared and placed under cultivation for vegetables and small fruits, but it has been enormous, and is steadily increasing. The orange groves are being carefully restored, and by the time the state again takes its place as the leading section in the production of the largest amount of citrus fruits of the best quality, the vegetable and small-fruit industry will have risen to a magnitude and importance undreamed of two years ago.—*Florida Times-Union*.

DIVERSIFICATION OF CROPS.

The following sound advice to farmers is from the New Orleans *Picayune*:

"We have all heard the old adage of placing too many eggs in one basket, and in no case is this more applicable than to the farmer who devotes his whole energies to the production of one crop. Our farming community is beginning to realize this, as is evidenced by the increased inquiries as to the adaptability of certain crops to their section. In no section is the farmer's choice in this direction so unlimited as in this Southland of ours. The true policy should be the production of possible home supplies, purchasing only those it is impossible to raise, giving in exchange our surplus."

"A list of the plants that should be included in this diversification is hardly necessary, but the mention of a few may serve to turn the attention of some of our readers to the subject. And first of all, no system of farming is complete without its due proportion of live stock, including cattle, sheep, hogs and fowls. They serve a double purpose, as being not only a source of revenue from their sale, but in being the manufacturers of the cheapest and best fertilizer in the world. If we will stock our farm properly we will soon cut down, to a large extent, our fertilizer bill. Again, the introduction of this stock upon our farms will soon force the otherwise unwilling owner to diversify his crops, for he will soon be confronted with the necessity of feeding those animals. This in its turn will bring attention to the grasses—those friends of ours against whom we have been waging such a bitter war of extermination. There are no finer grasslands in the world, nor does any country possess a greater list of highly nutritious native grasses than we. Add to these a few of the domestic grasses for winter pasturage, and there is no reason why our stock should not be fat all the year round. We cannot pass over this subject without calling attention to some of the statements in regard to alfalfa on our alluvial lands. At a recent meeting of agriculturists, it was stated by a gentleman of

perfect reliability that he had raised 3,000 pounds of pork on one acre of this plant. Another stated that on ten acres he had made enough hay to feed thirty head of mules the entire year and pasture twenty hogs. This plant at the experiment station at Audubon Park has given ten cuttings of hay, of over one and one half tons each, per acre in one year.

"Another item to which we might pay more attention is poultry, especially chickens. It is estimated that it costs about \$1 a year to feed a hen. This hen should lay at least 200 eggs in that time. It is a well-known fact that there is a ready sale in any of our large cities for fresh eggs at from fifteen to twenty cents a dozen. In fact, we have been told by a prominent hotel-keeper that he would willingly contract for eggs for the whole year at the highest of the above figures, if guaranteed fresh. At the same time referred to above, it was stated by a gentleman that the products of his poultry-yard were worth from \$1 to \$5 a month to his own table. Without taking into consideration the product from surplus fowls, these facts alone should lead us to give more attention to poultry."

"The hog is the best boarder a farm can have. He not only pays liberally for his board, but is willing and anxious to gather his food for himself. It has been repeatedly stated in public meetings that pork can be raised in this country for one half a cent a pound gross. This not only proves the hog a liberal boarder, but also proves beyond doubt the ability of our soils to produce an abundance of feed in great variety."

"In advocating diversification of crops, we are frequently met with the argument that with one or two exceptions there is no sale for our products. While in Lafayette, last January, we were told that there were thousands of bushels of corn ungathered because of a lack of market; yet the neighboring city of Alexandria has already contracted for hundreds of barrels of meal and car-loads of meat, oats, corn and hay for this year. Why is this? Last fall we went to a merchant with a load of corn in the ear, and offered to sell it to him. His answer was, 'I do not want it.' And as we were receiving this reply, his dray came from the steamboat-landing loaded with sacks of Kansas and Missouri corn. We returned home with our corn, bought a sheller, shelled it, and sold it to the same merchant at forty cents a bushel the following day."

"With corn-meal selling at \$1.75 to \$2, and hominy at \$3 a barrel, there is no reason for corn to rot in the fields. If the facilities are lacking for converting it into this merchantable form, then let our farmers form a company and erect their own machinery. It is comparatively inexpensive, and a few dollars contributed by each farmer in a neighborhood will create a good market for all its products."

"Again, nearly all farm products are for feeding animals and man. If hogs can be raised for half a cent, or even two cents, a pound, why is there not a profit in selling them at from four to four and one half cents. The experiment station has proven beyond doubt that cattle can be fattened rapidly on the ordinary products of a farm. At an expenditure of one and three quarters cents a pound for the animals, there was a profit in sixty days of over thirty per cent, when they were sold for three cents, and to-day they are worth four and one half cents."

CENTRAL NORTHERN FLORIDA.

BELAIR HEIGHTS, TALLAHASSEE, FLA. }
July 7, 1896. }

EDITOR FARM AND FIRESIDE:—In the central northern portion of Florida is a tract of land which is so distinctively unlike the general surface of the state as to resemble an immense hummock (an elevated plateau), interspersed with valleys and hills, the general elevation being from fifty to one hundred feet above the surrounding country. This plateau is known as the "Tallahassee Country," and also as the "Hill Country of Middle Florida." It is studded with little lakes, its hilltops are crowned with groves of majestic live oaks, and its unclaimed forests interspersed with magnolia and sweet-bay trees. The soil is compact clay, and the waters of the abundant springs soft and palatable.

Here are thousands of acres of land, fresh from the hand of nature, and the variety sufficient to enable the home-seeker to select either valley or plateau, or both. Dwelling sites of unsurpassed beauty are still unclaimed. There are good wagon-roads already established. The salubrity of the climate is unexcelled. During my five-years' residence here there has been but one case of diphtheria, and that was imported. The patient fully recovered in a few days. Typhoid fever is almost unknown, and all malignant diseases are very much rarer and less violent than in any section I know of.

Food, fuel and clothes cost so little here that people can live comfortably on less than would be endurable in the North, and consequently labor is abundant and lower than in any other state in the Union, good farm labor being obtainable and reliable at fifty cents per day, from "sun to sun," the laborer providing his own tools and victuals.

Transportation, while good, will be much improved, as in this age railroads will be added when the growth of the community demands them; but even now we are shipping pears to New York by express for about one dollar per barrel.

The seasons of growth are so long that double cropping is easily possible; in fact, I have just filled my silo with corn estimated at fifteen tons per acre, and expect to gather a full crop of sweet potatoes from the same ground in October.

It is perhaps best for intending home-seekers to first make an examination of the new locality ere making the change, for what pleases me may not suit you in every particular.

J. M. BRADNER.

FLORIDA TOBACCO IS FINE.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST SPEAKS HIGHLY OF IT—WILL LARGELY TAKE THE PLACE OF CUBAN LEAF—AND OWING TO THE SHORT CROP WILL RETURN BIG PRICES.

A dispatch to the *Times-Union* from Springfield, Mass., says that the *American Agriculturist* has the following to say of the United States tobacco crop, and of the fine tobacco grown in Florida:

"More than half of the cigar-leaf tobacco crop grown in the United States has been safely housed, and up to date returns show it to be of the highest uniform quality and largest yield per acre ever harvested. There were 26,000 planters of the crop this year, compared to 35,000 in 1892, while about 63,000 acres were devoted to cigar-leaf this year, compared to 100,000 in 1892. This is exclusive of Florida, where leaf of a particularly fine quality has been produced by experienced natives and Cuban planters."

"If the now unharvested crop averages in yield and quality with that already cut, the *American Agriculturist* expects the crop will equal 225,000 cases (350 pounds to the case)."

"The proportion of the crop suitable for wrapper-leaf promises to be large. The outlook for prices is better than for several years—for old leaf—because of the decreased supply and the increased demand for this year's crop, because of its promise of superb quality and comparative small amount. Consumption is on the increase, the taxes paid for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, being on 6,236,000,000 cigars, and 4,402,000,000 cigarettes."

"The *American Agriculturist* reports Cuban stock of old leaf as practically exhausted, and the crop this year and next must be small. A large part of the wrapper-leaf grown in Sumatra has been unfit for this market, over forty per cent of imports of these wrappers having been shipped back to Europe during the past year as not suited to the American demand. Dealers are cautious in contracting for the new crop. The general tendency among dealers is to wait until after the election."

FLORIDA SYRUP.

The *Southern Cultivator* and *Dixie Farmer*, in an editorial upon the production of syrup, makes the following comments:

"The Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune* calls attention to a fact about Florida syrup. The best grade of native syrup, when carefully made in an old-fashioned open kettle, is of a superior quality. When properly manipulated, and not boiled down too near the sugar-point, it excels that produced in an evaporating-pan, where the use of chemicals is necessary. When first made, it has a flavor as inviting as the best maple syrup; yet it is practically unknown in Northern markets, and is rejected by the better class of customers in Florida. The cause of this rejection is that it will not keep; fermentation soon sets in and robs it of its delicate flavor. The farmers of South Georgia have overcome this difficulty by hermetically sealing their syrup in small packages. In one town in Southwest Georgia, 10,000 barrels of syrup are handled annually, all of which is put up in beer-bottles, and sells at a price that gives the product a market value of about seventy-five cents a gallon. Florida syrup brought last season from thirty to fifty cents a gallon in barrels, and the market for it was quite limited."

This is worthy of the serious attention of every Florida farmer. Whatever can be produced in the way of vegetable product in Georgia can be produced in Florida, and generally at much less cost. There are few sections of this state in which cane does not flourish to a remarkable extent, and if the syrup yield is not as great, or of as pure a quality as that of other sections, the fault lies in the manufacture, and not in the cane itself.

At any rate, the above friendly comment is surely entitled to investigation by the Florida agriculturists.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

Round-trip excursions to Tallahassee, Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati have been arranged for October 6th and 20th. The tickets are good for thirty days, and the fare from Chicago is \$29.80, and from Cincinnati, \$22.80.

We leave Chicago either by the "Big Four" or the "Monon" routes, and from Cincinnati we leave over the "Queen and Crescent."

We pass by daylight through the beautiful blue-grass region, and make almost an entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to Florida, giving one a most excellent opportunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincinnati and join our excursion, go to your nearest ticket agent and get through rates from him on the special excursion days. Then, if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our own railroad lines while you are visiting Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, and the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston, at low excursion rates, which includes meals and berth on board steamer. For special rates by water from these eastern points address the steamship companies at either New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

For any further information regarding excursions to the Tallahassee hill country, address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

Smiles.

A BOY'S VACATION.

Little Tommy Doodle and his mother spent a week
At Gran'pa Doodle's farm, where Tommy
tumbled into the creek
And got his lungs so full of wet he couldn't
get his breath
'Till poor old Gran'ma Doodle had been fright-
ened 'most to death.

He ate some poison berries that he found
along the lane;
It took a doctor half the night to soothe away
the pain.
He tried to ride a "kicky" colt—a risky thing
to do—
'Twas quite a little while before they really
brought him to.

He stuck a stick into a hive of bees—oh, sorry
day!
He couldn't see a thing until the swelling went
away.
He teased the goat to see if it was cross as he
had heard;
They had to work with him awhile before he
spoke a word.

And then he climbed a cherry-tree—just like a
boy—and fell
And broke his arm, and—sakes alive! you
ought to heard him yell,
His mother took him back to town to get a
little rest,
But Tommy says of all his life that week was
far the best.

LAMENT FROM THE CRADLE.

Up from the cradle came a wail,
At first a pensive coo;
Into a weird, vociferous wail
Of mournfulness it grew.
His sorrow, in a vein prolix,
He struggled to reveal,
"My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel.

"They say I'm cross. I'm simply sad
At being slighted so.
I wish the baby-carriage fad
Could somehow get a show.
How can you blame one in my fix
For setting up a squeal?
My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."

—Washington Evening Star.

RECEIVING A TELEGRAM.

WITH all our nineteenth-century adap-
tation to wonderful inventions, we
—that is, the common people—can-
not quite accept the telegraph as an
ordinary means of communication. Those of
us who cannot disassociate the slip of yellow
paper from evil tidings will sympathize with
the woman whose experience is related by the
New York Journal:

"What is it, Mamie?"
"It's a boy, mum, with a telegraph."
"A telegram! Oh, ask him if James is
killed!"
"He says he doesn't know, mum."
"Ask him what he does know about it."
"He says all he knows about is that it's
marked 'Collect,' and he wants his money."
"Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do?
Here, Mamie, here's the purse. Pay him, pay
him whatever he asks. Oh, my poor James!
I just knew something would happen to him
before he went away this morning. Will they
bring him home in an ambulance, Mamie?"
"I s'pose so, mum. Maybe you'd better read
the telegraph."
"I can't, I can't! Oh, it serves me right for
not kissing him but three times when he left!
And we've been married such a short time,
too!"
"Why don't you open the telegraph, mum?"
"Well, I suppose I must; but, oh, I can't tell
you how I dread it!"
Reads telegram: "Will bring friend home
to dinner. James."
"The heartless beast!"

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"I was at the architect's this afternoon in-
specting the plans for our new house," said
Mr. Needham.
"Did you examine all the details?" asked
his wife.
"I looked after the important features—the
billiard-room, the wine-cellar and the bicycle-
closet."—Life.

BRUTES OF MEN.

Professor—"Do you know, madam, there
was a time when men wore corsets; but they
found they were injurious to health, and so—"
Mrs. Wrongright—"Yes; and so they gave
them to their poor, weak, helpless wives and
daughters."—New York Weekly.

HOME-SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

CHEAP RATES VIA THE RAILROAD ROUTE.

On September 15th, 20th, October 6th and 20th, the
Burlington Road will sell excursion tickets at very
low rates to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming,
Utah, Idaho, Montana and other territory. Ask your
ticket agent. L. W. WALKER, C. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.



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WHEN THE WIND WENT OUT.

There was a report like the report of an over-
grown popgun.

Her heart sank within her, and her tire sank
beneath her. She had become possessed of a
puneture, and the town of Sheridan was
twenty miles away!

She bumped along on the wooden rim for a
dozen feet, then dismounted and viewed the
flattened tire with eyes that slowly filled with
tears. Weeping upon her feet was too much
like work, so she sat down and wept upon the
grass.

About this time the good Samaritan was
sighted on the distant horizon. He was by
nature a Philistine, but he never went by on
the other side when he discovered a woman
in distress, provided a close inspection of the
woman plainly demonstrated to him that she
was a pretty woman.

Scorebing to her side he politely lifted his
hat, begged her pardon for taking the liberty
of addressing her, and then inquired the cause
of her grief.

"A puneture, sir," she sobbed.

"And you cannot repair it?" he asked.

"N—no, sir," she made reply, "and Sheridan
is twenty miles away."

"Perhaps I can fix it," he said, cheerily; "I
see you have a tool-kit."

"Yes," she faltered, "but I fear—"

"That's all right," he hastened to assure her.

"It will be no trouble at all."

His nimble fingers were now working at the
straps of the leather case that depended from
her wheel.

"But, sir," she hastily protested, "you are
very kind, I know, and yet I fear you can do
very little with my repair-kit."

"Oh, yes, I can!" he cried, confidently. "I
flatter myself I can do wonders with very few
tools. Oh, yes, I can!"

Then as the tool-kit yawned before him, he
clutched wildly at his hair with both hands,
his eyes started from their sockets, and,
Philistine that he really was, he hastily
mounted his wheel and rode by on the other
side. All that her tool-kit contained was a
mirror, a comb, a powder-puff and a pair of
curling-irons.—Truth.

BRIDLING THE BILLOWS.

An inventor advertises in a Washington
paper for financial assistance in developing a
method he has originated for harnessing the
waves. Wealthy philanthropists ought to
fairly overwhelm him with a deluge of cool,
crisp greenbacks. The idea is to produce elec-
tric power. Good scheme. Make the ocean
pay rent. It has done nothing but "roll on"
and inspire poets since the glacial epoch. This
will, indeed, be a very desirable consumma-
tion.

Wonderful things could be accomplished.
This electricity could be transformed into
heat, and set free among Greenland's icy
mountains; and the garter-snake and mush-
room would thrive and multiply where now
waves its sleek and glittering arms the cold-
blooded aurora borealis.

By all means utilize the waves. They have
acted only as an emette long enough. A large
corporation, however, must not be allowed to
gobble up the oceans, congregate them in one
locality and run up prices. There are only
five, and we need them all for purposes of
commerce.—Truth.

APPLYING THE ARGUMENT.

Sidewalk politician—"Don't you know that
under free silver the price of everything would
be higher, and don't you know that everybody
is happier when prices are high?"

Grocer—"Then why in the name of Tom
Walker did you kick so hard at eighteen cents
for that basket of peaches?"

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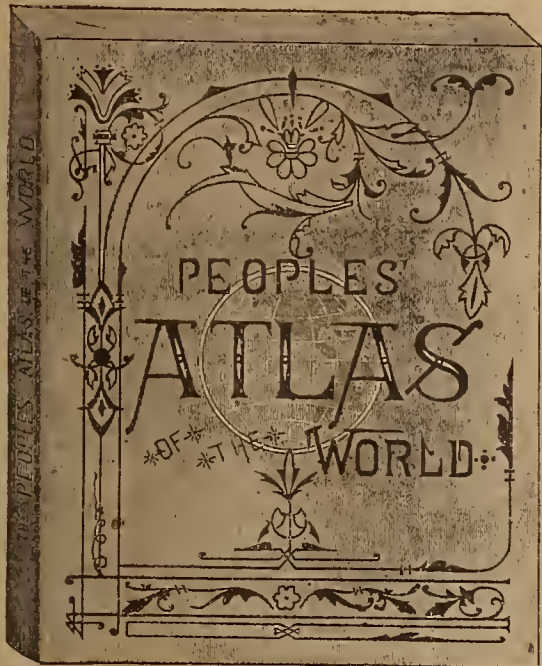
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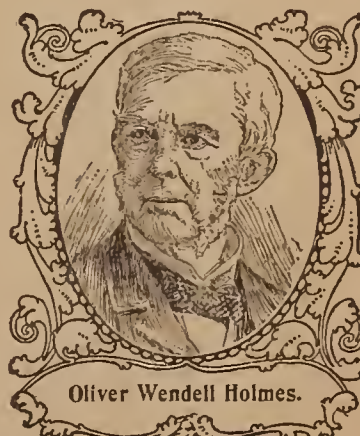
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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

VOLUME XIX.—October 1, 1895, to September 15, 1896.

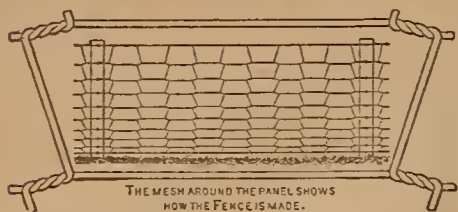
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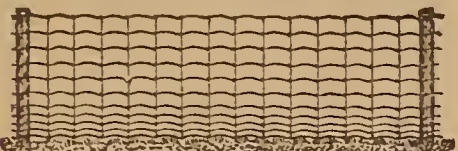
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I hurry then my love to meet—
I know she waits for me.

She waits for me, my love, my own,
She greets me with a smile,
I hear again her tender tone,
It shortens every mile.
She waits for me, because, you see,
Like lightning she can go—
At every turn she waits for me—
I ride so awful slow.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THOSE ASTOUNDING ADVERBS.

One evening a gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town with a noted wit, whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter which had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."

The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said, "Why, papa, I should think you were out of your head."
"Not in the least, my dear," he said, pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."

Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.—Boston Post.

SLANDER PROMPTLY MET.

A shrill voice in the audience interrupted the fair orator:

"Mrs. Lettergo says you're a turncoat!"

With flashing eyes, Mrs. Skiugdom, candidate for assemblyman, turned toward the quarter of the hall from which the interruption had come, and pointed a long finger at the offending party.

"The candidates of the opposition," she said, in ringing voice, "reiterate the old and exploded charge that I have changed my political principles! She calls me a turncoat, does she? You tell Mrs. Lettergo I have never yet been driven to the necessity of turning my winter cloak four years in succession, until the nap was all worn off from both sides of it, as everybody knows she has had to do!"

Pausing merely long enough to take a sip from a glass of iced tea that stood on the table near her hand, she proceeded with her speech amid loud applause.

NOT INVITING MORE COLLISIONS.

"No, sir," said the mau who had wavered; "I won't learn to ride a bicycle. I had thought of trying it, but I have just heard of a peculiar trait in the machine that caused me to change my mind."

"What's that?"

"I understand that when you first try to ride, if you see anything you especially wish to avoid, you're almost certain to run into it."

"There's a good deal of truth in it."

"Well, that settles the wheel for me. I have enough trouble with bill-collectors as it is."—Washington Star.

THE DIFFERENCE AND THE SIMILARITY.

Inquiring son—"Papa, what is the difference between an amateur writer and a professional?"

Experienced father—"The difference between them, my son, is that one writes for glory, the other for cash."

f. S.—"And have they nothing in common?"

E. F.—"One thing only—that neither gets what he's after."—Truth.

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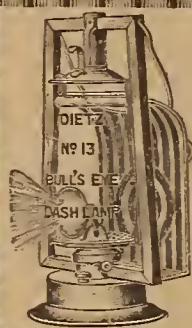
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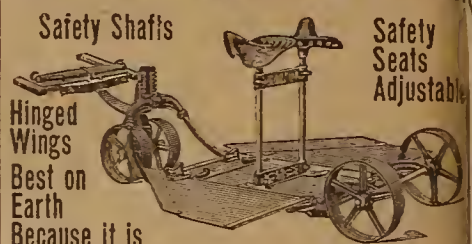
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